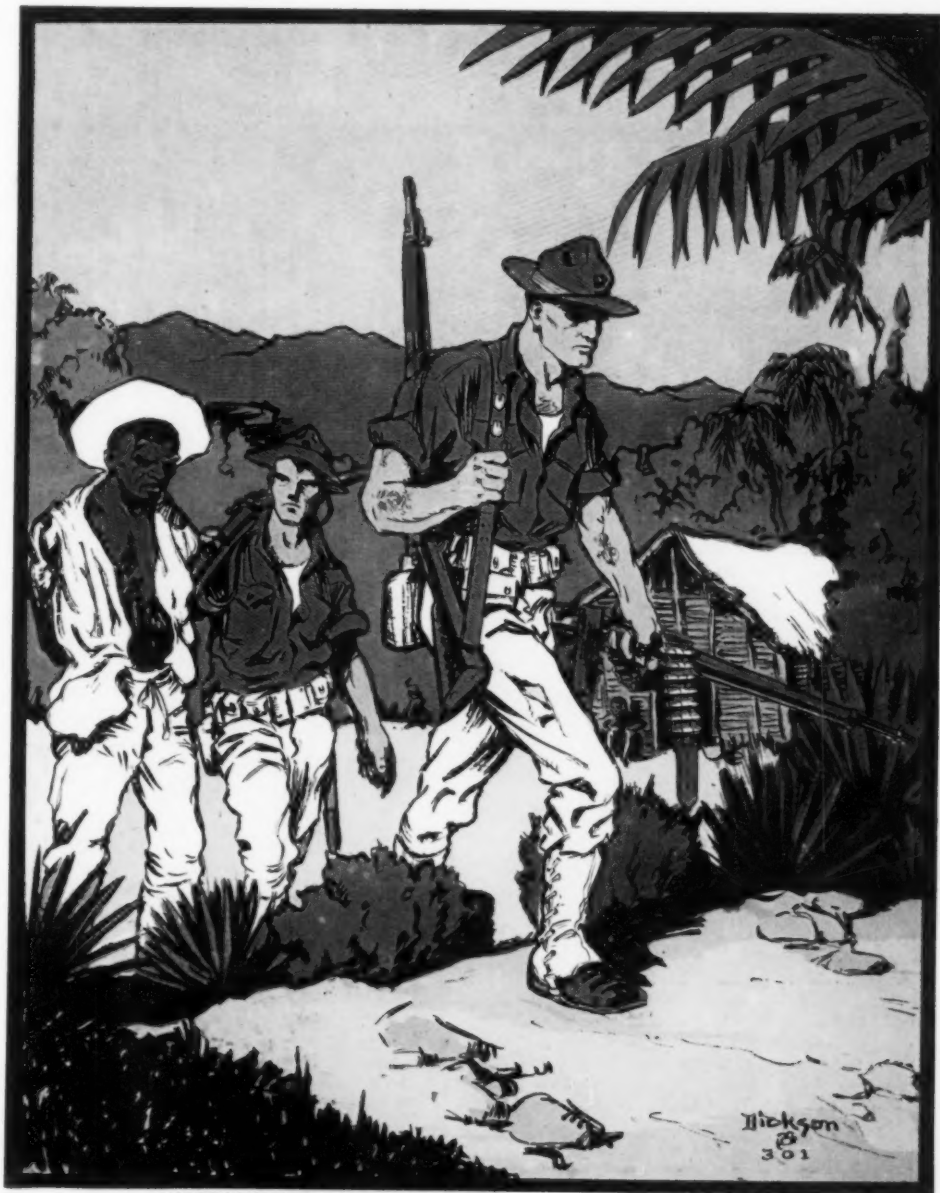


THE LEATHERNECK

December, 1930

Single copy, 25c



"WE'VE FOUGHT IN EVERY CLIME AND PLACE"

Stamping out the Caco Insurrection in the Republic d' Haiti.

Ripley CREATOR OF **BELIEVE IT or NOT- PROVES IT**

OLD GOLD WINS..



GOBS IN ACTION! This isn't a battle formation. It's Robert "Believe It or Not" Ripley, making one of his famous cigarette taste-tests on the forecastle of the Battleship Colorado. OLD GOLD won, 28 to 22.

(Above in circle) Bob Ripley, creator of the famous "Believe It or Not" newspaper feature read by millions. Final score . . . OLD GOLD 28. Brand X 15. Brand Y 18. Brand Z 22.

in Battle for Navy's Favor

By ROBERT RIPLEY, Himself

I JUST put OLD GOLD up against the stiffest Believe It or Not test it ever had to face.

"I put it in competition with the Navy's favorite cigarette that outsells all other brands 20 to 1 aboard the Battleship Colorado.

"Yet, believe it or not, when the Gobs smoked OLD GOLD, in comparison with the Navy's favorite and 2 other leading brands . . . O. G.'s won in a walk-away, 28 to 22."

Ripley



NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD!

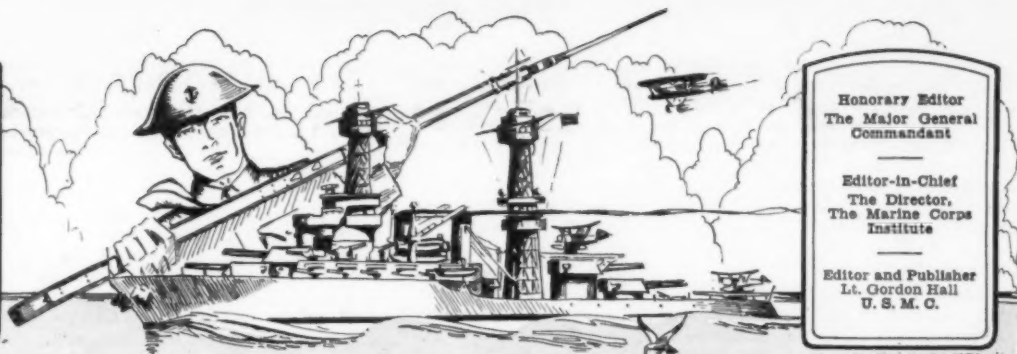
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NUMBER 12

EMPLOYMENT OF AIRPLANES IN PAYMENT OF TROOPS



IN ANY field operation, the question confronting the administrative staff is the payment, clothing, rationing and maintenance of the troops in the field. The good Marine must, to preserve his morale, be paid and clothed, decently housed, and have the services of the paymaster's department to supply him with cash for his needs and the opportunity to send money to his family, or to register allotments to aid them in his absence. These things are of paramount importance.

In any such operation in an undeveloped country, the officers of the paymaster's department are confronted with a problem which must be solved on the ground. The Paymaster, Marine Corps, and his officers, have made exhaustive study of the questions involved in the payment of troops in the field, and because of the constantly varying conditions to be met, no hard and fast rule or even flexible program beyond that prescribed in the methods of payment set out in the Marine Corps Manual has ever been found acceptable. Each problem requires its own solution. The elements entering into this problem may be summed up briefly as (1) disposition of the troops, (2) the character of the terrain, (3) the available communications, (4) the character of duty performed by the troops, whether garrison or patrol duty, combat duty or that of a more peaceful character, (5) the bank facilities available in a country, and (6) the climatic conditions as affecting surface and air communications.

In 1927, when the Marines went into Nicaragua in response to the provisions of the "Stimson" agreement and were immediately widely dispersed throughout the country, the paymaster with that force was confronted with a serious problem of effecting payments to the various units borne upon his rolls. There are no banking facilities available in Nicaragua except at Managua, and along the line of rail to Corinto; the roads leading into the interior, particularly to the north, were usually little better than a trail worn over the surface, inches deep in dust in the dry season, and an almost inaccessible quagmire during

By Colonel Harold C. Reisinger
A. P. M., U. S. M. C.

the rains. There were no rail communications except from Corinto to Managua, and the water communication in the interior is negligible. As many of the troops were operating occasionally against Sandino, they were, of course, widely scattered throughout the northern area. The time consumed in transmitting cash for payments by truck, bull or pony transport made it utterly impracticable to use this method and to procure signed vouchers to support payments in time for the rendition of money accounts to the General Accounting Office within the prescribed time allotted by regulations. In this situation the officer responsible for the payment of these widely scattered troop units turned to the Aircraft Squadrons of the Second Brigade as a means of regular and prompt payments, a method theretofore not resorted to in the history of the pay department, and, in fact, it is not known that prior to this time this method had ever been extensively used. It is needless to record that this appeal to the Aviation met with an instant and wholehearted response, so characteristic of their fine spirit of service and cooperation.

It appears well to give credit where it belongs. For the solution of this problem in its inception, credit goes to Captain Joseph G. Ward, a detailed Assistant Paymaster, who through his own initiative and responsibility, and with the approval of his commanding officer, first carried through this novel and efficient program for the payment of troops.

It must be realized that the responsibility for the government funds involved in this method of payment rested upon Captain Ward and his bondsmen; that he instituted without specific authority from Washington this practice, resting solely upon the sound principle of the military necessities of the situation confronting him, which principle is one that follows no law or regulation. It lies within the province of the officer in supreme command on the ground to invoke the principle of the military necessity and to give his approval to the recommended solutions of problems arising in such a situation. This approval was given and under it Captain Ward acted.

Captain Ward realized that it was his mission to pay these troops, for, in the event of his failure to do so, their morale and military efficiency would be affected, and after a study of the whole problem, evolved methods of payment by the use of airplanes which were put into practice and subsequently adopted by his successors. With the development of the Guardia Nacional and its assumption of duties of Marines in isolated localities, the Guardia authorities were forced by like conditions to depend more extensively upon the Aircraft Squadrons of the Second Brigade for the payment and maintenance of their scattered forces.

Although since the inception of this practice over two million dollars in cash of Nicaraguan funds for payment of the Guardia Nacional and a like amount for payment of Marine Corps and Navy personnel has been transmitted by airplane for the payment of officers and enlisted men in Nicaragua, no loss whatever has so far resulted. To the officers who so cheerfully accepted the responsibilities incident to fulfilling their mission for the payment of these troops, and also to those officers of the Aviation units in Nicaragua who rendered such efficient cooperation in the perfection of this method of payment, too much praise cannot be given. It is the truly valuable officer, who having studied the problem before him and realizing his responsibilities, takes the most direct and efficient method for the solution of that problem and fulfills the spirit as well as the letter of his mission. Such officers are worthy of the traditions of the Corps to which they belong.

It is not believed that details of the methods of the preparation of such funds for shipment and their delivery by aviation units would be of any deep interest to the average officer. However, it may be stated that the greatest care must be taken in the preparation of these funds for dropping, in order that the packages may withstand such usage; to insure that the units to be paid are notified in advance by radio; that receipt of the funds is promptly acknowledged by the same means to the paymaster making the shipment; and that individual cash receipts, properly signed payrolls, or like form of legal acknowledgment of the payment of the individual is promptly received by the

paymaster to be incorporated in his money accounts as rendered to the General Accounting Office.

So efficient have these methods become, that it is not unusual that all units, although widely separated, are paid on the first of the month. The officers of the Aircraft Squadrons handling the delivery of this cash which they invariably received at the sender's risk, must exercise care and forethought in reaching the units to be paid and effecting accurately the drops, as well as to receive proper acknowledgment of the receipt of the package before departure. It is usual for a plane to make the drop at a pre-arranged spot, a field adjacent to camp, or a public square in a small town. Where the drop is made to a patrol, panels are used, the Air Liaison—Ground Code governed the methods of communication between plane and ground units. The package dropped is secured to a drop stick, that is, a stick about an inch square and fifteen inches long, weighted at one end, and with a cloth streamer three inches wide and a foot and a half long, attached thereto. The acknowledgment of recovery of the package may be by panel or visual signal.

Receipts to cover sums paid to enlisted men and officers in cash, delivered by this method, are usually sent in by patrol to the nearest station having a landing field, and are there transmitted by plane to Managua. In some instances, however, it has been necessary to resort to the "pick-up" method, one that is none too popular because of the risk involved in flying so close to the ground in bumpy air, and only resorted to in case of absolute necessity.

The paymaster's department of the Marine Corps feels justly proud of those of these officers who solved this problem in Nicaragua and who have carried it through three years with a sustained efficiency and without loss, and it is further grateful to those officers of the Aviation Units of the Marine Corps who through their flying skill, watchfulness, and organization have made this method of payment of widely scattered units in Nicaragua a practical, workable solution of the problem that confronted and still confronts the pay department in this field operation.



Where the Nicaraguan trails are impassable via ox-cart or burro, transport planes, unable to land in the rough country, drop supplies to United States Marines who are on patrol duty or temporarily stationed in the hills.

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A WATCH FOR CHRISTMAS



OUTSIDE the drafty interior of the "Menagerie"—ex-palace of Prince Chang and now the spacious quarters of a battalion of the Marines' Expeditionary Forces in Tientsin, China—a wintry gale battered the rotting structure with its load of Gobi Desert sand. It was Christmas Eve.

Bob Kensey's tone was half plaintive, half threatening as he stood over the mattressless cot in which Private "Jinx" Myers lay, buried under blankets real and makeshift—newspapers, overcoat, blouse and O. D. shirts.

"And listen, Jinx," Bob was pleading now, "I've been in this outfit seven years and a 'butt,' and for seven Christmases in a row I've been on watch. For seven Christmases straight my name's been among those present on the guard list and not once could I get off. It's gotten to be a habit. While the other guys were out eating turkey and pumpkin pie, I wore leggin's and recited the General Orders to the O. D."

"But tomorrow, for the first time in two cruises, I've got a break. For the first time in two cruises, I'm not due for a Christmas guard, unless—" Bob paused. Jinx shifted uncomfortably.

"There'll be no supernumerary tomorrow—C. O. got big-hearted, I guess, big holiday and all that; guard mount with only the actual number of men necessary. So if some member of the guard gets sick or has to be taken off, then the next man on the guard roster will have to take his place if he hasn't already gone on liberty. Liberty call goes at ten o'clock—and I intend to check out, savvy?"

"Jinx" Myers blinked interrogatively up at the speaker. "Y-Yes, but what's that got to do with me?" he asked.

"Just this—" Kensey's voice lowered threateningly, "you're on watch tomorrow and I'm the next available man."

"But why—"

"You know why! You've got a reputation that you've lived up to pretty faithfully. You're a fair-weather sentry. When the weather is bad you're a good actor, and a poor sport; a good actor because you can fake a cold or a bum leg and fool the Doc or the corpsman into giving you a light-duty slip, and a poor sport because by doing that some other man has to take your place."

"Tomorrow,—" Bob bent lower, his eyes, narrowed to slits, boring into the wide open ones of the wondering private, "tomorrow is going to be a rotten day, but it'll be rottener for you if you chisel the Doc out of a light-duty slip before ten o'clock and I have to take your place. Get me?"

"Jinx" Myers winced as Bob Kensey spat out the last two words.

"Yes, I-I get you."

* * * * *

Kensey's forecast for Christmas morning was more than correct. Dawn came tardily; the wind had not mitigated during the night, and snow alighting on the ground was instantaneously picked up and swirled away.

By Elmer A. Turner

The sentry patrolling the side of the long mess hall, finding inadequate immunity against the biting wind despite fur cap, boots, and overcoat buttoned tightly over layers of heavy underclothes, O. D. shirt, and blouse, occasionally ducked into the inviting galley to slink out again at the sound of footsteps on the frozen ground outside.

But even if the officer of the day should be so inconsiderate of his own personal comfort, he would have had to make a microscopic search for the sentry having the patrol post, who had discovered that the furnace room needed prolonged attention.

The main gate sentry was the only man on watch who could not find intermittent protection from the elements, the radius of his movements did not include any form of shelter, and any induced warmth was obtained by continual stamping of feet and rubbing of gloves. Although the watches had been shortened

to two hours, it cannot be said that the men noticeably exulted in leaving a heated guardhouse for a shift at protecting their corners of the cold, cruel world.

Within the squad room of the second squad, the radiator and Bob Kensey both whistled in unison, and as the song of the radiator resulted from the failure of the steam valve to hold captive a pitiful amount of heat at best, so did Private First Class Kensey's cheerfulness emanate from an effervescent and delightful feeling of expectancy. Yet the almost imperceptible frown on his forehead whispered of a certain possibility. He had ascertained that Myers had drawn the second relief on the main gate. It was now half past nine, and the second relief was to go on at ten o'clock. Suppose, before that time, Myers

should find it expedient to obtain a relief from guard by virtue of some ailment contracted imaginatively, thereby roping Kensey in for the eighth consecutive Christmas! Horrible thought . . . unthinkable . . . supplanted by a vision of bobbed golden curls, blue eyes, teasing mouth . . .

Ruth Shannon was American, daughter of a big camel-hair-wool-and-river-barge tycoon, living in a huge home on Woodrow Wilson Street. Rich people.

She was much too swell for a mere private first class in the Marines, but he had met her at a tea-dance at the Army "Y" one afternoon, and his handsomeness, obvious education, and wholesomeness had gained for him an entree into her confidence, and later into her home.

Today—Kensey's mouth watered as he contemplated a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner personally prepared by Mrs. Shannon. Roast turkey with oyster dressing, corn-on-the-cob, creamy mashed Idaho potatoes, cranberry sauce, fruit cake soaked in wine—Ruth had teasingly set forth for his predelection the high lights of the menu, and had admonished him against failure to attend. As if—

"Hey, you! The sergeant of the guard wants you to report to him, quoi, quoi!"

A man shot through the heart does not fall instantly. He remains in an attitude of supreme composure for a second of

(Continued on page 50)



"Jinx" Myers hit the deck.



THE MAN *in the* WHITE SLICKER

By Leonard Nason

THE woods were thick and almost impassable at first, but after a while they came to a narrow road, a foot-path, that they decided to follow. It seemed to lead in the general direction of the farther hill, and by watching the sun through the almost bare branches, they could keep some track of their direction. The path led first to a spring with a row of wooden watering troughs below it, and the ground all stamped where horses had been watered there. Just beyond they came upon rows of stables, all empty, but with quantities of hay and straw scattered about, a few empty wagons, and a broken saddle. "You'd think we'd meet some of our troops, wouldn't you?" whispered the colonel.

They halted and looked at each other in concern. The strain of walking in those lonely woods in the shadow of death was telling on all of them, even the colonel.

"Do you know where this is?" the colonel asked the German.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, what does it look like?"

"I suppose," said the prisoner, looking around, "that it's some kind of a supply dump. They bring up supplies on these light railways and then take them out to the different cantonments in the woods by wagon. Probably this is the same railway that ran through where we were last night."

"Why don't we meet some troops?" asked the colonel.

"I don't know," said the German. "This place looks as if it had been abandoned. That's why you don't see any of our men. Where your own are I don't know."

They all withdrew to the shelter of one of the stables.

"Now, this," whispered the colonel, "is just what I figured. We're probably advancing through an area that has been pinched out. The lines run north and south, as I said. That hill, where the German machine guns are, is their line, and their next unit is north of it, not east of it. We won't run into our troops until we turn north. Let's do it. Let's go up that hill that I thought was unoccupied. I'm sure it is now. As I remember from the map you could see clear up to the Sommerance road from there. We can see how much farther we've got to go, then."

They found, as the German had said, a narrow-gauge track running northward, and a short way along this they came to a turn, so that looking down the track they saw open country beyond. They continued their march, stopping, listening, going on again, straining their eyes to pierce the woods to right and left, the colonel walking ahead, very grim and serious, O'Neil and Gordon on either side, and the German and Cat-Pie Droghan in the middle, the former by far the calmest in the party. Just at the edge of the woods an enormous shell had struck, tearing up the tracks and digging a great hole in the ground. The colonel climbed into the hole and, cursing the fact that he had no field glasses, removed his helmet and, putting his head over the side of the hole, reconnoitered.

"That hill," he announced, "is unoccupied. There's a fold in the ground that will mask the other one, so the Boche can't see us. We'll go across. I'll go first. The rest follow me at ten-yard intervals. Droghan, remember what I said about the prisoner!"

"Blast his soul," said Droghan, "if he'd save his bones he'll not stir the wink of an eyelash if all the Boche that's in it from here to Berlin was to stand up in front of us! Ha-ha, me boy! Sure, when I was a cop it's great practice I had spearin' wienies!"

The crossing of the open seemed like the swimming of a wide river. Progress was necessarily slow, and the men had to fix their eyes on objects on the opposite bank, as it were, to gauge

their advance. They could hear faintly the sound of fighting to the left.

And so at last they came to the hill the colonel had thought unoccupied. The track they followed swung to the left along the base of the ridge, and to the right a little ribbon of birches, perhaps ten yards deep, wandered around the other side. The colonel entered these birches. Half a minute passed, then he turned and, waving his hand, invited Droghan and the prisoner to come on. They went in, and the other two after them!

"This is great!" exclaimed the colonel. "Unoccupied! Not even a fox hole!"

"What's along in these woods?" asked Gordon nervously. "Man, I feel like a kid walking on thin ice! This can't keep on! We're going to go through now, yet!"

O'Neil, shoving aside the branches, crashed his way some distance to the left.

"Here! Where are you going?" demanded the colonel. "Come back here! You're making too much noise!"

Everyone, therefore, having his attention on O'Neil, saw that young man suddenly crouch, leap forward as if for a better view, then leap back again with as white a face as a living man can possibly have. He said no word but waved his arm violently. The others joined him with all possible speed.

The birches swung to the right around the ridge, but that side of it went down into a valley some fifty feet below where the Americans were standing. O'Neil, on the edge of the trees, could see up this valley to where it ended in a sort of bowl, perhaps three or four hundred yards away. The others, joining him, could see, too.

The sides of this bowl, rising abruptly to the woods above them, presented the effect of the rear view of a cheap tenement house. The hillside was terraced, stairways went up, inclined paths bordered with rails led from one level to the next, and on these levels innumerable doors went into the hillside, tiny windows stared blackly, forests of stovepipes projected into the air.

It was a town, a reproduction of the ancient cliff dwellers. In and out of these doors swarmed men. Germans. They went up and down the stairs, they stuck their heads out of windows. They hurried about in what seemed aimless confusion. No sound came from them, or if any did it was drowned by the thunder of the fighting to the westward.

The Americans looked at each other, their faces white. They were scared. It was not coward fear, but the realization that death was very near. Had they kept on in the woods they would have walked right into that human hornets' nest. But having avoided that one what was to prevent their walking into another? Behind, the echoes roared with the firing, a steady crash of sound thrown back and forth from hill to hill, with intervals in which they could distinguish the angry pup-up! of machine guns.

The colonel for once was speechless.

The German officer's emotions chased each other across his face. There, so near and yet so far, were friends, men of his own army, hundreds of them. One shout and they would come charging up the slope to see what the trouble was. But one shout would be his last. Behind him stood Droghan, his face set, his eyes half closed, and the point of his bayonet drawn back and aimed for a lunge at just about the height of Captain Bessingen's heart.

"O'Neil!" gasped the colonel finally. "You haven't got any rifle and you can run! You haul your tail back to those troops we just left as fast as God will let you and tell them to look out for their right flank. If they tangle horns with those Jerries in front of them and these should jump them at the same time—well, go on and go fast!"

"Why don't we all go?" suggested Gordon with chattering teeth.

"We've got something else to do!" snapped the colonel. "The man we're looking for may be in that very place. We aren't in any danger unless they start coming up the hill toward us!"

"Umm, but they aren't alone!"

"What's that place?" demanded the colonel of the prisoner.

"It's a cantonment."

"Did you know it was there?"

"Of course."

"Well, you knew we were approaching it with every step—why didn't you tell us?"

"I'm a prisoner, not a guide," smiled the German captain.

Gordon looked down at the seething contention and fingered his rifle. He would have liked to let drive a shot into it for the same reason that small boys like to throw a stone into a hornet's nest. But no good would come of such procedure. It would alarm other Germans in the vicinity, they would come galloping to see who had fired the shot, all the Americans would be killed, and the prisoner would escape.

Some instinct made him turn. Along the base of the hill coming from the west, that is, from the direction of the fighting, appeared a German, moving at a slow trot, his rifle slung, his boots swishing through the high grass. There was no need for Gordon to call the attention of the others. They could hear the thumping of feet. That the German would pass them seemed impossible, yet he came on, seemingly not seeing them. They were hidden by the birches more than they realized, and like one behind a lattice they could see perfectly without being seen. The German also had the sun in his eyes. However, as they watched him they suddenly saw him change direction and come directly for the trees.

Just beyond Gordon their horrified eyes discovered a path, marked with white rags tied to sticks so that it could be found at night, and to this path the newcomer directed his way. He would see them when he went by.

Gordon turned and levelling his bayonet, took two steps toward the path. Wood snapped under his foot, branches swished against his slicker with a thunderous sound. The German continued to advance. He must be deaf, decided Gordon.

He entered the woods, took two steps along the path, halted suddenly. He had seen them. He turned frantically to run off through the woods, but that instant there was a rush, a crash, and the colonel and the German rolled on the ground together. Gordon hurdled a low bush and landed above the two, bayonet ready, but there was no need. The colonel had grappled with the German, tripped and thrown him, jerked his rifle away, and was proceeding to "frisk" him in most approved police style for other weapons. The German had nothing on him but a bayonet and two grenades hooked to his belt. He was allowed to rise, a very frightened young man.

"Colonel, sir," crowed Droghan, "I see you've been on the cops. Sure, I couldn't set a man on his tail any better meself. An' now we've two of the darlins. Faith, an' they can play with each other!"

The colonel, panting slightly, addressed the newly caught prisoner in German. He was only a boy, not as old as Gordon, very thin and gawky, his uniform hanging on him in folds, his huge scuttle-shaped helmet seemingly far too big and heavy for the thin neck that supported it. His shoulder straps were green, and above the regimental number on them was a thing that looked like a starfish.

"He's a runner," said the colonel, turning to the others. "He claims that the force on the hill is being enveloped and is falling back. That's all his message. Well, I believe him. He's only a private. They wouldn't tell him any more. But what his message will mean to the commander of that ant heap down there is that the going is getting good. By noon there'll be no more chance. We having nabbed this guy, the bunch in the hollow won't know it. and if O'Neil gets through and a patrol comes over we'll be able to grab this whole lot!"

"Here comes another uphill from them!" said Gordon excitedly.

"Lie down!" ordered the colonel. "Keep low in the bushes and he won't see us!"

They all lay down, Droghan with his bayonet at the officer's throat, and the colonel with his pistol at the private's ear. They heard a man pant up the hill, the thump of his feet, heard him cough and the rattle of his equipment, then the running feet grew fainter, were lost altogether. Cautious heads above the brush could see nothing. They all got up once more, stamping their feet.

"We've got ourselves right alongside one of their lines of communication," muttered the colonel. "We better move away from it. We can't capture every runner that goes up and down. We're overburdened with uninvited guests now! I hope O'Neil realizes his responsibilities."

"An' if there's Boche in the bushes as shtrong as three in a bed," suggested Droghan, "they'll come out an' take me bowld O'Neil prisoner like we took this one."

The colonel turned hurriedly and asked the latest prisoner if

there were any troops in the woods by the stables or beyond the spring. The German shook his head. He did not know. Buck privates of the German army knew no more about dispositions of their own troops than buck privates of the American Army. Probably much less.

"You speak very good German," remarked Captain Bessingen. "You don't think I got this job on my good looks, do you?" asked the colonel acidly.

The officer smiled and directed a stream of German at the colonel.

The other two Americans looked on dully, for it was unintelligible to them.

The German private, however, started, and looked at the man in the white slicker in such astonishment that his eyes seemed to start from his head.

"Ha-ha," laughed Gordon. "He's flabbergasted to see an American officer speaking as good German as he does!"

Both he and Droghan chuckled. How could the poor shivering German soldier know that the man in the eye-striking trench coat was an officer in his own army? He couldn't, that was the joke.

"What's all this?" demanded the colonel. "What language are you speaking? If that's German it's new on me!"

The German officer turned like a flash, seized Droghan's rifle and jerked it away from him. But before he could use it, however, the colonel had leaped on the prisoner's back, and Droghan, ducking under a lunge, had seized his knees and upset him. The three of them rolled on the ground together, Gordon hopping about, ready either for a shot or a thrust with the bayonet as soon as it would not endanger the two Americans. Droghan got his rifle back again, but it was again seized, this time by the colonel.

"None of that!" panted the colonel. "He's unarmed! Enough, now, stop it or I'll kick you in the groin!"

"I'll fix him!" shouted Droghan. "The shkamer! Stand aside, sir, and sure he'll give us no more trouble!"

"The other one!" cried Gordon. "Hey, the other one has beat it!"

He dropped on one knee, and before anyone could stop him, his rifle crashed like the crack of doom, and a bullet went sailing after the escaping German. But the second German had a good start, and for all his clumsy boots he ran like a deer.

The Americans hurried to the edge of the birches, the German officer accompanied by the colonel with the latter's pistol against his ribs. Below them, well down the slope now, ran the boy that had escaped, leaping from hummock to hummock and shouting all the while. Farther down, in every window, in every door, from gallery, stair, and pathway, white faces looked upward, gleaming in the light.

The effect was startling. And all that hurrying ant hill had halted in its tracks. The crack of a rifle carries a long way, especially in a valley, and the sight of a running shouting man, directly after the crack, means excitement of some kind or other under any circumstances.

All watched, fascinated, until the runner arrived, shoved his way through the crowd, ran up to a group that stood at one side, probably officers, and then was hurriedly led into one of the holes in the hillside.

"You're a wise guy!" exclaimed the colonel to the German officer.

"You flatter me," grinned the other.

"Yeh, but if that lad hadn't had brains enough to run you might have gotten a bayonet through your guts for nothing!"

"No, I told him to run the instant I grabbed Irish's rifle!"

"You did not!"

"Ah," chuckled the German, "there are lots of languages spoken in Germany besides German. That lad had an edelweiss on his shoulder strap. Green strap, that means a Jager regiment. Edelweiss, he's from the Tyrol. So am I. And while I spoke to you in the mountain dialect, I talked to him! Did you see him run? City boys can't run that way!"

The colonel ground his teeth and looked down into the cantonment again. The activity there had redoubled, men were helping each other on with their packs, a company seemed to be falling in.

"If they begin to come up the hill," said the colonel, "we'll have to go. We'll have the start of them."

"But suppose they spray this place with a machine gun first?" asked Gordon.

"You're certainly a careless man with your life!" snarled the colonel, swinging on the German officer again. "Suppose I constitute myself a special court right now and sentence you to have your roof blown off?"

"Soldier's luck!" said the other calmly. "What odds do you suppose any of us would get on a bet that we'll be alive by night?"

(Continued on page 50)

"We've Fought in Every Clime and Place"



HE paramount element of disturbance in Haitian history has been Cacos. They are not new to the black republic. For more than three score years they have roamed the countryside, terrifying market women, or swooping down to pillage unprotected towns. Their depredations continued until the mangos were no longer esculent. Then the roving bands would dissolve and each man return to his unfathomable dreams and cock fights.

The term Caco was first applied in 1867 to those who revolted against the tyranny of President Salnave. They fled to the brush where they formed ragged bands, imbued with the frenzied fever of a vaguely understood desire for liberty. They called themselves Cacos, after the Haitian bird whose freedom is boundless as the skies through which he soars. The supporters of the government were dubbed Zandolites, and likened to the caterpillar, helpless and earth-bound, upon which the bird preys.

For nearly half a century Cacoism persisted. There were periods when it subsided and times when it vanished; but the menace of an outbreak was always present. There was little use in breeding cattle, nor in nourishing grain to be stolen. So Haiti lapsed into a coma, unproductive, and not caring much about it.

In 1915 Haiti became an American protectorate. The president, Guillaume Sam, had incurred the meridian wrath of his people by a wholesale massacre of political prisoners. The mob came seeking his life and Sam sought the sanctuary of the French Legation. But the good people were in no mood to observe the niceties of international formalities. The Legation was not as inviolable as Sam had supposed. He was forcibly removed and subjected to the rather uncomfortable ordeal of being torn to pieces in the streets of Port au Prince. It was not this disposition of Haiti's chief executive that induced the United States to adopt the role of big brother. Rather, it was the violation of the French Legation and the threat of foreign intervention.

So, immediately following this effective disposal of Guillaume Sam, American Marines landed and the people of Port au Prince went back to their business.

The United States began unsnarling the tangled affairs of Haiti. There was tremendous housecleaning to be done, and the ways and means were beyond the comprehension of the bewildered citizens. Inventory was taken and a program outlined. Among other inconveniences was the deplorable dearth of serviceable highways; and the Haitians could see no lack of utility in the narrow, tortuous mule trails. The Americans made several attempts to interest civic-minded people in roadway construction—and failed. Then with enthusiasm born of new ideals they uncovered an old French law called corvée, a mandate requiring each inhabitant to work a number of days on the building of roads.

However, the good citizens of Haiti saw need for neither more nor better roads. The ones in use had always proved equal to the limited traffic, so why should they not continue to do so? The ways of the white man were strange and incomprehensible. But the ways of the white man were equally obstinate, so the

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

people of Haiti bent their backs to the unusual toil.

Their African forebears had bequeathed two legacies. One, the inheritance of all posterity, the desire for liberty, and the other the ability to propitiate strange and malignant gods. Small wonder, then, that a number of impressed laborers escaped to the hills. There they made weird incantations and invoked the gods of their cult to aid them in driving the white man from their soil. Cacoism flared up again. Like a powder train it blazed through the land.

Under various chieftains gathered the rebellious factions. They were unified by a single purpose: to free the island of their white foe, as their ancestors had some years before.

Marines were immediately rushed to reinforce the ones already in Haiti. There were engagements, sharp and bitter. The World War was raging and the newspapers had little room for lesser conflicts. But a man can be killed just as effectively in a Haitian combat as elsewhere; and he stays dead just as long.

Cacoism was suppressed but not entirely stamped out. After 1916, Marines were withdrawn and the gendarmerie fell heir to the task of rounding up such bands of Cacos that still persisted. Officerred by Marine non-coms, the native constabulary strove to emulate the success of their predecessors.

In 1918 Cacoism flared up again and burned beyond the control of the gendarmerie. More Marines were landed and all efforts concentrated on capturing one Charlemagne Masena Peralte, who modestly proclaimed himself Chief of the Revolutionary Forces against the American nation on the soil of Haiti.

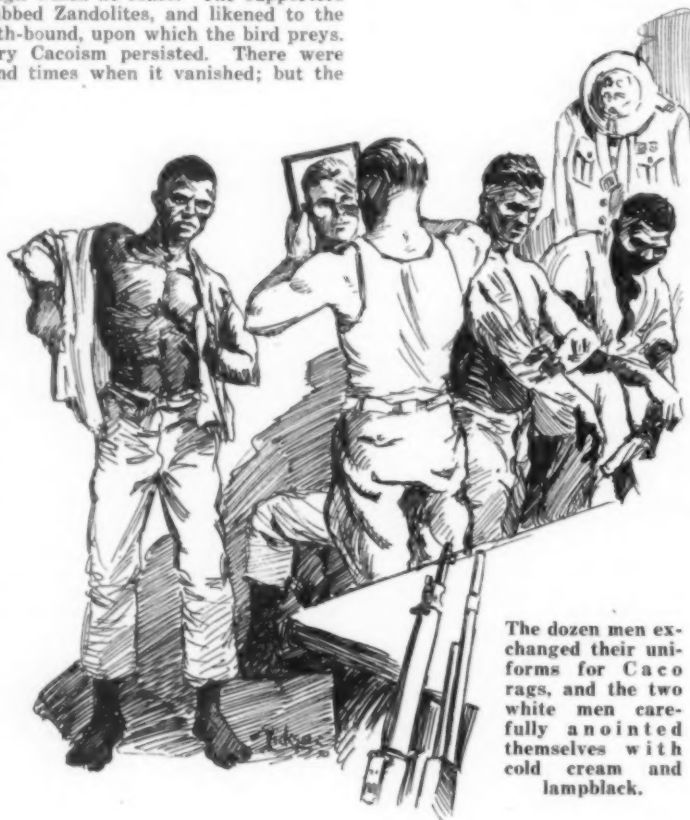
Charlemagne was not unknown to Naval Intelligence. The files attested that in October, 1917, he had been arrested and convicted of Cacoism. He was sentenced to five years of hard labor.

To Haitian aristocracy such degradation was a punishment all out of proportion to any crime that could be committed. Charlemagne escaped, taking with him his native guard and a few fellow-prisoners. In justice to the gendarmerie we might mention that this is the only case of desertion on record.

Charlemagne fled to the hinterland, where his political training and education proved invaluable. By flaming oratory he managed to gather a band of desperados; and through 1918 and into 1919 he operated, ravishing the country and cunningly evading such forces as were dispatched to destroy him. With each success his band increased until he found himself in command of a formidable army.

In June, 1919, Herman H. Hanneken, captain in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti and sergeant of Marines, was appointed a district commander. His headquarters were in the ancient town of Grande Riviere, somewhat removed from the theater of major operations.

Captain Hanneken, twenty-five years old, six feet of blonde, powerful Viking, mused on the mission of the Marines: the elimination of Charlemagne, and decided something should be



The dozen men exchanged their uniforms for Caco rags, and the two white men carefully anointed themselves with cold cream and lampblack.

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done. As military impositions confined the captain's efforts to his own district, he set about on a plan to induce Charlemagne to come to him.

In Grande Riviere lived a native named Jean Batiste Conze, who, like Charlemagne, had one quarter white blood in his veins. He was reputed to be shrewd and trustworthy. Hanneken sent for him, and after certain of seclusion said: "Conze, I want you to join the Cacos."

Conze protested that he was a "bon habitant," of a good family and certainly entertained no sympathy for the Caco movement. Hanneken smiled a little. "Exactly," he admitted. "I want you to become a Caco chief. I will furnish you . . ."

A few days later Grande Riviere was agog with excitement. Conze, it was stated, had taken umbrage at something the big Marine had said or done, and had gone into the hills as a Caco. With him went Gendarme Jean Edmond Francois, whom Captain Hanneken immediately listed as a deserter.

Once or twice Conze slipped into town to recruit his forces. He exhibited as evidence of his ability a pearl handled revolver he had taken from the district commander. He lavished rum freely, denounced the American invasion, and behaved generally as a good Caco chief-tain should.

He established a camp about five hours walk from Grande Riviere. Fort Capois, it was named, well situated on top of a hill. From here Conze sallied forth at frequent intervals and vigorously assailed surrounding towns. His band increased and he sent taunting letters to Captain Hanneken, inviting him to "Come and take me."

Captain Hanneken's concern was not entirely simulated. Nothing, it seemed, had worked out according to plans. Charlemagne was not unsuspicious of the new Caco chief. One night he sent General Tijacques and seventy-five armed men into Conze's camp and openly accused him of being a Zandolite. It was morning before Conze had convinced him otherwise.

To add to Hanneken's troubles, the Marine authorities were demanding further action than the "watchful waiting" campaign he had apparently adopted; and they threatened to take over the situation themselves. There was nothing to do but attack Fort Capois.

The battle was more real than might be supposed under the circumstances. Captain Hanneken was seen to stagger into the bushes, whence he emerged wrapping a bandage about a bloody arm. Had the blood been analyzed it would have been found to be red ink, government issue. At the height of the conflict the captain ordered retreat to be sounded and the gendarmes rushed pell mell back to Grande Riviere.

What news for the market place! Fort Capois had repulsed an attack. The Marine commander had been wounded. Grande Riviere itself was in danger. The more timid townspeople gathered their belongings and fled; their faith in American protection broken.

In the meantime Charlemagne had sent another agent to Conze, armed with authority to arrest the Caco chief and fetch him to trial. He arrived just after the victory of Fort Capois, which thoroughly convinced him of Conze's fidelity.

Charlemagne sent for Conze and commissioned him general. He vaguely promised to aid in the capture of Grande Riviere, but was more active when it came to appropriating the pearl handled revolver that had once graced the belt of Captain Hanneken. He also impressed Jean Edmond Francois into his personal service as secretary.

Still things continued without definite results. Charlemagne was polite but evasive. October came and had already gone before Conze whispered to Hanneken that the attack on Grande Riviere would take place on the last night in the month. Charlemagne would come at last, bringing with him his brother, St. Remy Peralte, other generals and chiefs and 1200 followers. Not only would Grande Riviere be assaulted but so would Bahon and Le Trou.

Time hung like a sword above Hanneken's head. Success depended upon the dovetailing of so many details. Failure meant the end of everything. When the specified night arrived

Hanneken ordered ten gendarmes to his quarters. With them was Lieutenant William R. Button, Marine corporal. The dozen men exchanged their uniforms for Caco rags, and the two white men carefully anointed themselves with cold cream and lampblack. Then one by one they departed for the rendezvous at Mazaire.

For a long time they lay breathlessly in concealment near the road that Charlemagne must take. They observed Conze with seven hundred Cacos proceeding toward Grande Riviere. The Marines had little trepidation concerning the town; it had been strongly reinforced and barricaded.

Still they waited, and still no Charlemagne. A fusillade of shots volleyed out from town. A machine gun rattled. A savage uproar and an insane crackling of rifle fire ensued. Then Jean Francois crawled to the captain's side and informed him

that once more Charlemagne had changed his mind. The Caco general had left Fort Capois, but had camped on the trail to await the news of battle. All Hanneken's hopes tumbled earthward. For only a moment the depression lasted.

"Button," he said, "we will be the Caco detachment that brings the news of the capture of Grande Riviere."

A canopy of black clouds shrouded the sky. And as the captain led his detachment up the road he wondered grimly if he had been betrayed.

It was nearly midnight when they were challenged by an outpost. Francois furnished the countersign, but the huge negro refused to let them pass without specific orders from Charlemagne. Francois departed to obtain them, while Hanneken and his men waited breathlessly for nearly an hour until he returned.

There are six outposts between here and Charlemagne's headquarters," he whispered. "We haven't a chance unless we leave the trail and sneak over the mountains."

"And lose ourselves for good and all!" Hanneken replied. "No; take the lead and keep to the trail."

One after another the outposts were passed. At the fifth a big negro became suspicious of Button's modern rifle, but the Marine jerked away and followed his chief. They reached the

(Continued on page 49)



The Captain wrenched out his pistol.



ELIGIBLE LIST FOR PROMOTION TO RANK OF SUPPLY SERGEANT

Quartermaster Bulletin No. 125, dated 1 September, 1930, carries the following information relative to the eligible list for promotion to the rank of supply sergeant:

Pursuant to the Major General Commandant's letter 1365-35-20/2165-15 C to all commanding officers of 11 March, 1930, a board convened in the office of the Quartermaster has very carefully considered all recommendations submitted and selected the following men as an eligible list for recommendation to the Major General Commandant for promotion or change of rank to supply sergeant as vacancies arise:

Private First Class Alfred B. McCord.
Sergeant George J. Hyland.
Corporal Roy E. Hagerdon.
First Sergeant Frank R. Busch.
Sergeant George E. Elms.
Sergeant Bennie Cryts.
First Sergeant Walter A. Sira.
Sergeant Robert M. Caven.
Sergeant John W. Schurr.
Staff Sergeant Charles Seiler.
First Sergeant Frank H. Stephenson.
Sergeant Gordon L. Rea.
Corporal James Bankler.
Corporal Jesse L. Massey.
Corporal George W. Hislop.
Sergeant Robert B. McLane.
Sergeant Reuben C. Collins.
First Sergeant Charles W. Harrmann.
Sergeant August Carlson.
Sergeant Herman L. Snellings.

Recommendations for advancement to supply sergeant will be made in the order in which the names appear in so far as practicable, departures from the order in which the names appear to be made only in cases where vacancies are to be filled at stations remote from the station where the man whose name heads the list is serving and a man lower down on the list is immediately available. Then departures are necessary to save transportation costs.

Recommendations received subsequent to 1 September, 1930, will be held for consideration of the board when the next eligible list is formed, which will probably be about 1 July, 1931.

Recommendations for enlisted men who have not graduated from the School in Quartermaster's Department Administration should be accompanied by the examination prescribed by Article 6-23 (7), Marine Corps Manual, unless an examination has previously been submitted.

QUARTERMASTER FORCE AT MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO

By Q. M. Sgt. Warren L. Granker

Post Quartermaster & Disbursing Assistant Quartermaster: Major John Potts, Captain L. S. Swindler, Ch. QM. Clk. Holmes J. Smith, QM. Sgt. W. L. Granger, QM. Sgt. J. C. Puckett.

Post Laundry: 1st Lt. J. B. Hardie.

Post Docks: Ch. Mar. Gun. W. T. Crawford.

Remount Officer & Stables: Capt. C. H. Brown.

Depot Quartermaster: Capt. Geo. W. Shearer, Ch. QM. Clk. F. E. Davis, Ch. QM. Clk. C. A. Burton, QM. Sgt. H. Clark, QM. Sgt. J. Clifford, QM. Sgt. W. Czapp, QM. Sgt. A. Hey, QM. Sgt.

ATTENTION, SCRIBES!

Here comes some red-hot dope direct from the editorial desk on the preparation of manuscripts. Like all good Marines, we despair—don't exactly care for exertion, and this is meant to help you help us help avoid a too strenuous day.

Our printer demands that we send manuscripts to him double spaced and when you send in a single-spaced epistle for "The Broadcast" it means that we must retype the whole she-bang, whereas if you'll pull the little lever on the left of the carriage on your trusty No. 5 forward until it is opposite the "2" marked thereon before starting on your script, think of all the work you'll save us poor overworked folkses. Also, when a manuscript comes in double spaced, we can simply insert the commas and periods you left out in the heat of creating it, and shoot it away, thus saving a lot of time at no additional exertion to you other than pulling the lever forward.

H. E. Lyon, Ch. QM. Clk. J. E. Reamy.
Reclamation Department: Ch. QM. Clk. B. Eagan, QM. Sgt. L. Shoemaker, St. Sgt. R. Freeman, QM. Sgt. F. B. Hogan, QM. Sgt. W. L. Brown, QM. Sgt. M. W. Texler, QM. Sgt. P. G. Chandler, MT. Sgt. Rhinesmith.

Expected for Duty at Quantico: QM. Sgt. G. H. Corcoran, QM. Sgt. F. Dykstra, QM. Sgt. J. N. M. Berger, QM. Sgt. J. W. Tenny, QM. Sgt. F. Wright, QM. Sgt. J. F. Oesterle, Sup. Sgt. C. G. Bannon, Sup. Sgt. G. Mitchell, Sup. Sgt. L. K. Mathewa.

Q. M. Aircraft Squadrons: Captain H. A. Carr, Ch. QM. Clk. N. Rainier, QM. Sgt. H. L. Flynn, QM. Sgt. J. Fowler.
Motor Transport: Capt. S. L. Zea, 2nd Lt. T. B. Jordan, Ch. Mar. Gnr. R. C. Vardy, Qm. Capt. S. W. Jones, MT. Sgt. R. E. McCook, 1st Sgt. W. Hunt, Gy. Sgt. A. Jagiello, St. Sgt. R. L. Angus, St. Sgt. H. D. Goode.

Q. M., 1st Marines: Capt. H. Paul, QM. Sgt. R. Razzette.

Q. M. Signal Battalion: 1st Lt. J. M. Smith, QM. Sgt. H. E. Detwiler.

Q. M. Marine Corps Schools: Capt. H. Paul, Qm. Sgt. E. K. Jameson.

Q. M., 1st Battalion, 10th Marines: Capt. J. W. Flett, QM. Sgt. W. C. Zehms.

Maintenance: Maj. J. B. Seebree, M. T. Sgt. W. J. Burke, M. T. Sgt. F. Turner, Gy. Sgt. G. McFarland, St. Sgt. W. A. McArthur, St. Sgt. W. A. Wells.

Recently Detached, Transferred, Etc.: Ch. QM. Clk. W. R. Affleck, Ch. QM. Clk. J. T. Baugh, Ch. QM. Clk. A. F. Schonefeld, QM. Sgt. H. Ashby, QM. Sgt. E. Smith.

MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL AMMUNITION DEPOT, KUAHUA ISLAND, PEARL HARBOR

By Abie and Ike

We wish to have something in "The Leatherneck" about our detachment as we are doing quite well down here these rainy days. The whole works is in charge of a sergeant. Of course, we have our scraps and hand-out regulation growls and such as that, but we are having a good time just the same.

Frank R. Gore recently joined us and is trying hard to snow us under about the time he was on the "California," but he is good peoples. Hope you stay with us and enjoy yourself while here, Frank. Corporal Kurseth also joined us from the Shore Patrol in Honolulu. Oscar claims he had a hard time keeping those shakem, shakem girls off him. He will be with us for a long time as he got hungry and shipped over. Here's luck to you, Oscar.

Our Banana King has had a lot of trouble with his bananas of late. Someone has gotten into his prize bunch and stolen one. He said he would rather lose his chow than one of his bananas.

One of our messmen had to be relieved from mess duty as he could not stand the strain of carrying the mess hall around on his shoulders any longer. He was getting round shouldered from the load.

The new admiral is going to inspect and he will not take this as an excuse for our not being ready. Tell you all about it next month.

"HEADQUARTERS DOPE"

Howdy, folks! This column has been backsliding for some little time, but now that summer and the world series are over, furnaces running smoothly, plenty of alcohol in the radiators, and the season of a few moments rest is at hand, will try to make up for lost time.

Since we last went to press several changes in personnel, both service and civil, have taken place. Colonel D. P. Hall is now commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound, Washington, and Lieutenant Colonel D. M. Randall is our executive officer. The following quartermaster clerks have been detached and joined: "Al" Hastings has gone to Quantic, Ledoux to Parris Island. Harry Young from Quantico and Burns D. Goodwin from San Diego have joined and are holding forth in the big room.

Mr. Tweedale has resigned, and has been replaced by Mrs. Rosenthal. Miss Virginia Prewitt, Mrs. Helen Hill and Miss Marcia Browne have been appointed and assigned to Identification Section. Carel Miller, an "old" Marinette, has been appointed in the A & I and is holding down a desk in Officers' Records. To those who have left we extend best wishes for a delightful tour of duty, and to those who have joined "our family" we wish a pleasant stay.

Mrs. Armstrong, formerly of the Statistical Division, has been transferred to the Enlistment Section, vice Herd, who has transferred to the State Department.

Yes, Ruby Gillum is still with us, as such.

We have some budding legal talent in our midst. Tommie Miller, who already is planning on hanging out his shingle, and Frances Pepper, who is completing her course this year. Congratulations to both.

Mrs. Furniss has made her annual pilgrimage to Michigan, and looks happy at being back in our nation's fair capital.

The "Isaac Walton" Club, Keller, Foster, Giles, Carley and Gallagher, has had an interesting summer with fishing expeditions in nearby Maryland waters. As to catching fish, well—that's another question.

The "Stag Crowd" who went down to Nubson's cottage for a couple of overnight parties can certify that Freddie Moore knows how to cook steak; we know how to eat it. Keller also likes to pitch horseshoes, despite the fact that he stopped one with his right blinker; nothing serious, however.

Big John DeSparre dropped in the other day, looking for the address of Joe Burkhalter. Who remembers this shorter of the two being only 5' 3 1/2 inches tall.

We mentioned the names of the old-timers who drop in every month it would be a long list, but we enjoy seeing them very much.

Bud Fisher, the little man with the big voice, has returned to duty after a long lay-off because of lead poisoning. Glad to have you with us again, Bud.

Plans are being formulated for our annual Xmas party, and from the reports it's going to be the best one yet, and that's saying a mouthful. We are justly proud of the parties which our committees work up for us, each one being better than the preceding one.

Fay's been running that bus six months now, and parking it most anywhere. You can still recognize it. Not so bad, considering. Fay, by the way, has been out, because of illness.

Jane Blakeney's cottage was popular with some of the A & I girls; and all came back happy and healthier but Jane.

Everything was extremely quiet during the world's series; hardly a peep. Wait until next year when Messrs. Walter Johnson & Co. win the pennant. As usual John McDonald picked the wrong one.

the corner, and then we can start even with the board again.

Our friend, Hebert, of the file room put something over on us, having taken unto himself—a wife. Congratulations, Emile.

Bob O'Toole has served notice that he expects to be present at the A & I party this Xmas. He is leaving Haiti on the S. S. "Ancon," sailing December 10th, for a three weeks sojourn in the States.

Miss Creath of the Statistical Division has returned from a trip to her native hearth, Iowa, where they grow the tall corn.

A certain young lady in the big room wanted to know if GCMP meant Good Conduct Medal Prisoner. Guess we'll have to inaugurate a "What do you want to know" column.

Our chief clerk, Mr. Snell, and Wes Thomas have returned from trips to Canada. Wonder if they visited any "filling stations" while there.

A recent shipment of trophies from the National Rifle Association has brought numerous cups, consisting of the National Trophy, Pershing Trophy, General Custer Trophy and the National Pistol Trophy to these headquarters, where they are on display in the office of the Major General Commandant.

Bashful Bill McKel-den has returned from a visit to the Nutmeg State, Connecticut. Wonder why he doesn't visit Alabama on some of these trips.

Amos and Ruby get so many new cars its a wonder they can find the right one when they leave the office at night.

The Navy team of the Ladies' Federal League is knocking off the pins in their usual way. Having won 16 and lost 5, they are in second place, tied with War. Scott, Edenton and Brown, all of the A & I, are members of this team.

There are quite a number of outlaw teams started in the various sections of headquarters, with such names as Whams, Buzzers, Check and Double Check, Wildcats and Misfits, and the weekly contests are gathering quite a section of fans, each outdoing the other for noise. There's more noise than pins spilled.

Leavitt of the Casualty Section is throwing out his chest these days. A brand new baby boy. Congratulations.

The Marine Corps League is going strong, and spares and strikes form the topic of conversation when the pin spillers get together. The League got off to a flying start on September 30th, with six teams from the following departments: Adjutant & Inspector, Quartermaster, Paymaster, Operations and Training and the Commandants as well as a team from the Marine Barracks. A goodly crowd gathers each Tuesday to root for their favorites. The standings, as of November 11th, are as follows:

EX-MARINES READ THE LEATHERNECK

1920 Third Ave., South.
Minneapolis, Minn..
August 19, 1930.

Editor, The Leatherneck.
Eighth and Eye Sts., S. E.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor:

We enjoy reading The Leatherneck very much: it keeps us informed of the whereabouts and activities of many of our former comrades. It also keeps us in touch with the operations of the Corps of which we feel so proud.

George and I are at present employed as bank guards for The Chase Securities Corporation, located in the Northwestern Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

We would be very much pleased to hear from any of our former comrades: we will assure them a prompt reply. We have met many ex-Marines in Minneapolis and vicinity, one of whom is ex-Sergeant Dean R. Penley; many will remember him for his wonderful records in the shooting game.

We would appreciate a visit from any of our friends, in and out of the Marine Corps, who happen to pass through here. George and I have a large three-room apartment, with all conveniences. Most of the time we cook our meals in true Marine style. I know that any of our buddies would get a big kick out of life while enjoying our hospitality.

Thanking you for publishing this letter, we are your friends.

(s) CARL N. KNUTSON, Gy. Sgt., F. M. C. R.

(s) GEORGE PORTNEDT, ex-Sgt., U. S. M. C.

The summer season having waned, miniature golf twosomes and foursomes will have to disband. Haven't heard of any of our par-busters winning the tournament conducted in this city.

George Benson recently made a trip to North Carolina in his new Chevie. Since that boy has gotten himself a good car, he's going places and seeing things. Guess he's trying to outdo Howard. Better give up, George, it can't be done.

Henry Davis, of the file room, is back on the job again after a forced lay-off due to foot trouble.

Tom Powers is with us again and is a welcome addition to the family. Don't desert us again, Tom.

A certain young lady of the A & I, who ought to know a great deal about Marines, says she doesn't think the Royal Marines as snappy as our own. She ought to know.

Our friend, Charlie Browne, has taken time out, to wrestle with his paint and varnish brushes. Go to it, Charlie, may the best man win.

Most everyone is counting up their annual leave in terms of hours these days. Some of the "savers" can still reckon days, but they are few and far between. Never mind, January 1st is just around

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
A & I.....	13	8	.619
Paymaster	13	8	.619
Commandants	11	10	.524
Marine Barracks	11	10	.524
Quartermaster	9	12	.429
Operations	6	13	.285

High team set, Adjutant & Inspector 1557
 High team game, Marine Barracks 560
 High Ind. set, Sturgis (QM)..... 351
 High Ind. game, McCabe (A & I).. 140

Officers of the League are as follows:

W. T. Ramberg, president.
 R. Lawrenson, vice-president.
 E. J. McCabe, secretary-treasurer.
 G. H. Hubert, official scorer and judge.

Hubert looks high and mighty on the foul line, but if he had Bob O'Tooles' voice they'd snap out of it better when he calls a foul.

Keller with a high set of 346 is pushing Sturgis hard; the latter has 351.

In the Men's Federal Bowling League, General Printing Office leads the Navy entrant by one game. Atta boy, Freddie, go get 'em.

On November 11th, despite the fact that the Adjutant and Inspector's rolled high team set, 1557, they dropped two games to the Quartermaster.

The Insignia Section, under the able leadership of Jane Blakeney, thinks it has been busy of late issuing the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit; wait until the Expeditionary Medals are ready for issue, and we are of the impression that you won't be able to find the section at all.

THE FAMILY HOSPITAL

By Corporal James Kerns

Quantico, Va.—The Family Hospital is an institution provided for the families of officers and enlisted men who are members of the Family Hospital Association. It is supported by monthly dues, hospital charges and other donations.

Non-members of the Association may receive treatment and civilian families are admitted in an emergency, but such cases have charges corresponding with civilian hospitals.

The Family Hospital Council is composed of Captain R. G. Heiner, U. S. N. (M. C.), Post Surgeon, President, and First Lieutenant Lucian C. Whitaker, U. S. M. C., Secretary and Treasurer.

The Family Hospital staff is composed of Lieutenant Commander A. L. Lindall, U. S. N. (M. C.), officer-in-charge; Mrs. Katherine Tate, chief nurse; Miss Hilda Nutter and Miss Katherine Scott, nurses.

This staff deserves much praise for the service it has rendered the married personnel of Quantico and is responsible for successfully bringing many Marine infants into the world.

Miss Netty E. Wright and Miss Eula Walden, formerly of the hospital staff, have given up their positions for the sea of matrimony.

MAINTENANCE COMPANY GIVES DANCE

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, Va.—The working men of our post, the Maintenance Company, after a long lay-off, returned in full glory by giving a dance here Friday evening the 5th of September, 1930.

It was a very attractive affair due largely to the efforts of Stf. Sgt. Walter

A. McArthur and the men from the Maintenance Company.

The orchestra played exceptionally well, and the eight pieces they used sounded much better than the previous twelve. Ice cream, sandwiches, and punch were served and it was very good. The people responsible for this should be commended for the cleanliness and appearance of the food.

There were quite a number of officers present with their wives and they seemed to be having a good time. At this time we would like to say that we were very much disappointed when we found that Major General B. H. Fuller, U. S. M. C., could not attend the dance. He was at the post for the launching of the Marine Corps Schools on its yearly cruise.

Although it rained hard, the attendance at the dance ran very high and the girls from Washington turned out in full force. The dance committee, as per usual, had members on the dance floor. Mrs. M. De Boo, Staff Sergeant McArthur and Gy. Sgt. Emory L. Anderson (fire chief), were on the floor helping everyone have a good time.

The dancing lasted until twelve-thirty when the busses left on the return trip to Washington.

Staff Sergeant McArthur was smiling all the time and telling jokes (?). He put up a good dancing exhibition with Mrs. D. Shapiro.

Gy. Sgt. (Handsome) Emory Anderson always makes a good, snappy Marine, always spotless, and he surely is some lady killer.

Quartermaster Sergeant Granger does not dance, but his wife does, so he attended.

Sergeant Savage made love to all the older women—more power to you, Old Soak.

Sergeant Knapp (The Beast) could not attend due largely to the calling of poker chips and "Jimmie."

Sgt. Hal Langsdorf must have explained things to his girl friend or got pants to fit him, for he was in all his glory.

"Polly" of the band surely knows his piano.

"Ruby," not a jewel, can play a sax like nobody's business.

Does Jim Merrell talk barbering to all the girls he whispers to?

TWENTY-FOURTH COMPANY, 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI

By Sgt. W. R. Tyler

Appreciating the astounding fact that our last month's contribution was published, we're offering another installment from this company.

Many changes have come to pass since the last epistle, the foremost one being the change in company commanders, Captain Frank R. Armstead being relieved by Captain Stephen F. Drew, the late battalion executive officer. It is suspected that that fine old man, Captain Armstead, is leaving with a heart of lead, for it is rumored that this company is very close to him. If actions means anything, many of the men would go through the hot place for him any time. It is further presumed that company commanders get that feeling of depression when they leave their commands. With Captain Armstead goes the best wishes of the entire company and we all join in wishing that he will get as good a company in the States as

he had in China. But that would be impossible, for we know what this company is—and we think we know our former C. O. The only thing we can say is that we hope the new organization will appreciate the captain . . . and you know the old Marine Corps. Captain Drew, our new commanding officer, is welcomed into the fold. We know he will make this outfit a turkey winner every month. With the exception of a few of the new men, the boundary lines are pretty well borne in mind. **THREE CHEERS FOR THE NEW SKIPPER.**

The monthly turkey (dinner) is still on the fence and his tail feathers are slightly frayed. But that same turk has cast longing eyes at this outfit and his concentration is not in vain. The object of the prize-winning turkey dinner was explained in the last letter.

With the debarkation of troops from the "Chaumont" on the 24th we were the recipients of many desirable men. Those of my readers who came through boot training at P. I. during the years 1923-1927 will remember Sergeant L. Diamond. That worthy was the possessor of that glamorous, enticing voice which so enthralled new Marines. Diamond is section leader, first section, second platoon of this company. Sergeants Erickson, Homel and Fowel joined also. These men have many years of faithful service in the Corps and they are welcomed three-fold into the fold. Corporal Eddie Chapman (Chappie), late property sergeant, First Guard Company, Mare Island, joined, as did Pfc. Freddie Himelhan, Corporals Charette, Brannon, Bissenger, Carroll, Casanova, and Baker. Among the new arrivals is also found the following: Privates First Class Hannaford, an ex-machine gunner from Peiping, Howell, Huphrey, and Kiddy; Privates Corley, Cox, C. E., and Cox, M. R., Culmer, Daily, Dollie, Ludley, Dunbar, Ferver, Gray and Clements. The new men are welcomed to the company and it is hoped that they will uphold the good name of the organization.

At this season the work is not over-strenuous as the regimental routine calls for all drills, etc., to be completed by 10:30 a. m. Here's the routine for your info: First call, 5:10; reveille, 5:15; assembly, 5:30; breakfast, 6:30; troop and inspection, 7:00; cart drill, 7:30, elementary or advanced gun drill, 8:00; stripping and assembling, 8:30; detailed stripping and functioning, 9:00; athletics, 9:30; liberty (if first class), 10:00. Liberty is good here and civilian dress may be worn. Many are the attractive sights in China—and many a wondering Pa or Ma is given the dope by sonny. Among the wonders of China is the "care-cow," a mare with a milk capacity—which is sold to families bringing up kiddies. (The milk is sold, not the mare.) A Chinese funeral procession looks strange: the widow or widows follow the casket in a rickshaw drawn by a coolie. On either side is a coolie supporting a shield of muslin which covers the front part of the scenery thus cutting off the view of the casket which is borne on the shoulders of half a dozen stalwarts. A marriage or a birth are also occasions for great ceremony. A tinsel money by the millions is changed at the former with a view of securing the future happiness, and when the paper drawers and dresses floating in the breeze at house and store, and

one knows that the stork has been there. Everything is done by sign here—even to the art of signing chits, the CURSE OF MARINES IN CHINA.

The "Chaumont" is taking back to the States many of our boys. We wish to extend to them through this medium our hope that they meet with all the success in the world and caution them that THE NEXT BOAT BACK HERE WILL SAIL SOON. Of course, many of them will not come back. There is something about this country which seems to get hold of a guy—that irresistible something which clings on to the strings of a man's heart. Maybe it's because we are all romantic and adventuresome fools, or maybe it's just the lure of the Orient. At any event, we will welcome back our prodigal shipmates with the sea-going lingo.

Private First Class Pryor, our exchange steward, takes life rather hard at the present time. Somebody put in a Frigidaire and that little man is mad. Why should a man be mad because somebody put in a money-saving piece of furniture? Private First Class Wasielewski, the Big Man of the second platoon, declares that red liberty cards should be white—but what's the use of all that added expense? Corporal Saxon has returned from the hospital, and Gunnery Sergeant Bostrom has been admitted. Gunnery Sergeant H. O. Keller joined the company and has taken over the howitzer platoon. Sergeant Keller is well-known throughout the Marine Corps and this may be news to many HIGHBINDERS AND BOOTLEGGERS—ACH!

Sergeant Amos Taylor was promoted to the rank of first sergeant a month ago. He is to remain with the company pending his assignment.

This monthly letter is rather lengthy and the editor may decide to give the wastebasket a chance. So much news is at hand, though, we feel that the rest of the world should know about it—so, until we are crowned we will continue. Sergeant Talley is our new property sergeant. Sergeants O'Connor, Other and Lee Mathis have gone back to the States. And the wonder of it is that they didn't have a hundred tailors with chits following them to the dock. Good luck, boys.

The company baseball team has beat most of the other companies in the regiment. Sergeant Yount and his twirlers get a regular workout daily.

The new mess hall is almost completed and we expect to move into it the first of the month. Maybe the boys will miss chow now and again as they will have to hike across the street to the Jean d'Arc compound.

Our sermon next month will be Chang Kee's 7th Chapter; 3rd, Gin Buck; St. George's at midnight.

CENTRAL RECRUITING DIVISION, DETROIT, MICH.

By Sgt. Albert P. Maltz

I don't know how long it has been since this office has been heard from, being new on the job and striving very hard to make good. Nevertheless, I think it a great idea to let everyone who comes in touch with "The Leatherneck" know that we are keeping up the good work in Detroit. At this present writing, we are all very occupied in turning out work for none other than our own "Ma-

rine Band" which is giving a concert at the Olympia Stadium, Saturday, September 13th. The whole affair is sponsored by Post No. 88 of the American Legion here for the benefit of the destitute children of Otter Lake Billet. So we are all turning to in making or aiding in making this a great success, and as good Marines, we ARE certain of putting it over. From unofficial rumors we hear that the seats are all sold out.

Now to get to a little of our office routine.

DHS Detroit has its full quota for this month. Like the Canadian Mounties, we have a motto which is "Get Your Man," but be sure that when you get him he's a good one, for that's all we can use. From looking into past records we find that this office is well on top for all-around efficiency. In order to do that we hold a little secret we might let you in on. It is this: We all work together. Just like a family, this bunch, and, as I stated, being new here, it is a pleasure to work with them. The officer in Charge is Captain Clyde P. Matteson. Fine officer, noted for his efficiency, he is well liked by his men. Our Top Soldier is Bunah L. Burnham. He has been in this recruiting game for many years and knows the score. Those of you who read "The Leatherneck" regularly should know him. The Leatherneck banjoist is none other than the Honorable Bunah L. Burnham. The first sergeant is assisted by Sergeant Nelson B. LaBree. He is the official growler in this office, but it doesn't mean a thing. A darn good clerk who knows his bermudas; well acquainted with the ladies, too. A few days ago he asked for permission to have the forenoon off and it was granted him.

About noon the writer asked him where he had been and he informed me that he waited all morning for the big parade which never came. We don't know what parade he meant, but he said all he saw was a bunch of traffic cops waving their hands. Never mind, Nelson; you're O. K. just the same. Our publicity sergeant is Mathers. He has been connected with this office for several years and knows the job. He has the Marine Corps well advertised in this city, and also villages, suburbs, hamlets, and what have we. Last, but not least, we have the recruiters. They are Sergeants Tucker, of Boston fame; Morgan, from the big city; Snyder and Swinehardt, both from the Great Lakes Main Gate Detachment (they say this is better than one on and one off), and the writer, just recently returned from the balmy tropics, where he spent almost two years.

So, summing us all up, I think we have a very able detachment. When I say able I mean able, for after the examination the officer in charge hands out, you are either able or disabled. From what I gather, no one has been disabled yet and the schooling and exams are great stuff, hence the efficient force at DHS Detroit.

Another man joined the detachment this week; Sergeant Max Scheroff. The sergeant has 14 years to his credit. Great stuff, Scheroff, staying for thirty, aren't you? He is the one and only man on this force who can bowl 350 out of a possible 300. If you don't believe it, ask him. We have organized a bowling team and as long as Scheroff does his good work on the alleys the rest of us don't have to be so good. We are contem-

plating getting into the City League. Will let you know more when we have practiced a little.

Our star sergeant, Snyder—sh—sh—???—wanted to know if he could open up an auxiliary station in Windsor, Canada, but the first sergeant talked him out of it. Try Hamtramck, Snyder.

The boys fired the range last week, and if it hadn't been for the Army boys in the butts, they would have probably all qualified as experts. They did fairly well, though, in spite of all.

Morgan and Swinehardt are the two short timers in this detachment—about ten months to go. The writer visited them two nights before last and found them both with their heads out of the window. One was counting the automobiles passing, the other was checking the traffic lights. They informed me that they were preparing for examination for the Detroit Police Department. Does it require all that?

An applicant came in the other day and wanted to know if he couldn't apply for the parachute department. He was referred to Crowley Milners Department Store.

The song of the day, month, and year around this office is the famous little ditty you all know, entitled, "HE'S MY MAN!"

FIRE DEPARTMENT, PHILADELPHIA

By Vermin

Well folks, and readers of "The Leatherneck," it has been quite a while since you heard from the old Fire Department, or maybe not at all, but you are going to hear now.

We have a mighty fine department here and it's all ours; we all work together, heart and hand. Our detachment consists of thirty members (three men and twenty-seven privates) at the present time.

This would be a mighty fine department if it wasn't for the trucks; in fact, it would be the best in the yard. We have one here, the Saurer. We have our choice of driving or towing it to the scene of the fire and we generally tow it.

Speaking of the personnel, we have Private Lewis. He's the C. O.'s nozzle head and is so thick he thinks the foot of Broadway has toes. And Private First Class Hubbard is our white-glove man and shiek. Boy, when he steps out! Private Pollick is the detachment's strong man—he really is the strongest man in the place. Last year Private Rhoades made a New Year's resolution that he was going to wash his dungarees every month whether they needed it or not. The sergeant in charge is Sergeant Brand. And there's Private Black—well, we can't say for sure, but we have a cat here that we call "Minnie." Minny got herself some mighty fine kittens and when them kittens were about half grown they disappeared. Some time later they were seen in a hock shop. Someone hocked the kittens—now I ain't accusing Black.

Private First Class Scaffide has a dog. He says it is a German police, but I think it's a bloodhound for I saw it bleeding the other day. Private Shokles is our big Polark. He looks at his shoes so much he has a sore head from bumping into posts. Private Leiter is our painter. He drew a picture of a lake

and it was so natural you could see the fish jumping up.

Now, I don't like to speak of the corporals, but we got two here which ain't so bad. Corporal Contz won his fame in Nicaragua. Privates First Class Allen and Rusnak have even put chevrons on their undershirts. Rusnak has got cross-eyed from looking at them.

Now there's Private Gibson. The girls all go crazy over him. The rest of the bunch are rather new to the detachment, but I noticed a couple Spaghetti benders, a Frenchman or two and maybe a Polark among them. And there's Private Siders. He walks like a honey bear and has a shape like Milo Venus. I guess that's about all except a couple of the ex-"Rochester" men which don't mean much, so will bring this thing to a stop and maybe breeze around with more news about this time next month.

"Why You Should Lend Me Five Dollars," "Why the Marine Corps Doesn't Issue Shoes With Rubber Heels," etc. These are only a few of the topics he chooses. Using our big room as an auditorium, his stentorian voice carries through the barracks, and by and by as men come drifting in to listen open-mouthed and eager-eyed, we have a crowd. Speech! Speech!

Favorite quotations:

Patterson: "I want my dear father!"

Worobel: "Got a cigarette?"

Hancock (after searching for a file that never was there): " *&%&\$%— (&'-%&—&'&." "

Knapp: "He's a horse!"

Sergeant Major Fliey: "Mucha trabajo, poquito dinero!"

Ziehl: "Fuzzy!"

Langsdorf: "Lend me five?"

The other guy: "No soap!"

Captain Buse: "Do you like fruit?"

That's all.

RISE AND SHINE!

A-L-R-I-G-H-T, you Ex-Ji-Rines, reveille is blowing and we're going to stand assembly in St. Louis on November 6th, 7th and 8th, and boy, what an assembly this will be. No honey wagon or ice cream carts, no squads east or guard duty—no one will ask you if you know how to run a Ford or a typewriter. There'll be no calls for six good Marines or eight mules. In fact, it's going to be a two-days' leave with no M. P.'s to bother you.

St. Louis, the center of Marine recruiting during the World War, with a local post of over 175 ex-Marines, has arranged a program that'll rival the battle of Paree.

It's true, there'll be no vin-rouge, vin-blanc nor cognac, but on the other hand—well, we've made preparations—'nuf sed.

Do you remember the U. S. Marine Band? You've heard them before? Well, you're going to have the opportunity of hearing them once more in St. Louis. They'll be here in all their glory. When you hear that band start playing "From the Halls of Montezuma" you'll get the thrill of your life, but that's not all—there will be a banquet and Armistice dinner dance and you can depend upon it that they will serve no slum or gold fish at this banquet. There will be a luncheon at Anheuser-Busch. If you are an ex-Marine there is no necessity for describing Anheuser Busch as you are well acquainted with it and know

what it signifies, and on Thursday, at midnight, there'll be a show for ex-Marines, only, and what a show. The Second Division will be there en-masse.

Special rates have been secured on the railroads for fare and a half. All you have to do is to ask for a certificate when you purchase your ticket to St. Louis. If you want to drive here you will find good roads coming in to St. Louis from all directions and the St. Louis Marine Corps League will be glad to furnish routes to anyone desiring them.

Don't forget the ladies! Our auxiliary is arranging something exceptionally nice for the wives of ex-Marines and we want them to turn out strong for the St. Louis convention. The many attractions of St. Louis, such as the Zoological Gardens, Shaw's Garden, Lindbergh Trophies, etc., will afford them many hours of pleasure during their stay here.

Come on, now, and get busy. Here's a chance for you to renew old acquaintances, those you made on Parris Island and at Quantico.

St. Louis and the Marine Corps League of St. Louis are all set to give you the greatest convention and reunion you've had since 1918.

Remember the dates—November 6, 7, 8. The official billet will be the Hotel Statler.

NEWS FROM AN EX-MARINE

404 Rawson Street, S. W.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Editor, "The Leatherneck,"
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

The Federal Prison School for officers is still going strong as a fellow by the name of Hanson and myself have just finished up two more classes, one of 41 and the other of 60. Most of them are at road camps now. Quite a few ex-Marines among them, too. Hanson and myself leave for New York again within the next month to hold class on Ellis Island this time. They have a building fixed up there so as to quarter the men all together.

The men get an hour and a half of physical work in the morning and also the same length of time in the afternoon, but this period is taken up with boxing and jiu jitsu. The rest of the day is devoted to lectures on crime, modern prisons, criminology, etc. These lectures are given by a man who has been warden of so many "pens" he has forgotten some of them. He knows his prisoners, in other words.

The class also gets lectures on gas bombs, their use, and they shoot the pistol range.

Sincerely,

(Signed) GLENN HUCKABY.

MARINES FORM LITERARY CLUB

Quantico, Va., Sept. 26.—The first meeting of the Quantico Literary Club was held Wednesday evening at the Post Library. It is the first of its kind in the Marine Barracks and is looked upon with favor by the majority of the men.

The main object of the club is to have a debating team and challenge different colleges and high schools in the vicinity of Quantico to debates. The subject for the first debate among the club members will be "Should Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws be Abolished." This is to get a line on the members for the club debating team.

Sergeant J. M. Ely and Private F. G. Burns were chosen as anchor men of the teams. A committee of four was formed for the purpose of making up by-laws which will be submitted for approval at the next meeting.

NOTES FROM SAN DIEGO

By Sgt. W. L. Dubois

Vice Admiral Vernon H. S. Haggard of the British Royal Navy and officers of H. M. S. "Despatch" were the guests of the officers of the Eleventh Naval District at a dance given at the Marine Corps Base Auditorium on the evening of Thursday, 18 September. The following day Admiral Haggard and his staff witnessed a regimental parade at the base as the guests of General Dunlap. Two battalions of infantry composed the parade and planes from the Marine Corps flying forces at North Island flew over the field in salute formation. The 6th Battery 75's fired the Vice Admiral's salute of fifteen guns.

Twenty enlisted men of the Royal Marines visited the base on Friday, 19 September, and were the guests of their American contemporaries at "chow."

The Community Chest of San Diego will have the support of the entire course in the current campaign for funds for the year 1930-31. In a recent memorandum the Commanding General has directed that commanding officers explain the purpose of the community chest to the personnel of their organizations and that every effort be made to assist in this worthy undertaking.

Because the complement of the base has been greatly reduced by reason of numerous transfers and discharges during the past six months, it has been found necessary to evolve a new distribution of the remaining personnel. A board of officers, headed by Major L. A. Clapp, U. S. M. C., has been appointed by the Commanding General to inquire into this subject and to determine the necessary steps to more equally distribute the man power of the base among the various activities. The board is now in session and its report will be submitted within the next few days.

One hundred sixty men left here today (29 September) aboard the U. S. S. "Nitro" for Nicaragua. To secure this number of men it was necessary to thoroughly canvass the base for men with sufficient time to do on their current enlistments and who had not returned from sea or foreign service within the past year. A number of men who had returned from foreign duty within the year waived the privilege of remaining in the States and volunteered to go. Among the future bandit chasers are "Pop" Gayer, now sporting his well-earned gunnery sergeant chevrons, First Sergeant Edward Bald, formerly of the Sixth Battery, First Sergeant Charles C. Bradley, Gunnery Sergeant Ellis L. Gire, Gunnery Sergeant Derby S. Wilson and Sergeant Harry Cohen.

First Lieutenants Irving E. Odgers, Lyman G. Miller and Ralph W. Luce will also be aboard the "Nitro," bound for Nicaragua.

A dispatch from the U. S. S. "Sapelo" states that First Lieut. Paul B. Watson and Paymaster Sgt. Johnny Seifert are aboard and will reach San Diego about 2 October.

Second Lieutenant Robert E. Hoga-boom has returned from a two months'

F. G. of the formed -laws val at

The new police shed has been completed and is now being utilized by the police sergeant and for the storage of police material. The shed is a distinct improvement to the base, affording storage space for the machinery and material necessary to keep the base in its spick and span condition and replacing the old eye-sore that served the same purpose.

The Post Exchange garage will be placed in operation on October first and has a capacity of eighty cars. The cars of enlisted men will be parked in the garage while at the base.

The football team returned from San Francisco early in the morning of 29 September and has resumed practice in preparation for its game with the eleven of the U. S. S. "Tennessee," Saturday, 4 October, at Navy Field, this city. Despite the fact that the games with the Olympic Club and St. Ignatius College were lost the members of the team feel that they are capable of playing winning football and intend to come through with a win against the "Tennessee." They won from the U. S. S. "Mississippi" 12 to 6 on 14 September, while enroute to San Francisco aboard the "Henderson." This game was played at Trona Field, San Pedro. Coach Blewett and his charges believe that they are capable of taking the measure of any service organization on the West Coast and this belief is shared by every officer and man in the base.

First Lieutenant Albert R. Bourne and Second Lieutenant James O. Brauer left on the "Vega" for Nicaragua on Saturday, 27 September. Both of these officers will be assigned to duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard.

Last June, Corporal John Pederson, who was then on duty in the Recruit Depot, was transferred to San Francisco where he joined the Naval Observatory Eclipse Expedition to the south seas as a radio operator. Excerpts from a recent letter from Corporal Pederson are quoted in the following paragraphs:

"We landed in Samoa on August 12 and waited for the Sierra of the Matson Lines to arrive with the party of scientists and equipment. A total of 60 tons of cargo was unloaded from Tutuila and placed aboard the U. S. S. 'Tanager' and the U. S. S. 'Ontario.'

"Arriving at Tutuila and sailing for the 'Tin Can Island' known as Niauafou, we approached nothing but a piece of rock estimated to be about three miles in length and four miles wide. Hot lava beds still showing signs of life from the volcanic eruption of last July are still to be seen.

"There is no dock here; only a man-power derrick and rocks for a wharf. Sixty tons of equipment were unloaded with all hands carrying boxes of several pounds weight. Seven of the men stood with the surf breaking on the rocks and, while joining hands to keep from being washed into deep water, unloaded from the motor sailers. The 'Tanager' has to lay about 300 yards from the beach, losing one anchor in the foul bottom and breaking away from her port anchor twice.

"All stores, including 8000 board feet of lumber, were landed on the rocks. The camp site was located on the top of a hill and all stores and equipage had to

be carried from the beach up a circular path. A copra chute, about 300 feet long and very weak, helped to transport small packages, but the delicate instruments of the scientists had to be carried by hand. Tents were put up (Marines showed up fine here) and camp was made. Members of the carpenter gang are now constructing a tower for one of the large cameras, to be 55 feet in the air and 65 feet long. The radio operated by Corporal Stillwell from Quantico and myself has a cost price of \$3,620.00 and includes the latest type of crystal control transmitter and General Electric high frequency receiver. Washington time signals and practically all short wave stations are easily copied during all hours of the day and night.

"The natives here are very friendly and attend Catholic Church about five times daily. They are very lazy.

"Mail arrives from Niauakolofa and Apia about once a month. It is delivered sealed in water tight cans and swimmers go out about 300 yards with long poles to keep them up on the surface of the water. Mail leaving here is also sealed in cans and stamped 'Tin Can Mail' across the top of the envelope. All money is figured in British stamps selling at six for a quarter."

The Corporal Stillwell whom Corporal Pederson mentions is Rex R. Stillwell, formerly of Radio Station NAZ in Managua, Nicaragua, and one of the best radio men in the Corps. The services of these two Marines are invaluable to the expedition and their selection for this duty again demonstrates the fact that Marines go everywhere and do everything.

HEARD ABOUT THE QUANTICO BAND

Blurbs and Squawks From Indigent Musicians

By Pvt. Jerome A. Barron

Another trip to Baltimore—the time for a parade—the Veterans of Foreign Wars having their big doings—Baltimore knows this band and likes it—judging from the generous applause all along the line of march—a wonderful sight—the men in blue-whites—gleaming instruments—stirring music—snappy cadence—down Mt. Royal Avenue—St. Paul—Read—Charles Streets—to Mt. Vernon Avenue—the reviewing stand—President Hoover—Governor Ritchie—Mayor Broening—Major General Smedley D. Butler—the band playing "Hail to the Chief as we go by—on to the Monument—Howard—Baltimore—Lexington Streets—these places should sound familiar to some—flags flying—confetti and torn telephone directories floating through the air—cheering crowds lined along the curbs—people shouting for the band to play—ohs! and ahs!—it's the Marine Band from Quantico—the sun beating down—it was hot—but the heat forgotten when some girl waved from the window of the Lord Baltimore Hotel and then smiled—Dolphin Street—where we started from—then Mt. Royal Station—Chow!—to the Baltimore Stadium later to play for the field meet—boxing and wrestling matches—three other bands besides ours—had what would have been a battle of music—if there had been a battle—but they left that for those who took part in the

athletics—the band played on—and on—wonder if we can make the last train back to Quantico—going on liberty?—sure!—loan me ten bucks till pay-day—no?—oh—Oke—I'll be seein' yuh—

The Major General Commandant visited Quantico on Friday, 5 September. The band broke out to render honors—the first time Major General B. H. Fuller has received official recognition at Quantico—thirteen guns—flourishes and ruffles—"Semper Fidelis March"—the reception in his honor at the Hostess House—the orchestra playing during the dinner—

The smell of gun powder in the air—the band goes out to fire the range this month—sharpshooter or expert—who knows?—some are already figuring ways and means of spending that extra "three" or "five"—in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thots of love—but in the fall the Marines' thots turn to shoulder pads and rifle rods—

First Sergeant Thomas and Geo. "Gunny" Foster have gone to Shanghai—must expect to square accounts with the Chino that used to tear buttons off their shirts—Eddie Sowers—who was the "Mike Pingatore" of the orchestra, has been paid off—is banjoing it out in Arizona—where men are men—and "prohi" agents are well behaved. Joe "Pop-thicle" Goodbout and "Wop" Minotte have gone out into the "cool—cool wurd." Bill Stuart playing solo cornet in the band and HOT in the orch. Bill Johnson getting good—taking lessons from Robt. Clark in Washington. Incidentally Bill will bid us fond farewell very soon. Ralph Lawson—better known as "Dreebie" is out of the hosp where he underwent a major operation. He gold-bricked for almost two months and gained "muy mucho" in weight—"Snort" Presson still officiating at first chair trombone—as interested as ever in the "femmes"—and still waiting for the mail to come up—"Pete" Christoff just returned from a 90-day leave—traveled all over Europe—says he tried to get an order of "Ham and" at a rotisserie in Paris—no luck—it was owned by a German—had a Swedish cheff—a Russian waiter—an Italian cashier—and the doorman couldn't savvy anything but Greek—Harold Bayes dividing his time between writing to his g. f.'s and playing a torrid trombone in the orch—

Sturge—an ex-army man—one of the new arrivals—is one of the mainstays of the "gob-stick" section. He sure reads the spots—"Polly" Parrett with his gold clarinet—is also the Gershwin of the orch—can't keep his head still when he tickles the ivories—Ruby—another new arrival—crooning sax player with the Quantico Syncopators—low down and plenty warm—Hamilton and Shepard still struggling with the intricacies of the "groaning bed-posts"—or should we have said the Bassoon?—Edwin "Willie" Stiles telling the gang how lucky he is to be a piccolo player—specially when there is a parade—Charles V. "Doc" Foreman—solo French hornist—is back from a 30-day rest—said he almost middle-aided it with the sweetest girl—etc.—"Big Andy" Anderson and "Bumpus" Davis furnishing the heavy artillery in the Tuba section—also Bishop who plays in the orch—Risley—another whatever it is that bass players are called—is hitting the high places while on furlough. In the Baritone section we find "Wallie"

Clark and Martindale...the latter recently returned from China...“Pop” Fox still trying to beat the head off the bass drum...Jack Atkins rolling a snare drum in the band and a motorcycle between Quantico and Dumfries???...Grady Miller practising “a la Abe Lyman” in the barracks and giving the boys all he’s got on the traps at the dances...he also plays the xylophone...use your own pronunciation.....

Quite a few of the boys shipping over...“Apie” Trimble...E-flat clarinetist...a Baritone...Johnson by name...and sleepy by inclination...Harkarus...an ex-gob who operates a sax...and McGrath who does the same.....

The band numbers 100 now...and roll call sounds like the roster of representatives of the League of Nations...would like to have a talking picture made of Olsen...Carmichael...Zink...and Verman playing bridge...double?...on what?...pass...Reed and Spencer still busy composing hot tunes...looks as though they are trying to put Tin Pan Alley out of business...at this writing the band volleyball team is on top of the inter-organization league...having lost but one game...they are hitting around 900 and a three-game lead to date...wonder why the barracks are always empty every time there is an Aesop Fable comedy on at the show...also why bandmen go to Washington on liberty...and go to hear a band concert...and when is the Post Exchange going to have a sale on “Blitz”...and do they pick prospective bandmen from the numerous...and to say the least...very audible “soup eaters” that infest the mess hall.....

Feeling like a slow-motion picture of a turtle with nowhere to go...counting the days till pay-day...playing colors every day...then rehearsal...parade once a week...band concerts every Tuesday and Thursday evenings...dances twice a month...an occasional smoker...at which both the band and orch strut their stuff...’tween times...long tones and arpeggios...etc.....

Taps!...Snore!...What!...Revielle!...so soon?...wonder what we’ve got for chow...stretch and yawn...who’s got a smoke...let’s go...outside for roll-call...and thus “Tempus Fugit”.....

WITH THE TENTH MARINES AT FORT MEADE

The First Battalion, Tenth Marines, are at this time temporarily attached to Fort George G. Meade, Md., for annual target practice. There being no available artillery range in Quantico, the Marine Corps took advantage of an offer to use the range at Fort Meade to give the artillery batteries an opportunity to demonstrate their ability to fire their guns and note various effects of fire and afford the men and officers training.

The battalion (motorized) left Quantico on the morning of September 4, proceeded to Washington where they camped in Monument Park, and continued to Fort Meade early on the morning of September 5, arriving at their destination at about 12:30 p. m., same date. We immediately went into camp and settled down for a stay of about three weeks as we are scheduled to leave here on the 24th of September, arriving back at Quantico on the 25th. On September 7 a battalion of the 21st Marines (Reserves), commanded by Major Pitts of

the FMCR, arrived and took their position in camp immediately in front of the 10th Marines. They seem to be a very good organization for the length of time they have been organized, as it is understood that many of their men were enlisted less than a week prior to their leaving Philadelphia.

Marines Hold Smoker at Fort Meade, Md.

A smoker was given by the 10th Marines and the 21st Marines in the Amusement Hall at 8:00 p. m., Wednesday, September 17, 1930.

Seven interesting bouts furnished the bulk of the evening’s entertainment. The first bout, between two featherweights, Private Capriotti and Private Marino (Reserves), four two-minute rounds, was full of vinegar from start to finish. Private Capriotti was awarded the decision, which met with the approval of the audience, although the winner did not have a very great lead on his opponent. The second bout, between “Batling Bill” Hoy of the 21st Marines and Private Wingfield of the 4th Battery, 10th Marines, at 135 pounds, was fast and furious as long as it lasted. Wingfield won by a technical knockout in the second round. In the third bout, between “One Round” Krenz of the 21st Marines and Private Edwards of the Service Battery, 10th Marines, at 135 pounds, Edwards clearly demonstrated his superiority as a boxer and won the decision after four two-minute rounds. The fourth bout, between Private Boyko of the 21st Marines and Private Kaluschak, Tank School, Fort George G. Meade, at 147 pounds, resulted in the battling reserve from Philly winning over the dancing soldier by a technical knockout early in the third round. The fifth contest, between Private Hoag of the 21st Marines and Corporal Bradford, 4th Battery, 10th Marines, at 147 pounds, resulted in the fighting Corporal receiving the decision after four rounds of battle that were full of fireworks and that was anybody’s fight two of the sessions. The sixth contest, between Private Ed Houghton of the 21st Marines and Private “Red” VERMILLION of the Tank School, Fort George G. Meade, middleweights, resulted in the Army man’s seconds throwing in the sponge at the end of the second round. The last bout of the evening brought together two heavyweights of the 21st Marines, Corporal McKeever and Private Coats. Corporal McKeever decided that boxing was far too strenuous after stopping a couple of hard ones to the solar plexus in the morning of the third round.

Taking it all in all, the contestants did the best they could and were in many respects superior to many professionals insofar as willingness and gameness are concerned.

A novelty act by Private Garrison, “The Human Ostrich,” Service Battery, 10th Marines, who demonstrated a novel way to appease his hunger by making a light lunch off the edge of an old fashioned straight razor, some glass and a sandwich composed of Gillette blades and electric light bulbs, went over big. His abnormal appetite accounts for the disappearance of the silverware and glasses from the mess hall. It is also understood that a breech-block is missing from the Fourth Section of the Thirtieth Battery. If we send Private Garrison to the Sick Bay the Doctor may

be able to locate the missing breech-block.

A quartet composed of Sergeants Miller, Diamond, McElenny and Private Bouda of the 21st Marines rendered several pleasing selections. Private Bouda also sang two popular solos in a very pleasing manner.

Privates Dougherty (Ginsberg) and Papalec, of the 21st Marines, with Trumpeter “Whitney” Yost of the Service Battery, 10th Marines, assisting with a Uke, demonstrated their ability as dancers. They were all good.

Three charming young ladies from Washington entertained with their specialty dances and songs and proved to be the hit of the evening. Miss “Diana,” the personality girl, went over big with the audience in her songs and dances as did Miss Ethel Adrian, “The Girl from Hollywood,” in Oriental and eccentric song and dance numbers. Then Miss Flo Gradley, also an Oriental dancer, took the house by storm. Boy, how that girl could dance!

Judges for the boxing events were First Lieutenant James D. Waller, U. S. M. C., and Second Lieutenant Samuel J. C. Breen, F. M. C. R., with First Lieutenant James J. Keating, F. M. C. R., as referee, Second Lieutenant John H. Stillman, U. S. M. C., announcer, and Second Lieutenant Earl S. Piper, U. S. M. C., as master of ceremonies.

Mother Underhill, the Little Colonel, several of the boys from Quantico and Sergeant Diaz from the Naval Hospital in Washington, came to see the fights. Mrs. Underhill said that we weren’t allowed to have a smoker without her and we would rather agree to that than contradict it.

Thanks and appreciation are extended to all those who devoted many long hours in the preparation of the Amusement Hall for this event and especially to Corporal William Federer of the Service Battery for his unfailing integrity and ability as a carpenter, whose services were one of the principal factors contributing to the success of the entertainment. Smokes were served and all had a good time.

A number of guests, including the Commanding Officer, Fort Meade, and officers of the Fort expressed themselves as having spent an enjoyable evening, so everybody was satisfied.

THE GUANTANAMO BLUES By “Kosher”

And here we are—the greatest little post in the tropics, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. News in this place is just about as thick as mosquitoes. If you don’t believe me, just ask Private First Class Schaler. He’ll tell you all about those mosquitoes. Then Private First Class Cafarella will nod his head and tell you that what Schaler tells you is right so that’s that. Anyway we are taking up valuable space here so we will try to tell the rest of the Marine Corps what’s what down here and everything else worth knowing including a few things that are not worth knowing at all.

Quite a few changes in jobs here. Private First Class Kivler (Madame Seaweed) is no longer a flatfoot. He has come back to the company to help the rest of the boys along with their guard duty. Private Balonas, our handsome truck driver, is now second in command of our famous speedboat, thereby leaving

a vacancy in the garage that was ably filled in by Private Simonds. Simonds' middle section is displacing the ozone more and more as time passes. Jimmie Gillespie, of the Gillespie brothers, is in from the rifle range and snapping in for plumber so that he can step into the shoes of Pfc. D. P. Bass when the said Bass leaves for the good old U. S. on the next "Kittery." The other half of the Gillespie brothers, Thomas A., is out on the range assisting Private First Class Althoff and Private Usry.

On the 8th of September we transferred Corporal Ritchie, Privates Gifford, J. W. Smith, and Charles Young to the U. S. We hear that Ritchie is now in Philadelphia. Hey, Dayton S., when you read this please sit down and let the boys that you left behind know all about the fair city of Philadelphia, also whether you have broken a few hearts since you left the shores of Guantanamo Bay.

Private Ayers, our correspondence sheik, has the mail orderly's back bowed under that terrific weight caused by those letters from the female fans of Love Romance Magazine and Cupid's Diary Magazine. When we asked him how he does it, he just smiled that knowing smile and passed on.

We had six additions to our privates first class on the fifteenth. They are E. K. Campbell, Horace Belanger, L. F. Kennedy, L. W. Kivler, E. W. Toomey, and R. M. Vincent. Toomey says that he can stop bucking, seeing that he is due to go back to the land of liberty and furloughs.

We must remind him that the town of Caimanera, Cuba, is waiting to relieve him of that extra mazuma that he will have on pay day. There are some more of the boys singing the short-timer's song. A bunch of them just got their transfers approved. Corporal Barry, Privates First Class Campbell and Toomey, and Private "Beaky" Ryan got New London, Conn. Corporal Stuckey is due to go to Parris Island. Private First Class Vincent and Private Morrow have been authorized furlough—transfers with permission to report in to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

In answer to "Hootnanny Joe" of Pearl Harbor, our mess can run circles around any mess in the Marine Corps. Yes, you guessed it, Sergt. Joe Pokorny is our famous galley captain. Baby, how that boy knows his groceries. Why he is so good he can even take that familiar odor out of eggs.

A little birdie must have whispered something into the ear of Private First Class Brovinski. Every time we walk through the barracks he is polishing something or other. We would like to bet that he spends his pay on shoe and metal polish.

Cararella is still trying to beat Lamont at billiards. The only way he can win is for Lamont to spot him about twenty-five points.

First Lieutenant Greer, Quartermaster Sergeant Haakenstad, First Sergeant Saxton and Private First Class Burns are busy these days practicing on the old 45-caliber pistol. We ought to have some pretty good material for the shooting team next year.

The Post Exchange is ~~St. Claus~~ for the boys. Lieutenant Campbell, the Exchange officer, has put out ~~the~~ for the

various athletic meets and how those boys are fighting for them. Jimmie Gillespie is the pocket billiards champ, taking the final game from First Sergeant Saxton. H. H. Hesperheide is the acey ducy champion, wrestling the crown from Corporal Johnson. Private Mannen and Trumpeter Powell took the bowling championship by beating Private First Class Cafarella and Private Ryan. The tennis, volley ball and handball meets are going strong and we will have the results ready for our readers in time to catch the next edition of "The Leatherneck." I hear recall rolling across the parade ground, so we will knock off until next month.

TWO OLD TIMERS RETIRE

On October 1, 1930, two more names that have been prominent on the rosters of Marine Corps posts all over the world for the past thirty years were struck from the active list by order of the Major General Commandant and their long and faithful "cruise" was over.

Sergeant Major John C. Ferguson, U. S. M. C., and Staff Sergeant John C. Pruce, U. S. M. C., are the men. The former completed thirty years and seven days in the Corps, the latter thirty years, one month and ten days.

The whole Corps joins in wishing for their health and happiness during the coming years.

LEARNING HOW TO TYPEWRITE IN THE Q. M. CLASS

By B. Price

The Quartermaster Class taught by QM. Sgt. Hayes Rainier and located at the Depot of Supplies, 1100 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa., had a very interesting talk delivered before it on the "Story of Typewriting," by Mr. H. W. Buse, a representative of the Remington Rand Co.

Mr. Buse showed the class one of the oldest typewriters in existence and traced the history of that important machine from its infancy to the present day. Today, he said, there is a machine which enables an operator to type 300 words per minute.

The group of Marines were highly interested in the talk. They comprise the fifth class taught by the well-known Quartermaster Sergeant Rainier and these Leathernecks came from all over the United States and various ships to attend his famous lectures.

MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

By Pvt. Geo. C. Jones

Just a few notes to let our old buddies know that we are still attached to the Marine Corps for rations.

In Major R. D. Lowell we have as good a commanding officer as they make, and with the able assistance of First Lieutenant Kail as post quartermaster, First Lieutenant Claude as morale and post exchange officer, Second Lieutenant Waterman as company officer and Second Lieutenant Moret, who is at present helping the Naval Academy develop a football team, we are well pleased to be here.

As in Quantico, athletics take a great part in our daily routine here. Everyone is out for something or other, an especially large number playing tennis,

as our one and only tennis court is still in process of construction. At the present time, instead of liberty call in the afternoons, the whole command takes part in police work by numbering off, PICK, SHOVEL, RAKE, HOE and ROLLER (the last taking care of the file closers).

Our enlisted personnel consists of First Sergeant William E. Safley, who is getting paid off this month, but who is of course shipping over to the sorrow of our musics, as they will never get any liberty. Gunnery Sergeant Greenwood is our new police sergeant, since the former one is on recruiting duty. The new recruiter is none other than one Sergeant John E. O'Neil, the lad with the fair complexion and the AUBURN hair who gave the girls in Annapolis a real treat every time he took his hat off.

We have just lost a comrade in Sergeant Knud M. Eilund, who was killed in an auto accident this week while returning from furlough. He will be buried in Arlington on Monday, 13 October. Sergeant Eilund's untimely death came as a shock to the command and his many friends here join us in sending condolences to his people.

Private First Class Roy N. Welsh wants to hear from Lacy Richardson.

BROWN FIELD PLANE TALK

Indian Summer with the kaleidoscopic coloring of Virginia's beautiful fauna on the hills about the field, is on the wane; baseball with the touted playing of Simmons, Foxx, and the rest of those so dear to the heart of "Cracker" Williams is passe for the time being; football with two victories for the Quantico squad is rife with the dope, getting in tune for the Baltimore and Philly tussles and we are getting set for a hard winter here in the little cleared spot on the lower Potomac.

But to you ex-aviation Marines and to those that are doing their bit in Nicaragua, Haiti, Guam and other hot places, we give the dope of a new home that is being taken from old man nature here at the confluency of the Po-to-mack and Chappawamsic Creek. At this writing there has just been let a contract for the razing of the hangars, radio towers, and the balloon hangar on Field No. 1, the work to start immediately by a contractor from Norfolk. By the time that this is in print, if it gets in, we will all have hibernated on Field No. 2 crowding the boundoos for more flying space.

It seems that despite the economy which is being preached by the government there is an appreciation of our cramped quarters and field space here is realized and that the work of building a new field to be reclaimed from the bed of the swamp, is to be carried out as planned and that plenty activity will be underway pronto.

The hangars on Field No. 1 will be transferred to Field No. 2 with the following arrangement. First get a mental picture of the field looking north along the R. F. and P. toward Quantico with the little hangar to the north of the big bomber hangar. Now imagine a 60-foot extension on the present south end of the large bomber hangar, then extending southward parallel with the railroad the present No. 1 field hangars will be located, the first two to be built together into one and the other one to be at interval extending almost to the present

south fence line. The radio towers and the balloon hangar are to be stored at the present, it is reported by the construction officer at Quantico.

This immediate change will mean that VO Squadron 6-M will be moved to Field No. 2 with its nine new Curtiss F8C-5s, the Ny-1, and the antiquated Boeing mosquito duster. The entire change is that the remainder of the second growth pine remnants of the Forest Primeval will fall to the axe, the three N. C. O. quarters will be piles of lumber, the armory, the office buildings and the B. O. Q. will be razed to give way to the largest fall plowing that has been had in these parts in quite a spell. The peninsula that juts out into the meeting of the creek with the river will be sloughed northward into the swamp for a flying field, if the present plans materialize.

All other rumors that you have heard to this writing are null and void and this is straight from the "head man."

Someone has said that the only Marine licensed to toot his own horn is the music and players of the wind instruments in the respective bands, but listen to a few Brown Field "blows," or "sound-offs."

The field has taken the all-Quantico baseball cup for the first time since '26, the track team that did not have such good luck at the meet at Baltimore was composed entirely of aviation men. We have eight men on the all-Quantico football squad, and for the laurels that have been collected for aerial feats during the past summer and the early fall months, one has but to read the papers of cities within our radius that have invited Marines to the dedication of airports and air meets. The letters of commendation are numerous, coming in daily.

The outstanding accomplishment of the period was the flight to Santo Domingo, led by our commanding officer, Major Roy S. Geiger. Major Geiger, with Master Technical Sheppard as copilot, and Sergeant Kaltenback as crew chief, led two Navy Fords with our Ford to Santo Domingo with more than 1500 pounds of medical supplies from Hampton Roads, leaving on the 9th of September and returning here on the 25th. Several trips were flown from the mainland to the island and many inner-island trips were made from Haiti to the hurricane stricken country. Major Geiger flew 56 hours on the trip. The trip is just another exemplification of the crafty navigating abilities of Marine pilots and Major Geiger is known as one of the best in the three services. He has been flying since 1918, has flown every type of plane in the Marine Corps since that time, and is recognized as one of the leading authorities on flying.

Master Sergeant Sheppard is one of the deans of big plane flying, having a Navy Cross for his tireless work in Nicaragua. He flew the first Fokker from the States to Nicaragua with Major Brainard in 1927 and flew the big planes nearly 2,000 hours over the Nicaragua jungles, carrying food, mail and all necessities to the Marines in the field. Kaltenback, though practically a newcomer in aviation, is a diligent worker and a good crew chief in anybody's outfit. This mission of mercy is just another of the routine ones required of Marine Aviation.

Our football players in the persons of Lieutenants Frank Dailey, Thomas J. Noon, and Clovis C. Coffman, Sergeant Hollabaugh, Pharmacists' Mate Arthur Diaz, and Privates Harley Dupler and "Bull" Pangborn, and Corporal C. Coddington, form the bulwark of the entire Quantico team. Lieutenant Dailey is from the famous "Cornhusker" Nebraska team of the years from '25 to '27 and was a member of the World's Championship relay team for 880 yards. He also played two years with the all-Marine team prior to learning to fly at Pensacola this past year. In the first game, running at the halfback position, he distinguished himself as a broken field runner and scored the first touchdown from a long pass. Lieutenant Coffman, an Academy man, was a halfback on the National Championship team of the Naval Academy in 1926. He also covered himself with glory in the game against Langley Field. Lieutenant Noon, a reserve officer, is a product of the famous Notre Dame system having played with Rockne's squad in '27 and '28. These three officers are a great help to Captain Hall in coaching and when one gets into the game with Lieutenant Levinsky, the other officer player, the tide changes for the Leathernecks. Sergeant Hollabaugh, an ex-mess sergeant, is as hard as mess sergeants come and plays a bang-up game at tackle. He is a letter man of last year's team. "Doc" Diaz, the first string quarterback, is a letter man, and a field general par excellence. Though "Doc" is a Navy man, he certainly puts out in a Leatherneck cause in every game and is a wizard in handling the signals and is a broken field runner next in caliber to Lieutenant Dailey. Coddington is halfback with plenty speed, having been a member of the track team with Lieutenant Dailey this year and is fast a plenty. He is also a 1929 letter man. Harley Dupler hails from the coal mining districts of Washington, Indiana, and is a horse at guard and tackle. He will no doubt shine in games to come.

Pangborn is a veteran gridster from the West Coast and is a wall in the line. We expect much from our entries and with the handling of the team by Captain Elmer Hall, who General Butler himself says is the best, we'll spend many afternoons in that great masterpiece, the Quantico Stadium, watching them do murder to visiting teams. We won't predict or prophesy but we think the Mo-rines will do a good job at Baltimore and Philly this month when they meet the Baltimore Firemen early and the American Legion at Philly later. You all possibly know that the proceeds of these games will go toward a building fund for a school for the Quantico children and what could be a nobler purpose to play for? We are teeth and toenails behind General Butler in this effort, via pieces of paper, and we are all heart and soul, I think by choice, in putting these two games over for the biggest athletic accomplishment ever attempted by a Quantico delegation.

Now for a few personals and we let some of the other contributors have the rest of "The Leatherneck" space for this month.

Captain James T. Moore and Lieutenants Townner and Miller are attending Company Officers' School at Quantico.

Captain Harold C. Major has taken over the duties of executive officer, Lieutenant C. J. Chappel has forsaken the adjutant's desk for the C. O.'s job of VO-6M, and Lieutenant Ennis has the job of adjutant and has also deserted the rank and file of those who bask in the sunshine of single blessedness. Marine Gunner Odgen has taken over the assistant engineering officer's job and is personnel officer of the Service Company.

An athletic event of much verbosity is on the make hereabouts in a proposed tilt of basketball between the N. C. O.'s of the upper bunk house or the Chappawamsic Apartments, and the denizens of the lower bunk house or The Widewater Inn. The N. C. O. mess is rife at each meal with threats and challenges concerning the game and it might be possible that a meet will be held, at least on paper. Among those of the lower flats are Little Johnnie Palifox Roamer, 300-pound guard; Lee T. Bowen, a heavy from the hills of Pennsylvania; Albert "the iron-bender" Bull Hendershot, All-Marine strong man verbally and otherwise; George Morgan, the mess caterer, and "Gabby" Tom Rogers, with "Shotgun" Winchester, Jessie Fowler, Byron O. Orvis, and others for substitutes.

"Gunny" Williams, both Sam and Georgia, will be manager and coach of the lower team respectively. In the upper tier we have Whitey Hobbs, who has been training on a well-known brand of yeast to get into his required weight and speed along with hot cakes and plenty of eggs. Though being from Mississippi, Hobbs cannot help his undernourish appearance and promises to be a whiz once he is fed up. His mates will be Larry Darner of Berryville, Virginia, fame; Willie Rolland from Oklahomma; Kid Lee Roberts, the Prince of Pensacola; the Great James McMahon, "Dit-da" Irrey Brock, and Shirley A. Williams, the great lover. Andy Paskewitz, by virtue of having captained the field's victorious baseball team, will hold both the managerial and coaching reins of the Chappawamsic Apartments. Full details of each heated contest, whether verbal or written, will be furnished by release wire to "The Leatherneck."

To "reclude" the escapade of Elis J. Johnson, our fresh-water admiral, while at the Naval Air Station at Hampton Roads, would be cheating, so here goes. The Admiral having had charge of our Navy here was picked from among many to handle the situation at the Roads after several had failed and the selection proved a great success, Johnson having been well acquainted with Navy life, et cetera. But even our fresh-water admiral has his weaknesses and one night while driving his coupe along the soft moonlight bathed beautiful sands of Virginia's waterfront, he became so awestruck with the nocturnal beauty parked perchance on the sands that ere he was aware the tide came in and he was forced to enlist the aid of the Coast Guard to extract his transportation from the wild waves. It seems that the Admiral hails from Fort Smith, Arkansas, and that the tides from the Gulf of Mexico do not affect the river that far up and Johnnie was not acquainted with those swellings caused by the moon. But now Johnnie, with a job finished and well done at the Roads, is back again in charge of our little boat house on the Potomac safe from the tides of yesteryear.

All officers and men who have been to Buffalo in the past month have all lauded the beauties of Buffalo and her "falls," the Niagara, to the highest, and all tell of the hospitality accorded by the Curtiss Company.

Just a few from the Brown Bugle:

Master Sergeant and Mrs. Morris K. Kurtz are now at home in the Quantico Hill Apartments.

Master Sergeant "Doc" Blackwell has just returned from a 90-day leave.

Gunnery Sergeant Kenneth Bubier, who was with Admiral Byrd at the South Pole, is back with the motor test stand department and Master Sergeant Henderson has just built a test stand that was housed from the weather. Winter along the Potomac will be tropical to Bubier who will take charge of the motor test department.

We expect many of the Nicaraguan gang back with the next few boats, among them being Sam Sessions, "Frog" Papen, Williams, Byrd, Lloyd Smith, "Chic" Gunnels and others. We publish this information for the benefit of the Quantico automobile salesmen.

In stopping here we left a wealth of material that should be before the readers of "The Leatherneck," but our allotted space prohibits a continuance of this line, so we end with a late news flash from the "Fredericksburg Free Lance Star" that states that the betrothal of Quartermaster Sergeant Jesse Fowler was solemnized only a few hours past. We are sorry that we do not have time to interview the young Benedict and get all the dope for his many friends in and out of the Corps.

HEADQUARTERS, 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis

July 23. Fourth Marines Swimming Team outclassed Swimming Team of the Green Howards (British Defense Forces) in a dual meet at the Foreign Y. M. C. A. Marines took first place in every event to win the meet 64 to 9. Gill (team captain), Loomis, Alex, Case, Severin, Burnell, Taschler, Merrill, McCombs, Jester, Jaroszewski represented the Fourth Marines.

July 26. Third Battalion won from Headquarters in a regimental league ball game, 8 to 7. Batteries: Johnson, Kimball, Peterson and Roan for Third Battalion; Goodwin and D'Arcangelo for Headquarters.

July 30. Headquarters Company mess, under the guiding hand of Sergeant "Charlie" Nissen, steps out and sets the fashion for N. C. O.'s. Table-cloths, Chinese waiters, tooth-picks, "seconds" for the asking, ice cream four times per week. The humble "buck" gets the same treatment "sans" table-cloth and waiters. Everybody seems satisfied, old-timers slightly rotund. Nissen, besides being a No. 1 mess sergeant, is a wrestler of note. Very few complaints about the chow are registered.

August 1. The 26th Company of the First Battalion, under the command of Captain John H. Tildsley, U. S. M. C., gets the mess pennant for the month of July, 1930. Corporal Willie B. Forister is the acting mess sergeant of the 26th, and receives the plaudits of both ranks and the file-closers for a job well done.

August 1. First Battalion won from Headquarters in a regimental league ball

game, 12 to 2. Hits galore in this old ball game. The veteran Goodwin got 3 out of 3; Lewandowski 3 out of 4, one of them a homer.

August 2. Third Battalion romped all over Headquarters in a regimental league ball game, 12 to 2. Slusser and Schenert were the heavy hitters for the Third. The "Brass Hats" toiled valiantly but could not connect with the offerings of Kimball, elongated twirler of the Third.

August 2. Fourth Marines Baseball Team won from Shanghai Amateurs, 12 to 6. Brown and Welch twirled for the Marines, the former allowing 6 hits in 6 innings, the latter 1 hit in 3 innings. Marines scored 6 runs in the fourth and 4 in the fifth innings, to put the old ball game on ice.

August 3. Fourth Marines Baseball Team defeats Hung Dah (Japanese) ball

THE BEST OUTFIT IN THE WORLD

Brooklyn, Iowa,
August 15, 1930.

First Lieutenant Gordon Hall,
Editor, "The Leatherneck,"
Marine Barracks,
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

Enclosed herewith my check for \$2.50 for which please renew my subscription to "The Leatherneck" for another year.

Having been formerly connected with the Marine Corps Institute as an instructor at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., I certainly find it a pleasure to keep in touch with the activities of the Marine Corps through the columns of "The Leatherneck."

I can faithfully say that it was due to my Marine Corps training and the benefits gained through the Marine Corps Institute that I now have a good position with the Poweshiek Company Savings Bank here in Brooklyn, Iowa.

With best wishes to everyone in the best and only outfit in the world, the U. S. Marine Corps, I remain

Very sincerely yours,
FLOYD M. ALLISTER,
Ex-Marine.

team, 4 to 1. Long and Welch hurled for the Marines, allowing 3 hits between them. Marines hit lightly in this game, but heavy enough to drive the necessary runs across the plate to win the game.

August 6. First Battalion won again from Headquarters in a regimental league ball game, 7 to 6. Goodwin and Fogleman were the heavy hitters for Headquarters. "Jakie" Fine, First Sergeant of the 28th Co., of the First Battalion, stepped into the game in the role of relief twirler and got away with it.

August 7. Sergeant Joseph A. Inferera, muster roll clerk of the Fourth Marines, received another official letter of commendation for the excellency of the rolls forwarded through his office, neatness, accuracy, manner of preparation.

August 8. Members of the Fourth Marines qualifying in the American Red Cross Life Saving Tests at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.: Cpl. W. L. Reynolds, 24th Co.; Pvt. A. Alex, 19th Co.;

Pfc. G. T. Gill, 24th Co.; Pvt. W. B. Richards, 22nd Co.; Pvt. G. W. McCombs, 19th Co.; Cpl. J. A. Jaroszewski, 28th Co.; Pvt. J. P. Schittler, 24th Co.; Pvt. S. F. Zedick, 24th Co.; Drummer Frauenholz, 25th Co.; Pvt. A. V. Wilkerson, 24th Co.

August 9. Fourth Marines Baseball Team defeated visiting Yokohama Commercial High School (Japanese) baseball team, 11 to 5. Japs started off well, scoring 3 runs before the Marines crossed the plate. Marines made 6 runs in the fifth inning and were never headed thereafter. Captain Passmore, first baseman, started off two innings with a triple. Fogleman got 4 out of 5, Passmore 3 out of 4, Maddes 2 out of 5. Chapin, flashy outfielder of the Marines, got 4 hits out of 4 times at bat.

Brown pitched for the Marines, and with Maddes on the receiving end, held the situation well in hand.

All games played with visiting Japanese baseball teams are played with Japanese baseballs. The umpires are local Japanese. The ground rules designated by the Japanese.

August 9. Headquarters won from Third Battalion in a regimental league ball game, 9 to 4. Wever hurled a good game for Headquarters; his team-mates hit well behind him. Lindstrom got 4 out of 4 and drove in 5 runs for the "brass hats."

August 10. Third Battalion won from First Battalion in a regimental league ball game, 11 to 3. Kimball pitched a good game, allowed 6 hits, struck out 10 and was never in trouble. Quigley, Peterson, Slusser, Hellmig—the heavy hitters for the Third.

August 12. Headquarters won from First Battalion in a regimental league ball game, 10 to 8. Lots of hits in this old ball game. Runs galore. A few errors. Nip and tuck. Headquarters with sufficient "punch" to put the game across.

August 12. Fourth Marines fighters occupied the high spots on the boxing card given by the International Sporting Club at an open-air smoker held in the gardens of the Majestic Hotel.

Ray Redford, Fourth Marines, battled to a draw with Young Caplan, Tientsin. Bill Berry, Fourth Marines, and Kid Segundo, battling Filipino, got a draw for their efforts.

Fred Zavelitch, Fourth Marines, lost to Young Gonzalo, veteran Filipino battler. Zavelitch started out O. K., but soon ran afoul of some troublesome lefts and lost the decision in two rounds, running into a sleep-producing wallop for the well-known K. O.

"Red" Walsh, Fourth Marines, took on the famous Louie Lee, local Chinese battler of well-known ability. "Red" waded in and started throwing gloves all over Louie, smothering him with lusty clouts hither and yon with the result that Louie's attendants threw in his laundry in the 5th canto, signifying "E'Nuf." "The most pleasing fighter to ever wear the colors of the Fourth Marines, x x," said the fans. Walsh likes to fight, continually bores in, fights clean and can take 'em if necessary.

Dan Searcey, Fourth Marines (holder of two Asiatic Fleet championships), traded punches with Babe Russ, local biffing Rusky. Searcey piled up plenty points in the first 8 rounds to stall off the last minute flurries of the battling

bomb-thrower, to coast in to a victory. One of Dan's most pleasing fights.

August 15. First Sergeant T. C. Burton, 25th Co., First Battalion, received orders for the U. S. S. "Helena."

Sergeant George Mace, Service Company, assigned duty as NCO in charge, Non-commissioned Officers' Club. A popular selection.

August 15. Fourth Marines Baseball Team win the second game from the Yokohama Commercial High School (Japanese) baseball team, 6 to 1. Brown again twirled for the Marines with Maddes on the receiving end. Both had the situation well in hand. Brown allowed 5 hits, struck out 7 and was never in trouble. Maddes capably piloted the team on defense. Moore, Leatherneck fielder, made a beautiful throw from deep center to nip a Jap at the plate. Cogsdell played a good fielding game at second base, got 2 hits. Chapin, sparkling outfielder, again had a perfect day at the bat with 2 out of 2.

August 15. Third Battalion won from Headquarters in a regimental league ball game, 14 to 1. Peterson hit 2 home runs over the screen in deep left field (Pioneer Field)—some lusty clouts. Third Battalion got a total of 17 hits.

August 19. Fourth Marines Baseball Team won from Kyoto Imperial University (Japanese) ball club, 5 to 4, in one of the best games of the season. Brown pitched for the Marines, with Maddes catching, and allowed 9 hits; struck out 9, got 2 hits himself to help out. Japs tied up the game with an attack of bunts beyond the reach of the infielders. Game won in the eighth inning when "Old Reliable" Fogleman singled, went to second on a base on balls to Maddes, scored the winning run when Chapin binged sharply to center field.

August 19. Third Battalion won from First Battalion, 3 to 1, in a regimental league ball game. Harris and Johnson staged a pitcher's battle, with Johnson getting the breaks to win. Slusser, Haney, Peterson, heavy stickers for the Third Battalion.

August 21. Fourth Marines swimmers won thirteen silver medals in competition in the Foreign Y. M. C. A. "Gala Night," an evening devoted to aquatic sports. Pvt. G. W. McCombs, first place in the long plunge. Pfc. G. T. Gill (team captain of Fourth Marines Swimming Team), first place in the 25-yard free-style; second place in the 50-yard free-style. Pvt. C. F. Case, second place in the 25-yard free-style and 100-yard free-style. Pvt. J. J. Taschler, second place in the 100-yard breast stroke. PhM. 3Cl. F. E. Loomis, third place in the 25-yard free-style; second place in the 100-yard breast stroke. Pfc. R. Merrill, first place in the fancy diving. Corporal J. A. Jaroszewski, second place in the fancy diving. Pvt. R. R. Duell, first place in the 100-yard breast stroke; third place in the fancy diving.

August 22. Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C., commanding Fourth Marines, left Shanghai on board the U. S. S. "Chaumont," on seven days leave, visiting northern ports, and returned on the same vessel.

Lieutenant Colonel F. A. Barker, U. S. M. C., assumed command of the Fourth Marines during the absence of Colonel Lyman, on leave.

Two hundred enlisted men, members of

the Fourth Marines, took passage on the U. S. S. "Chaumont," for a recreational trip to northern China ports, visiting Tsingato, Chefoo and Chingwangtao, returning on same vessel.

August 22. Gunnery Sergeant Myrle M. Lynch promoted to that grade for duty with Radio Section, Headquarters, Fourth Marines.

First Battalion won from Headquarters in a regimental league ball game, 10 to 9. Harris had the best of Inferrera in a pitcher's duel, getting the benefit of the "breaks" to win. Plenty of hits as well as a few errors.

August 22. Fourth Marines Baseball Team won again from Kyoto Imperial University (Japanese) ball nine, 6 to 3.

Marines scored 2 runs in the first inning but the Japs forged ahead in the fourth when they scored 3 runs on a mixed attack of hits and bunts that went for hits. Kimball pitched for the Marines to start the game, was relieved by Brown with none out in the fourth inning. Brown retired the side with one run, and was never again in trouble. Brown allowed but one hit in the remaining six innings—a lone bingle in the inning that did no harm.

Game tied up in the seventh inning when Lund led off with a double. Cogsdell ran for Lund, advanced to third on a perfect bunt by Brown, scored on an infield out of Parson's.

Game won for the Marines in the 8th inning. "Old Reliable" Fogleman started things with a triple (a long hit into the crowd in deep left field, restricted to a triple in accordance with ground rules). Maddes produced a single to score Fogleman. Chapin singled, both he and Maddes advanced on an infield out, both scoring when Moore sharply singled over second base.

Brown pitched the best game of his career and was ably caught by Maddes, whose pegs kept the Jap base runners glued to the sacks. Brown also struck out 6 batters and did not issue any bases on balls. Marines fielded well behind Brown, registering but one lone error. Maddes got 2 hits out of 2 times at bat, to lead the Marines.

August 23. Private John C. "Red" Lee won the singles Tennis Championship of the Fourth Marines out of a field of 32 competitors, winning the finals from Pfc. Perkins, 19th Co., 6-3, 6-4, 7-9, 6-3. Lee also won a match play tennis racket as first prize.

Sermon of the day at the Fourth Marines Dr. James Graham, former Marine, now a missionary in China, delivered the Church. Dr. Graham put his talk "across" in true Marine style. Good program of music, band concert of popular numbers with efficient Bandmaster Jones in charge, wonderful solo by Private W. J. Hughes, 28th Co., well known tenor soloist of the Fourth Marines.

Chaplain R. W. Truitt, at the head of the Fourth Marines Church, is well supported by the Regiment, and all services of his church are largely attended by the civilian friends of the regiment in Shanghai. All services of the church are held in the beautiful Italian Gardens of the Majestic Hotel, at the disposal of the Fourth Marines through the courtesy and kindness of the management of the Majestic Hotel.

August 25. Fourth Marines boxing team, under the guidance of Lieutenant R. A. Olson, participated in a smoker

held at Chefoo under the direction of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Results of bouts:

Wrestling: Erickson, U. S. S. "Black Hawk," won from Wever, Fourth Marines, by decision. One fall. Hardenbrook, Fourth Marines, won from Richardson, U. S. S. "Black Hawk," when his sailor opponent refused to go on with the bout after finding Hardenbrook was a tough "hombre" to throw.

Boxing: Elder, U. S. S. "Black Hawk," won from Zavelitch, Fourth Marines, four rounds, decision.

Perestein, Fourth Marines won all the way from Jesenski, U. S. S. "Chaumont," in 4 rounds. Perestein's first fight for a couple of months, but by far one of the best fights of his career.

"Red" Walsh, Fourth Marines, won in a walk from Bonham, U. S. S. "Smith Thompson," when the referee stopped the bout in the third round. As in all his fights, Walsh bored in, threw plenty of leather and punished his man while the fight lasted.

Lockabey, Fourth Marines, a heavy-weight, won from Sailor Malley, U. S. S. "Chaumont," in a six round main event. Lockabey was too rugged for his man, threw plenty of gloves, showed plenty of speed and a keen knowledge of the game.

A good time was had by all. Present: The Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C.; high-ranking officers of the United States Asiatic Fleet; prominent civilians of Chefoo.

August 26. Third Battalion won from Headquarters in a regimental league ball game, 13 to 5. Kimball worked for the Third Battalion in the box, and was never in trouble, scattering his hits well throughout the game and tightening up with men on bases. Peterson, Lund, Haney hit home runs for the Third.

August 30. The Third Battalion Baseball Team won the championship of the Fourth Marines Baseball League when they defeated Headquarters in the last game of the season, 6 to 4.

The Third Battalion team is piloted by Corporal Horace A. "Rugby" Smith of the 19th Co., and numbers on its roster the following players: Kimball and Johnson, pitchers; Roan and Peterson, catchers; Slusser, first base; Morrisette, second base; Quigley, shortstop; Schoenert, third base; Haney, Lund, Hellmiger, Stoneking, Mencener, Puller, outfielders.

The team rounded into form early in the season and fielded well together; played "heads-up" baseball; came through with lusty hits when bingles meant runs. Developed several players who will be regimental material next year.

Standing of the Regimental League. August 30, 1930:

	G	W	L	Pct.
1. Third Battalion	12	10	2	.833
2. First Battalion	12	5	7	.417
3. Headquarters	12	3	9	.250

The leading hitters of the League were:

	AB	R	H	HR	3b	2b	SB	SH	Av.
Stanton, 1st Bat.	12	4	8	1	2				.667
Slusser, 3rd Bat.	37	21	18	2	4	1	8		.486
Lindstrom, Hqs.	33	11	15	1	1	3			.455
Gainer, 1st Bat.	18	7	8						.444
Goodwin, Hqs.	39	11	19		2	1	1		.436
Peterson, 3rd Bat.	40	15	15	4	1	5			.375
Fogleman, Hqs.	38	12	14	1	2	3	1		.368
Haney, 3rd Bat.	28	8	10	1	2	1	2		.357
Fine, 1st Bat.	27	5	9		1	4	2		.333
Lewand'ski, 1st Bat.	36	12	11	2	1	15			.308

The leading pitchers of the Regimental League: Kimball of the Third Battalion, with 5 games, 5 victories; Johnson of the Third, with 5 wins and 1 loss.

REGIMENTAL BASEBALL LEAGUE

July 12: R H E
First Battalion 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 4
Third Battalion 3 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—8 7 0
Batteries: 1st Battalion—Edwards, Berniski and Byxhe. 3rd Battalion—Johnson and Peterson.

July 16: R H E
First Battalion 0 0 0 2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—8 9 7
Third Battalion 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0—5 9 8
Batteries: 1st Battalion—McIntosh, Fine and Chimoaski. 3rd Battalion—Johnson and Peterson.

July 19: R H E
Third Battalion 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 6—10 7 3
First Battalion 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1 3 6
Batteries: 1st Battalion—McIntosh, Fine and Chimoaski. 3rd Battalion—Kimball and Peterson.

July 23: R H E
Headquarters 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 1 5
First Battalion 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—6 3 6
Batteries: Headquarters—Baylis, Longley and D'Arcangelo. First Battalion—Harris, Long, Chimoaski and Braden.

July 26: R H E
Headquarters 0 0 3 0 0 1 1 2 0—7 5 9
Third Battalion 0 2 4 1 0 0 0 0 1—8 10 10
Batteries: Headquarters—Longley, Goodwin and D'Arcangelo. 3rd Battalion—Johnson, Kimball, Doan and Peterson.

July 30: R H E
First Battalion 1 2 0 0 4 1 0 3 1—12 12 1
Headquarters 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2 9 0
Batteries: 1st Battalion—Berniski and Chimoaski. Headquarters—Goodwin, Longley and D'Arcangelo.

August 2: R H E
Headquarters 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2 3 5
Third Battalion 1 0 3 0 2 4 2 0 0—12 8 4
Batteries: Headquarters—Baylis, Lindstrom and Fogleman. Third Battalion—Kimball and Peterson.

August 6: R H E
Headquarters 0 0 4 0 0 1 1 0 0—6 12 3
First Battalion 0 0 0 0 0 6 1 0 0—7 9 1
Batteries: Headquarters—Longley, Baylis and Wever. 1st Battalion—Fine, Berniski, Chimoaski.

August 7: R H E
Third Battalion 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 1—4 7 1
Headquarters 2 0 4 0 0 0 3 0 0—9 10 0
Batteries: Headquarters—Wever and D'Arcangelo. 3rd Battalion—Slusser, Smith, Read. 3rd Battalion home team.

August 9: R H E
First Battalion 2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 6 5
Third Battalion 0 5 3 2 0 0 0 1 x—11 12 5
Batteries: 1st Battalion—Long, Fine and Chimoaski. 3rd Battalion—Kimball and Peterson.

August 12: R H E
First Battalion 2 5 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—8 11 6
Headquarters 0 1 4 0 2 3 0 0 x—10 10 5
Batteries: 1st Battalion—McIntosh, Berniski and Chimoaski. Headquarters—Wever, Longley, Fogleman and D'Arcangelo.

August 15: R H E
Headquarters 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 3 2
Third Battalion 2 6 0 4 0 0 2 0 x—14 17 1
Batteries: Headquarters—Fogleman, Wever and D'Arcangelo. 3rd Battalion—Johnson and Peterson.

August 19: R H E
Third Battalion 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0—3 9 1
First Battalion 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 6 3
Batteries: 3rd Battalion—Johnson and Peterson. 1st Battalion—Harris and Chimoaski.

August 22: R H E
Headquarters 2 0 1 0 0 6 0—9 10 2
First Battalion 1 0 3 3 0 0 3—9 6 6
Batteries: Headquarters—Infererra, Lindstrom and D'Arcangelo. 1st Battalion—Harris, Berniski and Chimoaski.

August 26: R H E
Third Battalion 0 2 2 0 1 0 0 0 8—13 7 4
Headquarters 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 1—5 7 3
Batteries: 3rd Battalion—Kimball, Haney and Peterson. Headquarters—Infererra and D'Arcangelo.

August 28: R H E
First Battalion 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2 7 3
Headquarters 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 0 x—4 5 2
Batteries: 1st Battalion—Berniski and Boyle. Headquarters—Fogleman and D'Arcangelo.

August 30: R H E
First Battalion 0 0 2 2 0 0 0 1 0—5 11 4
Third Battalion 0 1 4 0 0 0 1 5 x—11 9 4
Batteries: 1st Battalion—Harris and Chimoaski. 3rd Battalion—Kimball and Peterson.

September 2: R H E
Headquarters 2 0 2 0 0 0—4 6 3
Third Battalion 0 2 4 0 0 x—6 6 0
Batteries: Headquarters—Wever and D'Arcangelo. 3rd Battalion—Johnson and Peterson.

August 30. The "Walla Walla" features Corporal Jolley Brown, leading baseball pitcher of the Fourth Marines—front cover picture—story inside. Brown won 9 and lost 1 game while wearing the colors of the Fourth Marines. If he is not Quantico "All-Marine" material, why then we never signed a "chit."

August 31. The Fourth Marines baseball team has just about completed the season of 1930. Team played 20 games, winning 17 and losing 3, for the healthy average of .850.

The team started the season practically "brand new," there being but four players left over from 1929—Captain Passmore, first baseman; Cogsdell, infielder; Pearce, catcher; Welch, pitcher. Fortunately, Maddes and Fogleman, well-known Marine Corps baseball players, were transferred to the regiment, and it has been partly through these two men that the team reached such great heights, Fogleman in hitting, Maddes in catching, hitting, and in his catching the live-wire around which the defense of the team was built.

New players developed this year (hitherto unknown in Marine Corps baseball circles), are Kimball and Long, pitchers; Stanton and Parsons, infielders; Lund, Moore, Chapin, outfielders.

Parsons, third baseman, is a Pharmacist Mate, U. S. N., attached to the Fourth Marines, and has played on championship U. S. Naval Hospital nines in the U. S.

Lieutenant Saunders, regular right fielder, played ball before coming into the service—plenty good enough for Quantico—possesses a swift throwing arm, good fielder, good hitter, fast on the bases, a "southpaw"—can pitch, also.

Sergeant Boyle, catcher, helped a lot in the early season. Is a good receiver, throws well, hits fair.

Jolley Brown, pitching ace, came from Peiping on the last trip of the "Henderson" . . . saw the team play . . . volunteered to stay another six months in order to play with the team . . . worked 10 games, won 9 . . . lost 1 (the first game he worked). One of the best pitching prospects we have looked at in years. They don't have them any better than Jolley in Quantico . . . too bad he hasn't enough time to do to get a trial.

In the last fourteen months there have been few Marine Corps athletes of note joined to this regiment from the United States. The few are: Maddes and Fogleman, baseball players (considered "thru" by many, perhaps, in the States); Rose and Cooper, football players from San Diego, and of the two, it is doubtful if Rose will ever play much football, due to injuries received at San Diego. There have been no qualified boxers to join this regiment; no track men; but one basketball man, Bishop, from Parris Island, on the last "Chaumont."

Any success the baseball team of the Fourth Marines has enjoyed in 1929 and 1930 has been through the development of material within the regiment (material heretofore unknown in Marine Corps baseball circles), built around Captain Passmore, veteran Marine Corps first baseman, Fogleman and Maddes.

REGIMENTAL BASEBALL TEAM

Batting averages, includes games played, August 30, 1930.

	AB	R	H	HR	3b	2b	SB	SH	AV.
Fogleman	68	21	32	2	9	1	3	4	.471
Kimball	5	1	2						.400
Pearce	27	4	10						.370
Passmore	49	18	18	3	4	5	1		.367
Chapin	56	8	20	1	6	4	3		.357
Maddes	63	15	22	2	1	8	1		.349
Stanton	65	16	19	1	2	3			.292
Lund	24	2	7	1	1	2			.292
Parsons	45	12	13	1	4	3	5		.289
Cogsdell	40	5	10	1	3	2			.250
Moore	42	10	10		2	2			.238
Boyle	21	3	5		1				.236
Brown	30	5	7	3					.233
Saunders	26	10	6	1	8	1			.231
Wilson	31	6	6		1				.194
Lindstrom	27	3	3	1		4			.184
Long	13		2						.153
Mullins	21	1	3		1	1			.143

PITCHERS RECORDS

	G	W	L	Pct.	H	BB	SO	HB
Long	3	3	0	1.000	6	12	21	1
Kimball	2	2	0	1.000	6	3	7	0
Parsons	1	1	0	1.000	12	3	9	0
Brown	10	9	1	.900	52	20	70	3
Welch	4	2	2	.500	24	4	21	0
Played	20	Won	17	Lost	3	Pct.		
						.850		

RECORD OF FOURTH MARINE BASEBALL TEAM, SEASON OF 1930

May 14: R H E
U. S. S. "Pittsburgh" 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—9 5 5
4th Marines 3 0 3 1 0 0 2 0—9 16 2

Batteries: Marines—Kimball, Parsons, Welch, Boyle and Pearce. "Pittsburgh"—McArthur, Emerick, Weinach and Kelly.

May 17: R H E
Tung Wen 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2 4 8
4th Marines 0 0 0 1 6 6 x—13 7 6

Batteries: Marines—Merz, Parsons, D'Arcangelo and Boyle. Tung Wen—Yoshioka and Yokota.

May 18: R H E
U. S. S. "Pittsburgh" 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 6 4
4th Marines 0 3 1 0 3 0 0 2—9 12 2

Batteries: "Pittsburgh"—Bland, Mathews, Kelly and Johnson.

May 25: R H E
Naigal (Jap) 0 0 0 0 0 3 1 1 0 6—5 12 2
4th Marines 0 1 0 2 1 0 0 1 6—6 8 4

Batteries: Naigal—Umemoto and Saito. Marines—Parsons, Welch, Long.

May 28: R H E
U. S. S. "Henderson" 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 3
4th Marines 3 7 2 0 0 0 0 0 x—12 12 0

Batteries: "Henderson"—Mitchell, Johns and Sease. Marines—Kimball, Long, Fogleman and Smith.

May 31: R H E
Matsuyama (Jap) 0 2 0 3 3 0 0 0 1—9 11 3
4th Marines 0 2 1 0 3 0 0 0 1—7 13 6

Batteries: Matsuyama—Kadoda and Yasukawa and Inagaki. Marines—Brown, Welch, Long and Fogleman.

June 2: R H E
Matsuyama (Japs) 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—3 4 2
4th Marines 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—2 4 3

Batteries: Matsuyama—Kadoda and Inagaki. Marines—Brown, Welch, Boyle.

June 29: R H E
Shanghai Amateurs 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 2 6
4th Marines 0 0 3 3 0 0 3 0 0—9 13 2

Batteries: Shanghai Amateurs—Daly, Johnson and Tavares. Marines—Brown and Boyle and Pearce.

July 4: R H E
Shanghai Amateurs 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 6 1
Marines 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 2—5 7 2

Batteries: Shanghai Amateurs—Daly and Jamieson and Tavares. 4th Marines—Brown and Boyle.

July 5: R H E
 Naikai (Japs) 000000000-0 3 1
 4th Marines 000100000-1 3 3
 Batteries: Naikai—Maruhashi and Saito. Marines—Welch and Boyle.

July 13: R H E
 Shanghai Amateurs 000001001-2 5 6
 4th Marines 120220020-9 15 3
 Batteries: Shanghai Amateurs—Daley and Williams. 4th Marines—Long and Chimohaski.

July 19: R H E
 Japanese Union Team 000000010-1 4 7
 4th Marines 00001023x-6 6 1
 Batteries: Union—Nakao and Saito. Marines—Brown and Pearce.

July 26: R H E
 Shanghai Amateurs 220012221-12 10 3
 4th Marines 000400000-4 8 9
 Batteries: Amateurs—Posenecke and Tavares. Marines—Welch, Brown, Kimball, Pearce and Boyle.

August 2: R H E
 Shanghai Amateurs 101102001-6 7 4
 4th Marines 010640001-12 12 2
 Batteries: Shanghai—Posenecke and Tavares. Marines—Brown, Welch, Pearce and Boyle.

August 3: R H E
 Hung Dah (Japs) 010000000-1 3 8
 4th Marines 000021100-4 6 3
 Batteries: Hung Dah—Ifuku and Chyo. Marines—Long, Welch and Boyle.

August 10: R H E
 Yokohama C.H.S. (Jap) 10301000-5 5 3
 Marines 100261011-21 18 4
 Batteries: Yokohama—Nishida, Maeno, Maeno and Tsuji. Marines—Brown and Maddes.

August 14: R H E
 Yokohama Com. H. S. 000001000-1 5 4
 Marines 30110010x-6 9 3
 Batteries: Yokohama—Nishida, Maeno, Maeno and Tsuji. Marines—Brown and Maddes.

August 19: R H E
 Kyoto (Japs) 000000220-4 8 0
 4th Marines 000400001-5 9 3
 Batteries: Kyoto—Ishida, Miyake and Saisi. Marines—Brown and Maddes.

August 22: R H E
 Kyoto (Japs) 000300000-3 5 2
 4th Marines 200000130-6 10 1
 Batteries: Kyoto—Miyake and Saisi. Marines—Kimball, Brown and Maddes.

August 30: R H E
 U. S. S. "Chaumont" 0001000-1 1 1
 4th Marines 302402x-11 14 0
 Batteries: "Chaumont"—Lola and Rossix. Marines—Brown and Maddes.

August 30. The Officers' Playground baseball team of the Fourth Marines is leading the Columbia Country Club League:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
1. Fourth Marines	6	2	.750
2. Blotto's	4	3	.571
3. Independents	3	4	.429
4. Sez-You's	2	6	.250

The season is just about three-fourths finished, with the Marines "go in' great guns." Captain C. B. Cates, regimental athletic officer, is team manager and captain, with Colonel Lyman playing first base; Lieutenant Lesser, second base; Lieutenant Peffey, shortstop; Captain Passmore, third base; Lieutenant Cresswell, roving shortstop; Lieutenants Esau, Marks and W. F. Brown, and Captain Cates, outfield. Lieutenant Saunders, a southpaw, is the pitching "ace"; Lieutenants Cockrell and Schneider, catchers. Lieutenant Saunders has so far managed to out-pitch his right-hand opponents, and appears to be on a fair way to help win the pennant for his teammates with

his brilliant pitching and opportune hitting. All hands (including the C. O.), are hitting the ball hard and often. Colonel Lyman read the last "Leatherneck" wherein was chronicled his baseball playing ability of twenty-five years ago—got so full of "pep" he went out the same day and got himself two hits out of 3 times up; one of them a lusty two-bagger, the other a single in one league.

Resume

The Fourth Marines carried out an extensive athletic programme for August, 1930, under the leadership of Captain C. B. Cates, regimental athletic officer, with four baseball teams in the field, one regimental team, three teams in the Regimental League. Boxers have been in training throughout the month, same for the wrestlers. A tennis tournament got under way the latter part of the month with thirty-two competitors. The swimming team kept in daily practice. The officers and enlisted men kept up their game in golf, the officers on the



Col. Richard M. Cutts, commanding 1st Brigade in Haiti, demonstrates the Thompson sub-machine gun. Colonel Cutts is one of the inventors of the compensator used on this gun.

local club courses, the enlisted men on the public course at the race course. No tournaments played during the month—hot weather—vacation time in Shanghai for civilians. Playground baseball team (officers') played in the Columbia Country Club League. Riflemen and pistol marksmen kept in form, the rifle and pistol team under the leadership of Captain W. W. Ashurst going to Peking on the U. S. S. "Chaumont," for participation in the Asiatic competitions in September. The hand ball courts were kept in constant use throughout the month.

As the month of August, in Shanghai, is a "scorcher," routine started early with all drills and formations over for the day at 10:00 A. M. Health of the command was excellent judging from small sick reports; morale excellent, punishment sheets having few, and minor entries, thereon.

Marines could be seen at every public gathering of note in Shanghai, some in tailored uniforms, some in "civvies"—the latest creations of the local tailors, this to the envy of their shipmates who spent their pay in other ways.

Fourth Marines Band appearing in concerts—improving with every appearance—snappy looking in their "white-blue-whites," capably led by First Sergeant R. G. Jones.

The Fourth Marines Church holding wonderful services in the Italian Gardens of the Majestic Hotel—well attended by the personnel of the Fourth Marines. Many civilian friends of the regiment in the congregation.

Everybody seemed to be happy and contented in their service with the Fourth Marines. Many extended their tour of foreign shore service. Many familiar faces returned with the coming of each transport.

Schedule of transports for the Asiatic Station can be obtained in the office of your first sergeant—back there in the U. S. A. See the "Top" for particulars—your C. O. for approval of your request for duty with the Fourth Marines.

GENERAL LEJEUNE'S BOOK PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC

"The Reminiscences of a Marine," by Major General John A. Lejeune, has just been released by the publishers. It is illustrated with official and personal photographs, full cloth, gold-stamped, octavo; and sells for \$4.00.

John Archer Lejeune graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1888; was shipwrecked at Apia, Samoa, 1889; served in Spanish-American wars, Panama, the Philippines and Vera Cruz; participated in the World War in the Marbache sector, St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge, the Meuse-Argonne, and the march to the Rhine; in 1920 became the Major General Commandant of the U. S. Marines, in which capacity he served for over eight years.

General Lejeune was one of the most popular American generals in the World War as well as among the ablest. He has fought more good fights and lived more adventures than most of us have met under our reading-lamps. Those adventures are stronger than fiction and far more interesting. This story of his life is the story of forty years a Marine, in foreign waters and in many lands.

PORT AU PRINCE AVIATORS STAGE GALA SHOW ON NAVY DAY

By Corporal D. F. Rubin

With a galaxy of spectacular aerial events that caused sun burned faces as the 1200 onlookers anxiously scanned the skies, and with a program of horse races that sent shivers of excitement up and down the spines of all present, Observation Squadron Nine-M acted as host to the Second Brigade, the Garde d'Haiti, and the general public for the annual celebration of Navy Day, on Monday, October 27th, 1930.

Not a single untoward event marred the celebration, all the details of which were handled by the personnel of this squadron. Not only did the squadron "strut its stuff" in the aeronautical events, but its horsemen placed first in each of the three races, overcoming strenuous opposition from some of the finest native horses in Haiti.

The day's program opened auspiciously with the awarding of the Nicaraguan

Medal of Merit to Second Lieutenant Elmer H. Salzman and Sergeant Charles (Pop) Pelz, our rotundish mess sergeant. A platoon of men from this squadron, under the direction of Second Lieutenant Carrol Williams, took part in the presentation ceremonies, which were held on the Second Regiment parade grounds.

Long before 9:45 a. m., the time set for the first event, every available seat at Bowen Field was occupied. A special section was reserved along the front of headquarters building for the High Commissioner, the Brigade Commander, the Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti, the Regimental Commander, and other distinguished guests. Other seats were set in front of the hangars. The regimental band, which played during the infrequent moments when the planes were on the ground, was placed directly in front of the carpenter shop.

Much of the success of the program was due to Major Louis E. Fagan, executive officer of the Second Regiment, who acted as announcer. A microphone and a battery of loud speakers were set up in the middle of the field, and an interesting description and a lap-by-lap story of each race was given by Major Fagan.

The first event was an airplane-potato-wheelbarrow race, designed not only to test the efficiency of the various airplanes, but also the strength and endurance of the pilots and observers. The idea of the race was simple, the planes taking off at ten seconds intervals, flying a short triangular course, then landing in the rear of the take-off line. Here the fun began. The pilot and observer of each ship left their plane, ran to a wheelbarrow placed a few yards away, and then the pilot trundled the observer to a point 50 yards away, where he picked up a potato. Here the positions were reversed, the observer wheeling the pilot on the double back to the plane. There they climbed once more into the ship, the parachutes still dangling from their shoulders, and flew over the course again.

The observers were chosen from the squadron heavyweights and all averaged over 200 pounds. Several of the pilots were so tired from double-timing a wheelbarrow containing a tenth of a ton of observer, plus the weight of two parachutes, one of which hung from their backs, that they could barely climb back into the planes after being wheeled back to the starting point by their observers.

The winner of this race was our popular executive officer, Captain "Tex" Rogers, who covered the complete course in 7 minutes and 52 seconds. His fast time was due largely to the speed of his observer, Gy. Sgt. Towles, who covered the 50 yards, with Captain Rogers as his passenger in his wheelbarrow, in the phenomenal time of almost nothing flat.

M. T. Sgt. Belcher, with M. T. Sgt. Reynolds as observer, was second, one and one-fifth second behind the winner. Lieutenant Cushman, handicapped by a 250 pounder, Gy. Sgt. "Abe" Smith, was third. Lieutenant Salzman, whose long legs dragged on the ground and slowed down his observer, Private Johnson, was fourth.

The second event, as message pick-up, was more instructive than spectacular, in that it illustrated one method of two-way communication between a plane and

a ground. The pilot, St. Sgt. Trevelyan, made a perfect approach and pick-up. His observer, Sergeant Mannan, also showed excellent skill, his message drop landing only three feet away from the men handling the pick-up station.

The next event, bursting balloons by airplane, proved to be both novel and interesting. Nine hydrogen-filled balloons were released by a ground crew under the direction of Corporal W. B. Paul. The three-plane formation which did the bursting was composed of Lieutenant Salzman, Lieutenant Scollin, and M. T. Sgt. Belcher. Lieutenant Salzman and M. T. Sgt. Belcher proved to be excellent shots, each meeting three balloons in succession and bursting them on their propellers. Lieut. Scollin, however, was having an off day, missing two out of three. One was missed by such a wide margin that it has caused Lieutenant Scollin to spend many hours in the air since Navy Day, doing nothing except flying straight at clouds, just to see if he could hit them.

The parachute jump was next on the program, and was made by St. Sgt. Cooper in a plane piloted by Lieutenant Cushman. Cooper jumped at about 2000 feet, falling about 400 feet before opening his chute. The wind was tricky, and it required much side slipping to keep himself from being blown off the field into the celebrated Haitian bunkers. The landing was made perfectly about 200 feet away from the hangars, Cooper getting to his feet immediately to deflate his parachute, so that he would not be dragged over the field. Considering that Cooper weighs enough to qualify himself as an observer in the wheelbarrow race, the drop was excellently handled. Some very good photographs of the jumper in various positions were made by Sergeant Metzler, flying in a plane piloted by Lieutenant Walker.

An attack formation, which included in its repertoire illustrations of bombing of ground troops and destruction of de-

fenses by incendiary bullets, was next on the program. The pilots in this event were Major Davis, the Squadron Commander, with Lieutenants Cushman and Walker. The target for machine gun fire was a previously prepared house, about the size and shape of a native hut. After dropping its load of bombs in the middle of the field, the formation proceeded to pepper the doomed house with incendiary bullets. Only a few bursts were necessary to send the house up in flames.

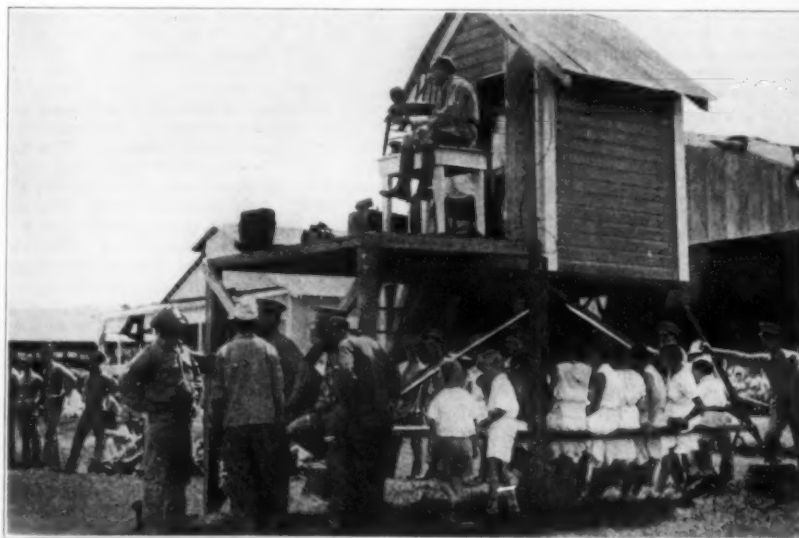
The grand finale of the aeronautical events was the speed race, with five of the fastest planes taking part. The course was triangular, with three pylons so placed that the spectators could see the entire race. Four laps were run, the planes starting at ten seconds interval.

St. Sgt. Trevelyan rounded the four laps in the shortest elapsed time, but was disqualified by the judges when he cut inside the home pylon on the third lap, forcing Lieutenant Scollin off the course. Lieutenant Walker was the winner, requiring but 4 minutes and 23 seconds, almost four seconds ahead of the second place winner, Lieutenant Williams. Third place was taken by Lieutenant Scollin. Major Davis, the other starter in the race, was also disqualified when he cut inside the pylon at the Hasco sugar mill.

The race was a thriller from start to finish, as the spectators could follow its progress at all times. The roar of the engines as the planes passed over the field was almost too much for those who had never seen a race before, and a few were seen to duck their heads low whenever a plane passed overhead.

Sgt. Major A. J. Lang was starter and chief timekeeper for the aviation events. His assistants were Corporals Bowman and Engleman and Privates Carine and Lynch.

Immediately following the speed race "Boots and Saddles" was sounded by



Major Louis E. Fagan announcing the results of the races at the Navy Day celebration staged by Observation Squadron Nine-M, Port au Prince, Haiti. A microphone and battery of loud speakers were used. At the left in the foreground is St. Sgt. Herbert Cooper, whose parachute jump was one of the highlights of the program. (Photo by Sgt. Metzler.)

energetic Trumpeter McKenna, and the equine portion of the program was under way. Arrangements for the "billets d'argent" were in charge of Q. M. Sgt. A. P. "Tiny" Trapnell and Hankus Henry, without whom no sporting event would be a success. The three races were run at about twenty minute intervals, in order to prevent heart prostrations among the spectators, and also to give the judges a chance to clear the track of the also rans.

Observation Squadron Nine-M started off on the right foot, taking the first two places in the initial race. Captain Rogers' Two-Bits, ridden by Ph. M. 2cl. Larkins, was a bit too fast for the field, leading Dan, owned by Sergeant Arnold, our jovial police sergeant, under the wire in the fast time of 1:14. Dan, with Private Sargent up, threatened on the back stretch, but Two-Bits proved to be worth a lot more than his name, coming in with a comfortable margin. This race, like the other two, was run on a half mile track which had been laid out in the center of the field and marked off with flags.

Captain Rogers again showed that he knows all there is to be known about training Haitian horses when his Lightning, with Cpl. "Wap" Dontao up, took the second race in a walk with the remarkable time of 1:11. Private McMahon's Whoosit, ridden by Private Green, a 120-pound lightweight from the Second Regiment corral, was second. Donato rode a heady race, taking the lead in the backstretch and maintaining it to the wire, despite a sudden burst of speed on the part of Whoosit. Lightning has been trained by Captain Rogers as a polo pony, and his remarkable showing over the four furlong track was a distinct surprise to many of the spectators, who thought he was fitted only for the short, quick sprints on the polo field.

The third and last race was a toss-up from the start, the cream of the Haitian horses being entered. The favorites were Corporal Donato's Ben; Big Red, owned and ridden by Pfc. "Dutch" Drewes; Lester M, owned and ridden by Ph. M. Larkins, the squadron barber; and Blackie, owned by Major Murray of the Garde and ridden by Private Green.

The starters, 1st Sgt. Bill Barrick and Gy. Sgt. Jenkins, sent the field away to a perfect start, the horses being closely bunched at the first turn. Rounding the second turn, however, class began to tell, Lester M and Blackie drawing up into the lead, followed closely by Big Red and Ben. Coming down the back stretch the leaders increased the interval, several of the also-rans almost giving up in despair at the mad pace they set. With the wire in sight, Corporal Donato lashed Ben into a wild sprint that had the big crowd on the verge of prostration, but it was a trifle too late, Lester M and Blackie beating him under the wire by a nose. A few yards more and the results would have been entirely different, as Big Red was just beginning to show his worth. Larkins rode a clever race on Lester M, getting all that was possible out of his decrepit looking nag. The time, 1:08, was the best of the day.

Most of the credit for the amazing success of the Navy Day celebration was due to the cooperation and willingness of every man in the organization. Each man was assigned a job and the zest dis-

played in carrying out his detailed work was evidenced by the numerous compliments received on all sides at the conclusion of the program.

THE LOW DOWN ON PUGET SOUND

By S. P. Lane

Hey, hey, and other words of greeting. Some going, some coming, but we go on forever—I mean the Marines. Well, all I know is what people tell me, and I believe everything I hear. Just wanted to tell you all that Bremerton is on the map or still on the map, rather. I am a new arrival up here, more or less, mostly less, but we have got a post, and when I say "post," I don't mean lamp-post. What we has got, we has got and another thing we has got is the best



Pfc. J. D. Hoskins and Pvt. G. G. Sinnott of the U. S. S. "Chester" at the Acropolis, Athens.

mess sergeant in the Marine Corps and I don't mean probably. Honest, that man can cut a round steak out of a fish tail. Abe Levine, he's it. That man can mess up more cow than anybody I ever saw. And that ain't all. We got the best basketball team in 9 States and 40 territories and we got a swimmin' pool and how! And liberty—man, set down before you break something. If you want a real liberty, go to Seattle. You have more fun over there than a barrel of monkeys with a bag of peanuts at the fair grounds on a Fourth of July. It's 80 cents from here to Seattle, but it took me about something less than 4 years to go there. When I first came up here, my first thought was to make a liberty to Seattle. (I beg pardon, my first thought was chow.) After doing justice to Abe's Grill, I goes down to the ferry building with a heart full of expectations and a stomach full of cow. I had to wait 3 months for a ferry, had a moustache a foot thick and a yord wide when I got on the ferry and it cost me 9 dollars to go over. It took 6 months to get to Seattle and when I arrived I got a taxi. It cost me 18 dollars to go

up town to a picture show and when I got there the show was closed. I only had 30 days leave so I had to come back. I stayed on the boat coming back so long that they had to give me a job. As soon as I extend I am going to make a real liberty, provided I can extend about 10 years. You ought to see the streets over there. They're so steep they have to let the taxis down with a cable. A man told me that people who planted potatoes in this country just cut the end out of the row to gather the spuds, but this man handles the truth careless. Things were different when we were in China. During the Chinese democratic election I was in the battle of Ashi-Loue, and did I get battle scarred and how. I was walking down Taku road when 20,000 Chinamen jumped me. I pulled my trusty saber and I charged—I charged—but what the h—I did I charge? Oh, yes, I charged 2 dollars and 20 cents big money and shoved. The Captain shouted "fall in." Some fell in and some jumped in. We all swum the Manilla. Had to get there at 5 o'clock as we were all union soldiers. So, so, what the h—I am I writing about? I'll stop for this time and write again providing the squirrels don't get me. So long.

"HELENA" AT HONG KONG

By W. P. Smith

Although the headline suggests that we are permanently stationed at Hong Kong, we must confess the bitter truth—we spend the most of our time tied to a buoy just off Shameen, at Canton.

The whole world knows that the "Helena" is in reserve commission, so we can't even boast about our romantic adventures on the high seas. Since First Lieutenant Jones assumed command, however, we have found time to engage the British Royal Marines in several rifle matches at the rifle range at Stonecutters Island, Hong Kong.

At the first two matches we went down to an awful defeat, the British team winning by a wide margin. For the first time in history the pungent remarks of the Gobs aboard rang loud and clear and without rebuke.

Our old first sergeant was soon after replaced by a new one who was mildly amused that anyone should boast of having defeated a Marine rifle team, members of an organization which turns out some of the world's best marksmen.

A return match was arranged and shot in cold drizzling rain. We WON!

During our next stay in Hong Kong, we fired two more matches and won them both. Yesterday, September 23, the last match was fired in a foggy haze with the wind blowing half a gale. Accurate shooting was impossible because of flying sand and strong gusts of wind. The score was tied after shooting 500 yards at the "Bisley" targets, so we called it a day and went home.

Since all this shooting began there have been several good parties between the "Helena" and Royal Marines which have done much to cement a feeling of friendliness and good fellowship, and if you ever come to Hong Kong you will find many friends among the English marines, especially those of H. M. S. "Tamar," and a welcome in many good places of amusement and recreation, heretofore forbidden.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

CAMP WAKEFIELD IMPRESSIONS

By W. Karl Lations

Two colonels, both showing a deep interest in the Fleet Reserve—Julius Turrill and David Porter. Two with the rank of lieutenant colonel—one the genial Calhoun Ancurum, newcomer to Boston, the other Colonel Hoadley, whom we were fortunate enough to meet at the farewell party to Major Joseph Murray, in charge of the Boston Navy Yard.

Majors three . . . and each fit for the part. David S. Barry, Jr., as observer, Timmerman as battalion commander, and a good job he did . . . and Sugar, who could show his heels to many of the present quartermasters on active record.

Four companies of husky, well-disciplined men without a single complaint no matter how hard the task. Men bent on a job from 5:10 a. m. until the last call sounded, and that to show that the reserves could run their own affairs in a manner reflecting credit on the Corps.

On the staff of observers, Captains Bertrand Fay and John Ayrault, and several casual officers who were assigned to the various companies for training or instruction. All hands benefited by this arrangement, which gave the enlisted men a taste of a different officer and the casual officers the thrill of handling a real company.

Colonel Frank Converse and Lieutenant Colonel Errison of the Massachusetts National Guard, who both praised the battalion and the spirit and cleanliness of the camp. Major Berg in charge of the Camp Curtis Guild, who hopes we come every year. Last, but not least, Major Quinn, who would break his neck to please a Marine, and Mickey, the thoroughbred.

Cooks who were the proverbial "boys who made good," and an officers' mess in charge of Lieutenant Sisson that actually gave a refund at the end of the period.

A battalion adjutant, Lieutenant Strong, whose commands you could actually understand.

Four companies of enlisted men whose average shooting on the rifle range was better than 70% qualifications—marks-men or better.

A schedule that was rigidly adhered to for two successive weeks.

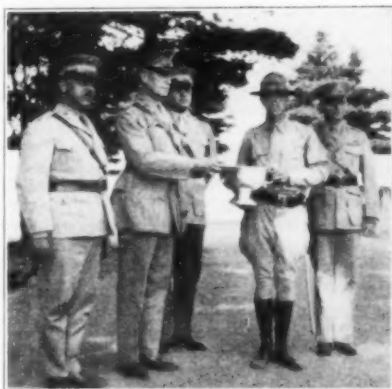
In particular, the Worcester Company (308th) that went to Quantico with 93 men last year and qualified only 11 men on the range because they were newly organized. This year they had 46 out of 61 bring home their medals and the cup. Does that show improvement?

All the above have the ear-marks of a good camp!

Companies who actually cheered the winners of the cup and had no complaint to make about how they earned it.

A prize fight that was worth \$10.00 of anybody's money.

A bunch of splendid officers and enlisted men, and, as a ranking officer re-



Colonel David D. Porter, U. S. M. C., Commanding Eastern Reserve Area, presents 1st Lieut. Ivan E. Bigler, M. C. R., Commanding 308th Company, Marine Corps Reserve, of Worcester, Mass., with Efficiency Trophy at Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass. This trophy was awarded to the company attaining the highest efficiency at the training camp, Wakefield, Mass., of the Provisional Infantry Reserve Battalion, from August 31 to September 13, 1930. The battalion was composed of the 301st Company, from Boston, Mass.; the 302nd Company, from Rochester, N. Y.; the 308th Company, from Worcester, Mass., and the 312th Company, from Portland, Maine. The judges witness the presentation: Major David S. Barry, Jr., U. S. M. C.; Captain Bertrand T. Fay, U. S. M. C. R., and Captain John Ayrault, Jr., U. S. M. C. R. Photo by Proctor.

marked, "These boys could take the field tomorrow."

A fine body of men—the kind you regulars would like to have with you if we ever get into a serious mix-up again.

Reserve funds well spent and administered—something to be proud of. The Marine heart beat stronger than ever in this unit of 250 men.

Camp Wakefield for the Marine Reserves in 1930 rests on its laurels and invites comparison from any angle.

Enlisted men, N. C. O.'s, Pelicans, C. O.'s, Staff, and rank, may you continue to stand by your guns.

WITH THE SECOND BATTALION, NINETEENTH MARINES, AT QUANTICO, VA.

On the morning of July 20th the Second Battalion Headquarters at 171 N. 17th St., East Orange, N. J., was humming with esprit de corps, the non-commissioned officers were checking all men to see that their trousers were properly laped and no legging strings hanging out, that their packs were properly adjusted and their shoes shined, and inquiring if all men had the required amount of toilet articles and clothing

necessary for the two weeks' encampment.

At 9:30 A. M. two Public Service buses drew up to the corner and Captain Sheely gave the command to fall in and marched his men to the corner and boarded them. All residents of the neighborhood turned out to wave the boys good-bye. A three-mile drive to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in Newark found a special train waiting with signs on every car reading "19th Marines Special." Photograph men from all the Newark papers were there and cameras were clicking overtime. The next day the papers were covered with pictures and before long the bulletin boards at the head of the company street were covered with them.

Leaving Newark, the train stopped at Elizabeth for the Machine Gun Company and a few minutes later stopped at Linden for the 417th Company.

Arriving at Quantico late in the afternoon, the battalion was met by Lieutenant Colonel Staley and assigned to quarters.

The next morning all hands turned to police work and in the afternoon drill started. The hot sun kept a steady stream of sweat flowing and the men knew they were in for a hot time the rest of the week.

The drills were more on the nature of school, as 95% of the men never had previous military experience. Those who had were made non-commissioned officers and they did remarkably well in helping the company commanders produce a company in such a short time as to be presentable for parade.

The demonstration given by the regulars showed these men what a war is really like and left a good impression on them. Even today that battle is being discussed at the meetings of the company and various points brought up for debate.

The second week found the men on the rifle range and all anxious to qualify. After paying strict attention to instructions, they went on the firing line and over 50% qualified. Those who failed can hardly wait until they get on the range next year as they believe they can make more bull's eyes if they get another chance at it.

The men were well pleased with Quantico. The entertainments at night were well attended, the smokers could not have been any better. The 19th Marines put on a good show and the fighters were unbeatable. The 418th Company has eighteen fighters and every man is a drawing card.

On parade, General Butler had to look twice to find the 19th Marines amongst his regulars to show the Secretary of the Navy before passing in review. Looking up and down the field, he spotted Colonel Rorke right out in front of him and with a big smile pointed the 19th out to the Secretary.

After sunset parade all the officers of the 19th Marines were presented to the

Secretary of the Navy by General Butler. Secretary Adams complimented Colonel Rorke and his officers on the fine parade they put on in the afternoon. General Butler expressed himself in like sentiments and said the 19th Marines exceeded all expectations. In the evening at the smoker Secretary Adams received a great ovation from the 19th Marines. He was so pleased that he could only say a few words in appreciation and thanked the men for the splendid parade they had put on. General Butler received a great hand and in his talk told the men he was very proud of them as they looked better than the 20th Marines. This made him more popular than ever, as the men doubted if they did look better but it was good to hear it.

Swimming was very popular. As the water was turned off most of the time, the men had to avail themselves of the river. Food was good and plentiful and the men were greatly surprised to find it so. No one complained of insect bites or not sleeping well at night. The Stein Song got the men out of bed in the morning and it was the most popular song the band memorized.

The officers of the Second Battalion worked hard not only to put their battalion over but to help Colonel Rorke make a success of the 19th Marines. In organizing Colonel Rorke was up day and night working to get the right material to make up his regiment. Trip after trip to Jersey assured him that the Second Battalion was going over big, and they did. The companies started to drill before they went to camp, and two drill nights on military courtesy were given them along with company formations.

Major R. W. Duck was assigned battalion commander and reported to headquarters at East Orange two days previous to going to camp. Major Duck was relieved from the command after one week in camp by Captain Miller. August the 1st Captain Paul A. Sheely of the 419th Company took command.

Headquarters Company is commanded by First Lieut. Edward Venn. The 420th

Machine Gun Company is commanded by Captain Edwin L. Gidley. Captain Gidley was highly commended for the excellent performance of his company by officers stationed at Quantico and by Colonel Rorke. The 420th Company drills monthly at the National Guard Armory at Elizabeth, N. J.

The 419th Company is under the command of Captain Paul A. Sheely, former Marine and holder of the Marine Corps cup. Captain Sheely's company was a very lively one, for its First Sergeant was former Marine Robert Davidson, instructor at Parris Island. All of the non-commissioned officers are ex-service men and former Marines. This company did everything in Marine style and set an example for the other companies to go by. The 419th was under strict military discipline and regulations and the men liked it. Their headquarters is located in East Orange at the home of Captain Sheely where monthly meetings are held.

The 418 Company is under the command of Captain M. Beyer of Irvington, N. J. Captain Beyer holds drill once a month at the Irvington High School. This was Captain Beyer's first military adventure and his company did very good at Quantico as very few men in the company had military experience. Forty per cent of the men in this company are prize fighters and good ones at that as they put on a very good show at camp.

The 417th Company, under the command of Captain Otto Lessing, was organized in three weeks at Linden, N. J. Captain Lessing has been an officer in the reserve for a number of years. Has a very good company and drills weekly. The 417th will be ready in a few weeks to compete with any company in the regiment. At Quantico the company was drilled hard and every man worked industriously to help bring this company to the front.

Lieut. Chas. B. Mason, the battalion quartermaster, was kept on the jump all of the time at camp and is a promising officer of exceptional ability. Al-

though Lieutenant Mason learned his tactics at military school, this year was his first in the military service of the government.

The Second Battalion officers meet once a month at the Newark Athletic Club where problems concerning the battalion are discussed and various plans are worked out.

Captain Sheely, acting battalion commander, reports in person to Colonel Rorke at headquarters nearly every week for orders and general discussion concerning his battalion. The 419th Company will give a military dance next month sometime after Armistice Day. The battalion will also participate in the various parades on Armistice Day.

Steve Brodie, former Marine, is the battalion sergeant major. He is well liked by every man in the battalion and his help in the organization of the battalion was commended and greatly appreciated by Colonel Rorke and the officers.

Next year the Second Battalion expects to be a crack outfit. Weekly drill will start in the spring. At present the 419th Company conducts small bore practice at the Orange Armory and rifle practice at the East Orange Rifle Club.

ACTIVITIES OF THE 417TH COMPANY, U. S. M. C. R.

By First Sgt. James R. Parry

Since practically all the men in the 417th Company have subscribed to "The Leatherneck," and read therein accounts of the activities of other companies in the U. S. M. C. R., we've decided that we are being left out in the cold and will henceforth let the world know what we are doing.

We certainly had a great time down at Quantico. We played hard and worked hard and the consensus of opinion in the 417th Company is that we should have had two more weeks at camp in addition to the two we did have.

However, knowing this to be practically impossible, we meet every Wednesday evening and thus compensate for the loss.

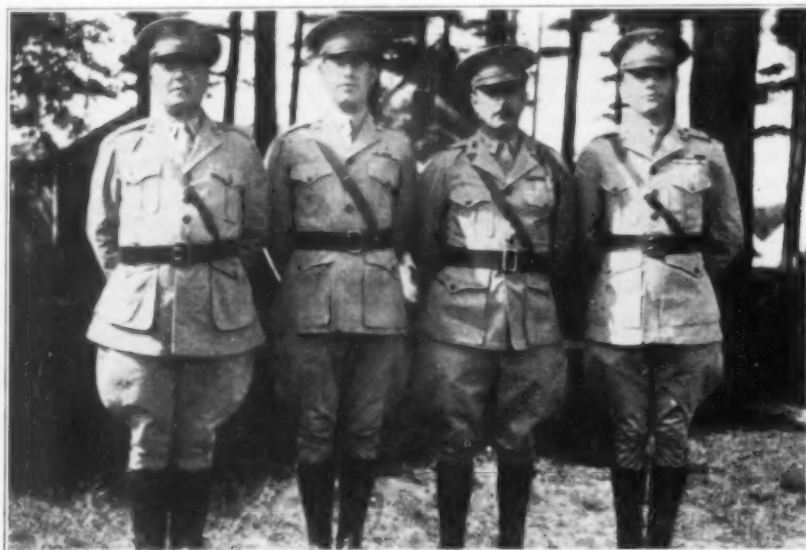
As soon as the men are assembled we go through an hour's drill. Following this our company commander, Captain Otto Lessing, gives us lectures on military tactics. After this lecture, which lasts for almost a half hour, we have bayonet practice. We go through this latter to prepare ourselves for the coming spring when we start to build our regular bayonet course. When our preliminary practice is through we do a little wrestling and boxing and in short have a darn good time.

By next year we hope to have a baseball and football team and from the prospects we have now we'll have two mighty good teams. Both are open for engagements.

We have been negotiating with the other companies in the battalion for a suitable time and place to hold a sham battle. Pistol practice and pistol matches are also being looked forward to by the men.

The above mentioned activities will give others some idea of what we've been doing since coming back from camp and all those who read "The Leatherneck" may rest assured that they shall be hearing from us again in the near future.

(Continued on page 43)



Left to right: Major Sugar, Lieutenant Barron, Lieutenant O'Connell, Lieutenant Houck.



The usual comment, chronicle of events and other detail of this column will be curtailed this month in order to make room for the report of the National Convention of the Marine Corps League held at St. Louis, Mo., November 6, 7 and 8, which will be found on the following three pages.

WE REACH THEM ALL

Among the recent members at large to join the League was Claude C. Hamel of Balboa Heights, Canal Zone. In forwarding his application for membership, Mr. Hamel wrote: "Am enclosing postal money order covering membership at large in the Marine Corps League. Have been wanting to join for years but was never completely informed as to membership requirement."

WISCONSIN ADDS ANOTHER

A League detachment is being organized at Sheboygan, Wis., by Ray Adamoitis, to cover the city and county of Sheboygan. The required number of charter members has been signed up, a meeting called to elect officers and the charter will be forwarded from National Headquarters as soon as the organization has been completed.

QUAKER CITY MARINES MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

Major-General L. W. T. Waller Detachment of Philadelphia, Pa., dedicated their October meeting to social as well as business matters. Seventy-five members and their friends enjoyed an evening of music, refreshments and dancing. This procedure will be repeated quite frequently during the winter months according to Edward P. J. Rufe, detachment paymaster, who also announced that nine new members were signed up during the festivities.

NEW DETACHMENT IN VALLEJO NAMED IN MEMORIAM FOR MAJOR-GEN. W. C. NEVILLE

What promises to be one of the largest and most active detachments of the Marine Corps League was organized on Tuesday, October 21, at Vallejo, California, through the efforts of Mr. R. Young, a resident of that town. In his report on the formation of the new detachment Mr. Young says in part:

"Recently I dropped a line to National Headquarters in regard to a detachment in this district. Shortly after a notice appeared in a local paper explaining the objects of the League, so I immediately got busy, inserted two more notices and called a meeting at Veterans' Memorial Hall for Tuesday, October 21, at 8 P. M. Though I had little to work on, the spirit of Semper Fidelis prevailed, my comrades received me like a true bunch of Marines and when I asked them if they were ready to sign the charter, they asked me 'what the heck I thought they were up there for.'

By Frank X. Lambert National Chief of Staff

"Though I am a member of two other veteran organizations, the way they responded to the idea made me proud and brought home to me the full realization of Marine traditions and their determination to put over the old Globe and Anchor gave me more courage to get out and work for it.

"After further preliminaries we proceeded to elect the following officers: County Supervisor Andrew Sheveland, commandant; John O. Dahlgren, Medal of Honor man, first vice commandant; Frank A. Young, also Medal of Honor man, second vice commandant; F. Kerstad, our rising young haberdasher, adjutant; R. Young, paymaster; J. F. Kernan, of the Vallejo Fire Department, judge advocate; the Rev. Harry F. Jackson, chaplain.

"The detachment was named in honor of our late beloved commandant, Major General Wendell C. Neville, whom many of us served under. Our meetings will be held on the first and third Monday of each month. We expect to put through a large number of "boots" at the next meeting and on the occasion of the official presentation of our charter, will endeavor to have Major General Logan Feland officiate, assisted by city officials and those from Mare Island Navy Yard. The Veterans' Memorial Hall where we meet is the best in this part of the State. We have some 3,200 veterans in this district, their eyes are upon us and we know we can put the League over. The Marine Barracks at Mare Island is also available for us to draw on for membership.

"We also will have hospital committees that will function at our large Naval Hospital, which also accommodates Veteran Board patients. Our unemployment committee is already active. We have estimated that there are at least two hundred Marines in this city, retired and discharged, in addition to the active Marines at the Navy Yard, also a large number in the surrounding towns who have written for particulars about the League. We regret being unable to attend the St. Louis convention, owing to the short time we have had to prepare for it, but the hotels won't be able to accommodate our delegates to the next one, for the gang we have are "convention hounds." We expect to have our colors in the near future.

NEWS OF THE DETACHMENTS

We are in receipt of an elaborate illustrated folder and booster letter from Carl W. Baude Detachment of Louisville setting forth the virtues, attractions and advantages of the "Blue Grass City" as a prospective locality for the 1931 con-

vention. If the original beauty spots are anything like the illustrations, we hope they win. In any event it will be decided before this goes to press.

Rhode Island Detachment is now in the process of organization under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Spooner, attached to the office of the Internal Revenue Collector at Providence, who reports many prospective members lined up and application for a League charter anticipated at an early date.

Paymaster E. C. Fowler of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, Mass., has forwarded the dues of twenty-one new members to National Headquarters.

Spencer Rose, paymaster of Worcester, Mass., Detachment, has increased his membership by four.

Burwell H. Clark Detachment of Newark, N. J., has increased its roster by four members.

New York Detachment No. 1 accounted for three new members during the month of October.

And thus we grow.

Sergeant William J. Dwire, adjutant and paymaster of Carl W. Baude Detachment of Louisville, has placed an order for twenty-three Marine Corps League scarlet overseas caps for detachment members.

REPORT ON ST. LOUIS CONVENTION NOV. 6-7 AND 8TH

From the crowded cities of the East, the plains of the West, and the hills and valleys of the outlying country came Marines of all years and all ranks to St. Louis to enjoy the eighth annual convention of the Marine Corps League.

Abe Moulton and his generous committee were on hand from the bark of the gun until the last shell was fired. They fulfilled every promise that they had ever made, and added several treats that were not included in the bill. As Abe stated, he neglected his work, his family, and his health as did the other boys, and to them we are very grateful.

National Commandant W. Karl Latons and his staff, composed of National Vice Commandant Maurice Ilch, Professor Basil H. Pollitt, National Judge Advocate, and Russell G. Flynn, National Sgt. at Arms, arrived at St. Louis on Wednesday, the day prior to the opening of the convention, and soon the Marines began to put in an appearance from all over the country. A short reception and dinner was held, and the usual convention talk indulged in. Later, an invitation was accepted to attend an exhibition of fancy billiard shots. The host was none other than Charley Petterson, the world famous trick shot, whose name

has been associated with Willie Hoppe and other celebrities. We walked thru his wonderful billiard parlors, and into his private match room, in which 200 men can be comfortably seated in full view of all plays. Our host played numerous shots with remarkable skill to the thorough enjoyment of all hands. Refreshments, smokes, etc., were provided, and it was into the wee hours of the morning before the advance delegates got into their trundle beds at the Hotel Statler.

Thursday morning registration was held in the lobby for the late comers under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of St. Louis, and soon the familiar faces of the old timers began to put in their appearance, and also many new ones for which we are thankful.

At one o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday the bugle sounded attention, and all hands gathered in the ball room at the Statler for the opening business session. The Mayor's secretary, Jules Fields, welcomed the boys in behalf of the city of St. Louis in a very gracious manner, and we hope you will all read his address in the minutes of the convention, as soon as published. Our commandant responded, after his introduction to the convention by Abe Moulton, and the convention was officially opened.

In his address to the delegates, Commandant Latons reviewed the work of the organization for the past year, describing how it was necessary for the National Staff to proceed on their own initiative and at their own expense in comparison with the time that all work was practically given gratis by former Marine Corps officials. He reported that the League was on a sound financial basis with all balances in favor of the League, and that membership had gained about 20% over the previous administration. He also stated that he had never at any time seen so much enthusiasm as had been displayed by the entire organization. He also stated that 16 new organizations were added to the League, and a total of 800 new memberships, and stressed the fact that the old members were the ones to which our efforts should be applied to retain. He outlined for us the progress, starting with the abolishment of professional promoters and the advance made under the newspaper system which has been devised. During the year he has personally written or dictated some 1600 letters. He complimented the National Paymaster and Adjutant A. Ernest Beeg for the wonderful cooperation that he rendered during the year, and especially the work on the compensation and disability cases which numbered over 1800 attended to. He also praised the work of National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert for his interesting columns in *The Leatherneck*, and urged more news be sent to him of the various activities. He also spoke of the 5 per cent of net profits from all sorts of entertainments that is supposed to go to National Headquarters, and asked that any unpaid item be remitted, saying that the amount received last year had been almost directly responsible for the organization of the many detachments in the past year, and promising greater results if all would cooperate to do their share. He stated that more than ever this year would he need the support of all members as we

had items of national importance to effect that would give us all an active interest in the national endeavors of the League, especially in regard to the proposed Marine Memorial in France. He spoke at length about the lack of interest in the League, saying that a great deal of this was due to negligence on the part of former administrations, but absolving them from blame on account of their many duties which did not allow them time for the League. He stated that all work was done gratis and that we must have men that were workers and not men who just wanted to hold office for political or selfish reasons, or because they were reputed big men, but wanted those that would take off their coats and produce, and play the game as well as have the name. The National Commandant was heartily supported by the convention which applauded his opinions and after the session many thanked him for his generous and hearty support given during the past year.

After this a report of the New England Vice Commandant, Rudy Trow, was read, which showed progress, with three new detachments, and a complete State organization in Massachusetts.

The report of the National Paymaster was read to the body. It carefully analyzed all receipts and expenditures, and it was conceded by all that Mr. Beeg had faithfully carried out his duties. A floral offering was authorized for his wife who had just given birth to a new baby girl, and a rising vote of thanks was given him for his devotion to the League. His many friends missed his attendance, but understanding the reason, wished him luck, and now congratulations are in order.

Various committees were appointed, and since the convention was unable to proceed until a complete report had been rendered by the Credentials Committee it was voted to adjourn until the following day.

Our National Commandant visited several radio stations, who gladly welcomed him to say a few words to the people of St. Louis in regard to the League and in regard to the Marine Band concert.

During his visit to Radio Station KWK which is owned and operated by Thomas Patrick Conway, who is a staunch friend of the League detachment in St. Louis, and who was later ratified by the national convention as an honorary member of the St. Louis Detachment, the staff had occasion to be presented to Floyd Gibbons. This made our second meeting as we had come down on the same train together, and our National Commandant lost no time in recalling to his attention that he was one of the only eight national honorary members that the League boasted. He stated that it meant more to him, as this honor was conferred upon him when he was not quite so prominent. He regretted that our membership was not larger and said that he would appeal to Marines whenever the opportunity presented itself.

In the evening the entire attendance shifted to the Garrick Theater, where a special performance was presented for the visitors. It is hard to say whether the most of the talent originated behind or before the footlights, and needless to say there were many remarks from both sides that caused many a laugh. It was without doubt one of the best

shows of this type that many of the boys could recall, and very much enjoyed. After the performance the delegations split up and went to various night clubs, and late shows and others of the more serious nature retired to call it a day.

It was necessary to use the cards the next morning to get the boys out of bed to attend the morning session on Friday, but finally the Sgt. at Arms reported all voting delegates present and accounted for and the business session began. The Credentials Committee reported a strength of 710 votes, and the report was approved and the committee dismissed. The Resolutions, Constitutions and By-Laws, Finance and Nominations committees were asked to withdraw while recess was held. In the meantime Maurice Ilch explained the proposed Marine Memorial having several pictures of the position, and French maps with which to illustrate, to all those not engaged on committees.

Committees were recalled and the National Commandant called for a report of the Nominations Committee, and the following slate was read by Grant Culver, chairman:

National Commandant, W. Karl Latons.

Vice Commandant, Rudolph Trow, New England Division.

Vice Commandant, V. E. Miller, Southeastern Division.

Vice Commandant, Russell G. Flynn, Central Division.

Vice Commandant, Rodowe H. Abeken, North Central Division.

Vice Commandant, Maurice A. Ilch, Eastern Seaboard Division.

Vice Commandant, L. W. Nickerson, Western Division.

Vice Commandant, Timothy J. Tellegen, Southwestern Division.

Judge Advocate, Robert K. Ryland.

Chaplain, Dr. John H. Clifford.

Sgt. at Arms, Abe Moulton.

Offices of Adjutant and Paymaster,

Assistant Adjutant, Chief of Staff, are appointive by the National Commandant and have not as yet been released.

The acting adjutant was called upon to cast one ballot for the slate and they were declared unanimously elected. Considerable time was spent in deliberation of qualifications before the presentations. The Constitution and By-Laws Committee, headed by Professor Basil Pollitt, presented an amendment to the by-laws in regard to the creation of a State department and moved the adoption. In discussion it was brought out that it was not in a completed form and the committee asked that it be returned to them for further report, which was granted.

This business session was ended in a demonstration for the re-elected National Commandant and promises of hearty support for the coming year.

At one o'clock promptly the busses drove up to the hotel doors and all hands embarked to be guests of the Anhauser-Busch Corporation at a luncheon in their immense plant. Arriving we were greeted by Mr. Windmuller, our host, representing Mr. August Busch. A luncheon hall on the first floor was all prettily set up and waiting our pleasure. On the one side a beautiful walnut bar with the familiar brass trimmings made its appearance, and as was later regretted the famous Budweiser made in this plant was not too strong. However,

it tasted good, and many bottles were consumed along with a splendid meal. Mr. Windmuller welcomed the Marines, and the Commandant responded. Tony Cabootch, pardon the spelling, a member of their staff, who is a familiar radio entertainer for the Columbia Broadcasting Company, entertained very smartly, with clever impersonations. He is to put on a Marine night on Monday, Nov. 17th, which may be reached on the western stations of the Columbia chain. We were guided about the tremendous plant, which was a source of revelation to us all, and finally after another bottle of good old Budweiser we said farewell and toured the parks and places of interest in St. Louis.

In the evening a huge dinner dance was held at the Hotel Statler, with about 400 in attendance. This party was designed to take the place of the annual armistice affair that the local boys held each year, and was a very beautiful occasion. At the head table sat many notables of the city together with visitors of note. After an excellent dinner, during which the orchestra played charmingly, very brief speeches were heard. Charley Petterson, who has been mentioned heretofore, presented our National Commandant Latons with a ivory gavel bearing the inscriptions, Marine Corps League, St. Louis, Mo., 8th annual convention. The Commandant responded gratefully and spoke briefly in his usual sincere manner thanking the friends of the League for their many kindnesses. The other speeches had more of a local atmosphere and while interesting would have little value to the League as a whole. National Commandant Latons had asked Commandant Fisher of the Buffalo Detachment to accept the membership trophy for Spokane, Wash., and at the appointed time came to the front and very graciously accepted it in their behalf and made a speech that displayed well his training as a leading barrister in his community. Excellent entertainment followed, and this was followed by dancing into the small hours. Of course, all this time considerable politics were being played by the Louisville, Buffalo and Newark detachments in hopes of bringing the next national convention to their city.

All hands had been ordered on deck promptly for the Saturday morning business session as there was considerable to accomplish. The first item of business was the Marine Memorial in France, which was reported upon by Maurice Ilch. He had been in personal contact with the American Battle Monuments Commission, and they had taken the matter up with the Mayor of Lucy le Bocage. The Mayor offered two sites for the proposed memorial one in the center of the village, and the other at a point about one hundred metres on the road leading to Belleau Wood. Considerable discussion was had and the site which would point out Belleau Wood was adopted. It will take the form of a windmill and pump house of unique design, and will bear a figure of a Marine, and suitable inscriptions to call attention to Belleau Wood. This will furnish the water supply for the inhabitants of Lucy le Bocage and is a necessity and will provide a useful as well as permanent memorial to our men who lie just beyond. It was also decided to authorize a sum of \$30,-

000 to be raised for this project with a limit of \$100.00 contribution from any individual, and further provided that only Marines, former Marines, relatives (immediate families) and relatives of deceased Marines would be permitted to contribute. It was also pointed out that in order to contribute any eligible former Marine must first become a member of the League, feeling that since there would be no attempt to erect the memorial if there had been no League any eligible should be a member to complete this and further projects that call for Marine support. This was passed unanimously and is the result of several years of hard work. National Commandant Latons heads this committee and is assisted by Maurice Ilch as Vice Chairman. Other members of the committee will be appointed.

Several resolutions were presented and in the absence of the originals we will not attempt to quote. These we will offer in their complete form in the next issue of The Leatherneck. However, a few are:

Resolved that:

Generals Barnett and Neville be carried on our honorary list for the life of the organization.

General Ben H. Fuller be elected and installed as an honorary member for life.

That The Leatherneck be extended a vote of thanks and kind appreciation for the splendid efforts in behalf of the League, especially Lt. Gordon Hall for his untiring efforts.

As it came time for the contest for the next convention city, the Commandant read many letters and telegrams from the governors, mayors, convention bureaus, hotels, the American Legion, the Pup Tents, Veterans of Foreign Wars and various service units. At this time Capt. Taylor Branson made his appearance and he was requested to say a few words to the boys and gratefully conceded. After these remarks the convention contest, which we called the "battle of lawyers," was on. Louisville, Buffalo and Newark, represented by Boyd Robertson, Carlton Fisher and Professor Pollitt, all attorneys of merit in their home towns, arose to the occasion and in bursts of oratory, the like of which has never graced the confines of a League convention, they ably presented the glories and advantages of their fair cities. It was conceded that the governors, mayors, and bureaus, would like to have us there, and then the boys got down to facts. Newark covers a larger territory than we had ever imagined and as Basil Pollitt brought to light such historic advantages we never knew she possessed. But the attraction of the Canadian shores, and the natural tendency to change the locality to the East, after three successive conventions in Dallas, Cincinnati and St. Louis proved too strong for the majority and the palm went to Buffalo on the first ballot. Ah, yes, but a year goes quickly and then Louisville should be getting much support for they are a fine bunch of boys. But competition is beneficial and we have lacked it somewhat lately, and it is encouraged. Newark says 1933. We'll whip things into shape and be ready for the call. Convention time will be in September.

As usual, after the convention city is decided, the National Commandant says

a few words, asking for complete support, and each detachment is allowed to have a delegate speak for the good of the order, in which the boys showed enthusiasm, good-fellowship and a desire to do more work and to increase membership and detachments. A fine tribute was paid to Abe Moulton for the splendid work of his committee, and Abe responded with a beautiful, sincere speech that it would do everyone good to hear again. And so our sessions closed at about 2 P. M., to convene again in September in Buffalo, under the hostage of the Oscar Swan Detachment of which Carlton A. Fisher is the commandant.

Some of the boys went out to the Parkes Airport, and others tried to retrieve their lost sleep during the afternoon, but at any rate all were on hand for the Marine Band concert at the arena. At the afternoon concert many of the school children attended and it was said that some 14,000 were in attendance. But the evening performance was the gala occasion, and the arena, which seats about 22,000 people, seemed to be packed in tribute to the Marine Band. The setting was perfect and when it came time for Captain Branson to appear he was ushered in with the colors of the St. Louis Detachment and color guards. During the evening the Shriners Fife and Drum Corps played, and the Knights of Columbus drill team performed. How we wished that a drill platoon of Marines could have played to this crowd. A lovely tableau took place at intermission after one minute of silence. Almost immediately after the concert a party was formed for more enjoyment and the various pleasures. In the morning came the sad parting of the boys that will not see each other for a year. But Buffalo is coming and we will meet again for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Start your plans now; it's not too early. Thanks, my friends, thanks.

WORCESTER MARINES GATHER AT ANNUAL BANQUET ON ARMISTICE DAY

The Worcester Marine Corps League held its annual Armistice Eve banquet at the Warren Hotel last night with an attendance of 150 members and several delegations from Boston, Providence, Springfield and New York.

Following the dinner, Lieut. Col. Calhoun Ancrum, U. S. M. C., recruiting officer in command of the New England area, and W. Karl Latons of Worcester, recently re-elected national commandant of the Marine Corps League, addressed the guests, after which an entertainment was presented. An orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. Edward L. McAuliffe, commandant of the Worcester detachment, presided.

Commandant Latons briefly reviewed the proceedings of the national convention of the League held in St. Louis last week, and urged a rejuvenation of the Worcester unit's activities. He exhibited a solid ivory gavel, presented him at St. Louis, which was used during the dinner by Mr. McAuliffe.

Donald Dickson, of Boston, who designed the prize Marine float exhibited in Worcester's Tercentenary parade, was presented a brief case.

Seated at the head table were Lieut. Col. Ancrum, Commandant Latons, Capt.

(Continued on page 40)



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost, Sergeant Frank H. Bentfrow, Sergeant Harry E. Hesse, Corporal Arthur Rosett, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private Colin R. Stuart, Private William B. Edmondson.

Christmas Greetings of the Major General Commandant

ON this the 156th Christmas and New Year's Day of the American Marines I wish every Marine, whatever his rank, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Not only do I send this greeting to you as a Marine but as one of the great number of Americans who, under the Stars and Stripes where no religious belief is prohibited, are commemorating the holy event that took place almost two thousand years ago.

As you awaken in your quarters, in your barracks-rooms, or on board a ship of the Navy, or are on duty on Christmas, start the day with ideals and thoughts of peace on earth and good will to all. Later, as you sit down to your Christmas dinner in dining room, mess hall, or at ship's mess table, bow your heads and give a thought to the less fortunate ones in our great country. Remember that Christmas is the symbol of service and that we, both as private individuals and public servants, can observe no greater motto than that of—"To serve"—to give of our personal substance, time and ability to those who need them most.

Particularly, do I add a wish for a cheerful Christmas to those of you who by reason of service are not in the midst of your home-folks and hope that you will find a degree of happiness among your comrades-at-arms and friends wherever you are. The sun will never set on this Christmas Day of you Marines dotting the surface of the earth. He will reach each of you on his daily journey of service to mankind as he parades across the sky from East to West. In Virgin Islands, Santo Domingo (where at least one Marine is), Haiti, Cuba, Panama, posts in eastern United States, Nicaragua, Honduras (where one Marine is on duty), other posts in the United States, Hawaii-nei, Samoa (where one Marine serves), Guam, Philippines, China, and the naval ships carrying Marines floating in every sea.

One hundred and fifty-four Christmases have intervened between that first Christmas of the Marines which they commemorated in Tun Tavern at Philadelphia and on board Hopkins' flagship "Alfred," and that of the year 1930. Who can forget those Marines of 1776 who on Christmas Day were afloat on the ships of the Navy and in the battalion of Samuel Nicholas preparing at Philadelphia for the Battles of Assanpink and Princeton! And those Christmas Days of 1802 to 1804 in the Mediterranean fighting the corsairs of Barbary! Or that Christmas of 1814 when the Marines of Carmick and Bellevue were engaged with Pakenham's Redcoats just prior to the big Battle of New Orleans! And that Christmas of 1835 when Archibald Henderson led his brigade against the Florida Indians! That Christmas of 1846 when the Marines on the ships and in California, under Zeilin, Marston and Gillespie, during the Mexican War, were in battle contact! And the many Christmases of the Civil War! Or that Christmas of 1917 when Doyen's Fourth Brigade of Marines stood ready in France to advance against the foe!

My congratulations belong to you of the Corps for adding another year of splendid achievement. I appreciate personally your cooperation in bringing about success, and hard duty well performed. Because of the excellent manner in which you and those before you have carried on, the Marines have a high and well-deserved place in the regard of the American People.

They are proud of you because you have served them efficiently and faithfully and have been a useful organization.

And so, on the New Year let all and each of us, banded together in one Corps as we are, resolve that the Corps during the coming year shall perform even greater service than ever before; to keep on being useful to the American people; to live and act individually so that the Corps will add to its usefulness and glory; to administer our affairs as a Corps economically as well as efficiently; and to make the Corps an even finer military organization than it has been in the past.

Merry Christmas!

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all my thousands of "sons" scattered all over the world! May 1931 bring you much happiness wherever you may be! I am no longer in Quantico, but in Mare Island, and hope to hear from you all there. My address will be: Marine Barracks, Mare Island, Calif., so please write me there.

May we meet again and God bless you all.

Devotedly,

MOTHER UNDERHILL.

Your Magazine

THE great majority of our readers seem to regard "The Leatherneck" as our own personal property. As a matter of fact, "The Leatherneck" belongs just as much to you as anyone in the Marine Corps. It is edited and published by active Marines and nearly all the material that goes into its pages comes from the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Corps. We want you to feel that "The Leatherneck" is YOUR MAGAZINE, because it is, and we want you to take a lively, personal interest in it for the same reason.

"The Leatherneck" is not a profit-making magazine, as every dollar goes back into it to make it larger and more interesting, but money alone will not accomplish that end. To do so, we must have YOUR cooperation.

You can cooperate by sending in news of your post, unusual photographs that will appeal to Marines, articles on subjects of interest to Leathernecks, suggestions for the improvement of the various departments, or the magazine as a whole, and by becoming a regular subscriber.

You do not need to be a polished writer. That's what we're here for—to make corrections and prepare your work for the printer, but remember, "The Leatherneck" is just as good or bad as you make it, so try to put as much originality into your papers as you can.

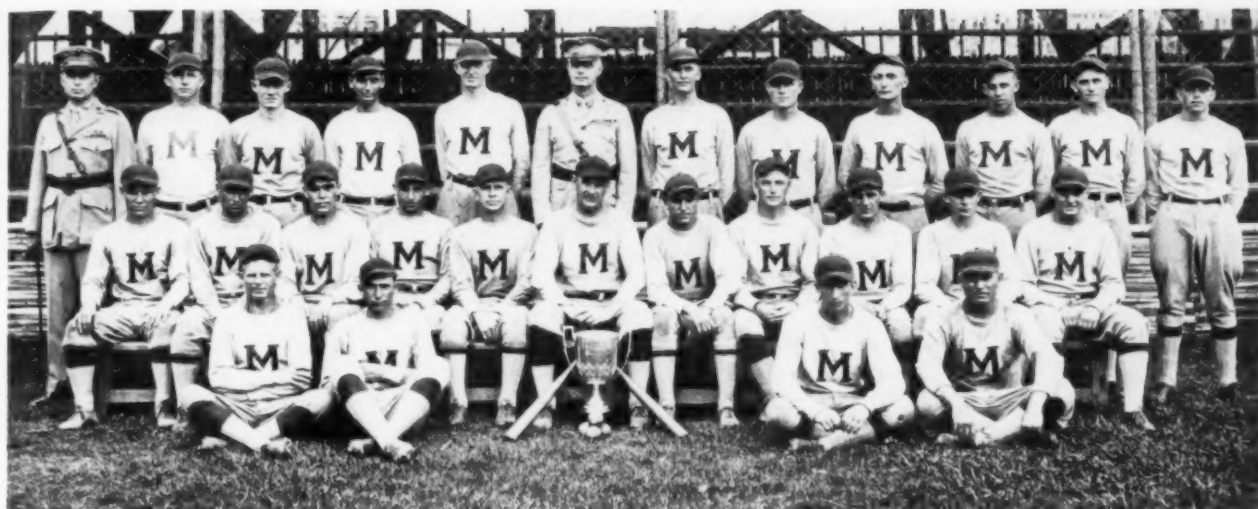
"The Leatherneck" is the only national publication published by active service men for active service men and we want it to be the BEST. We are sure that you want it to be, too, but just WANTING won't help. YOU MUST GIVE US A HAND!

Merry Christmas, Doc. Clifford!

FOR the first Christmas since those red days of battle in the Bois de Belleau and the Argonne and Mont Blanc, "Doc" Clifford is technically "on the outside looking in," but only technically. We are certain that his heart still beats strong and true for the Corps he loves so well and for which he has given so many of the best years of his life—and we miss you, too, "Doc," especially those of us who KNOW.

A graphic illustration of the fact that you are still dear to the Corps you love came to our office the other day in the form of a small check from one of the men you helped to sustain in those dark days of 1918 with the request that it be forwarded to you as a little Christmas present—a small harvest from the crop of kind words and goodly deeds you sowed so plentifully during those days of pain and gloom and sudden death.

We send it to you under separate cover, "Doc," and may it do its share in warming the cockles of a heart forever true to the grand old Corps.



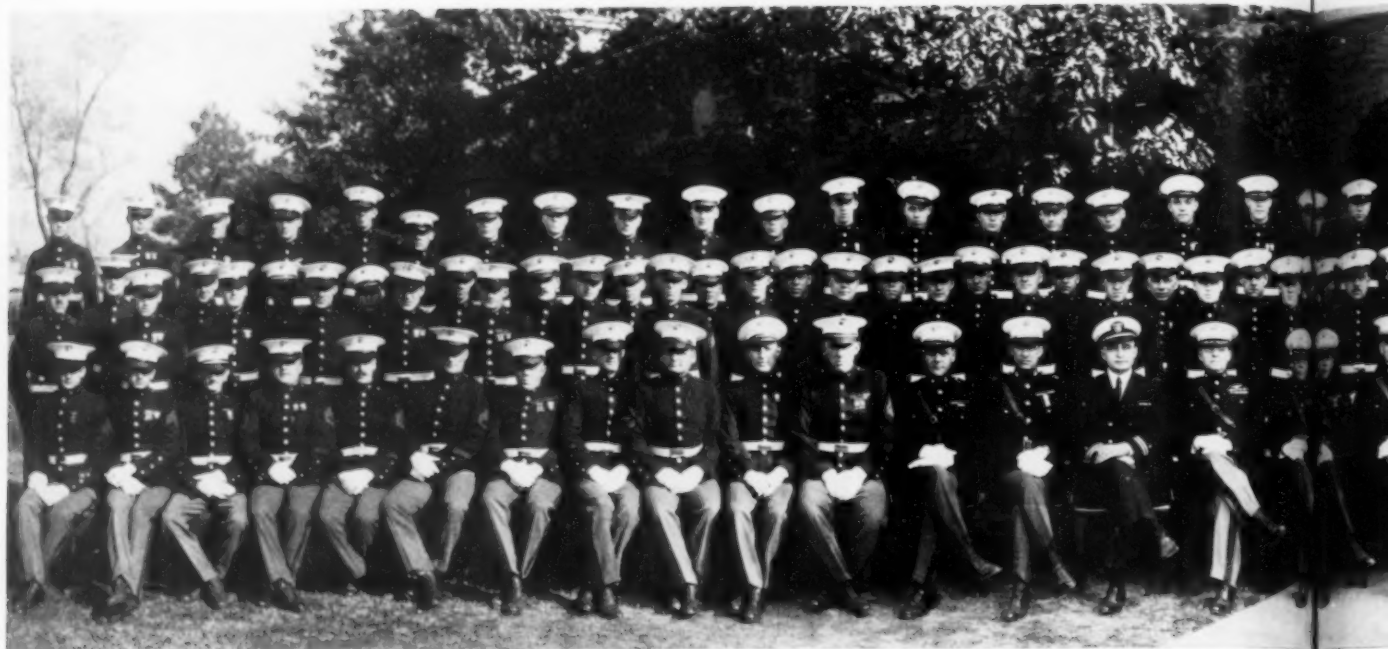
FOURTH MARINES BASEBALL TEAM, SHANGHAI, CHINA, 1930. CHAMPIONS OF SHANGHAI AND WINNERS OF THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY CUP

Back row (left to right): Captain C. B. Cates, Regimental Athletic Officer; Sergeant Herbert Boyle, catcher; Private Chester Whatley, outfielder; Sergeant Thomas J. Chapin, left fielder; Captain Lyman Passmore, first baseman; Colonel Charles H. Lyman, Commanding Fourth Marines; Private Perry D. Kimball, pitcher; Corporal Jolley Brown, pitcher; Corporal John H. Slusser, utility infielder; Private Arthur E. Lund, outfielder; Private Ernest S. Mullins, infielder; Ph. M. 2nd Cl. John W. Parsons, right fielder and utility infielder. Second row (sitting): Private Chimohaski, catcher; Private John H. Lindstrom, outfielder; Corporal John R. Wilson, infielder; 1st Sergeant I. J. Fine, assistant coach; Sergeant Stanley E. Maddes, third baseman; 1st Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, baseball coach; Private Elphlet B. Fowlesman, 2nd baseman; Private 1st Class Vern Long, pitcher; Private Claude W. Stanton, shortstop; 1st Lieutenant T. H. Saunders, outfielder; Private Perry Moore, outfielder. Front row (sitting): Private St. Elmo M. Haney, outfielder; Private Howard T. Welch, pitcher; Corporal Barney Cogsdell, infielder; Corporal George W. Pearce, catcher.

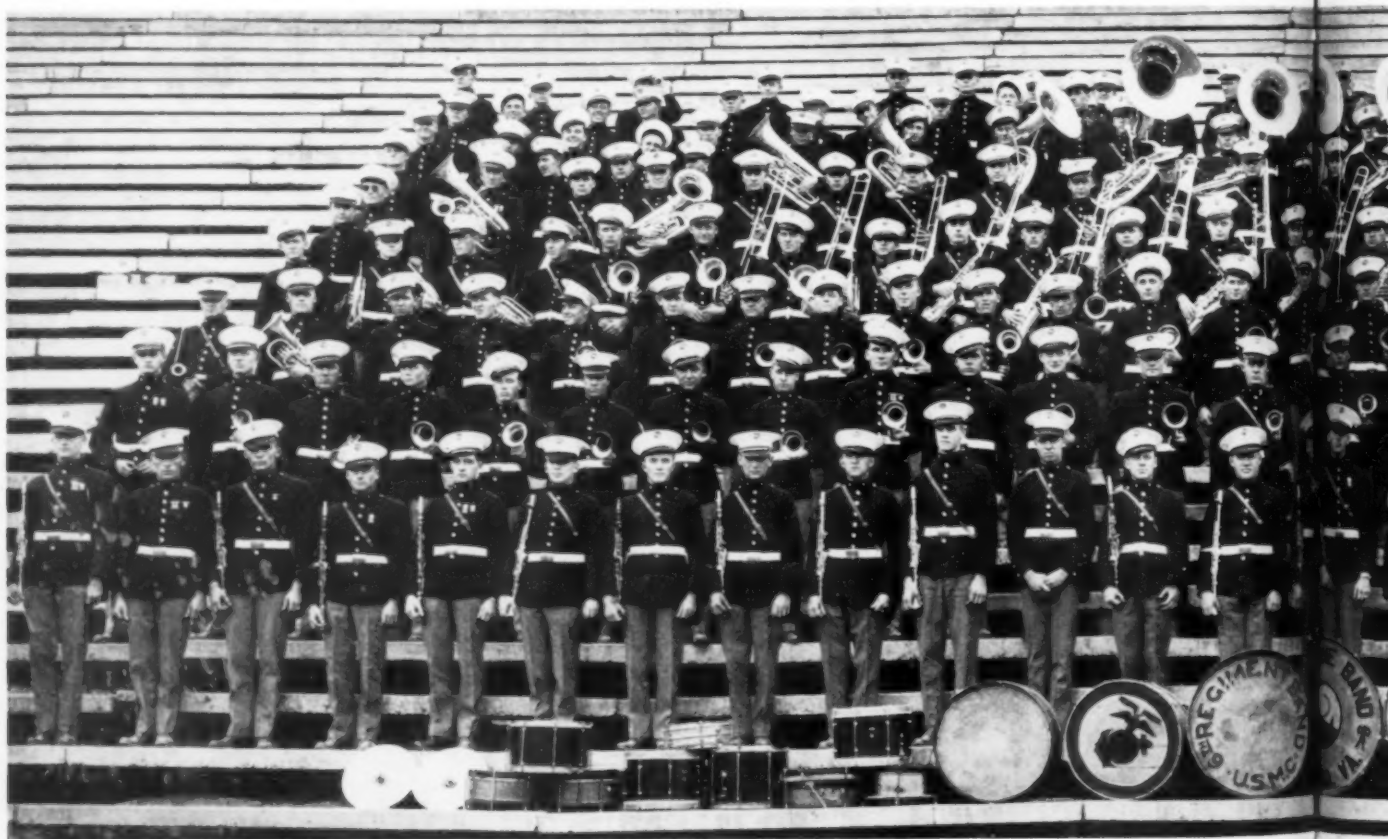


BAND OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT, SHANGHAI, CHINA

Rear row, left to right: Smith, D. H.; Grim, Mayfield, Carter, Chandler, Flansburg, Holzman, Kloeppel, Bailey, McLaughlin. Third row: Sabol, McGhee, Hanson, Hunter, Dickman, Townsell, Sterrett, Giffin, Jackson, P. B.; Perry. Second row: Bean, Jackson, D. C.; Buchanan, Allen, Putnam, Wagnon, Dewire, Wever, Kranick. First row: Watkins, Plotz, Lang, Beliel, Stafford, Nicholson, Stewart, Dennis, Gray, Wyckoff. Sitting on first row: 1st Sergeant Jones, 1st Sergeant Oiaquez, Cranfill, Lieutenant L. B. Cresswell, Smith, H., Sansome, Terstison.



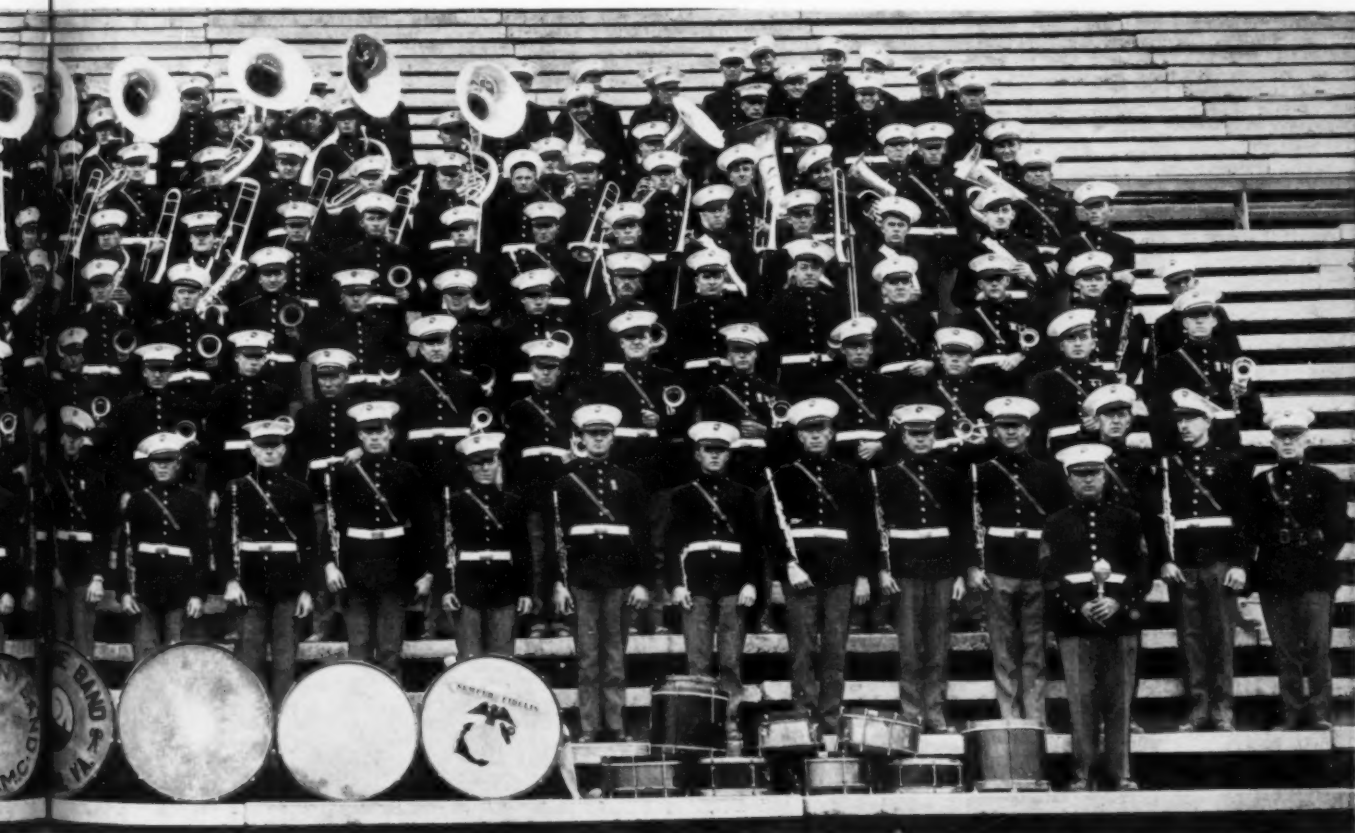
Officer and Enlisted Personnel of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. Colonel Rush R. Wallace commanding. Officers, left to right: Lieutenant G. R. Wallace, Captain Dudley S. Brown (Post Adjutant), Captain James A. Mixson, 1st Lieutenant Edmund McC. Callaway, 1st Lieutenant Robert



Two Hundred Fifty piece band which officiated at the Marine-American Legion Football Game at Philadelphia on Armistice Day. T



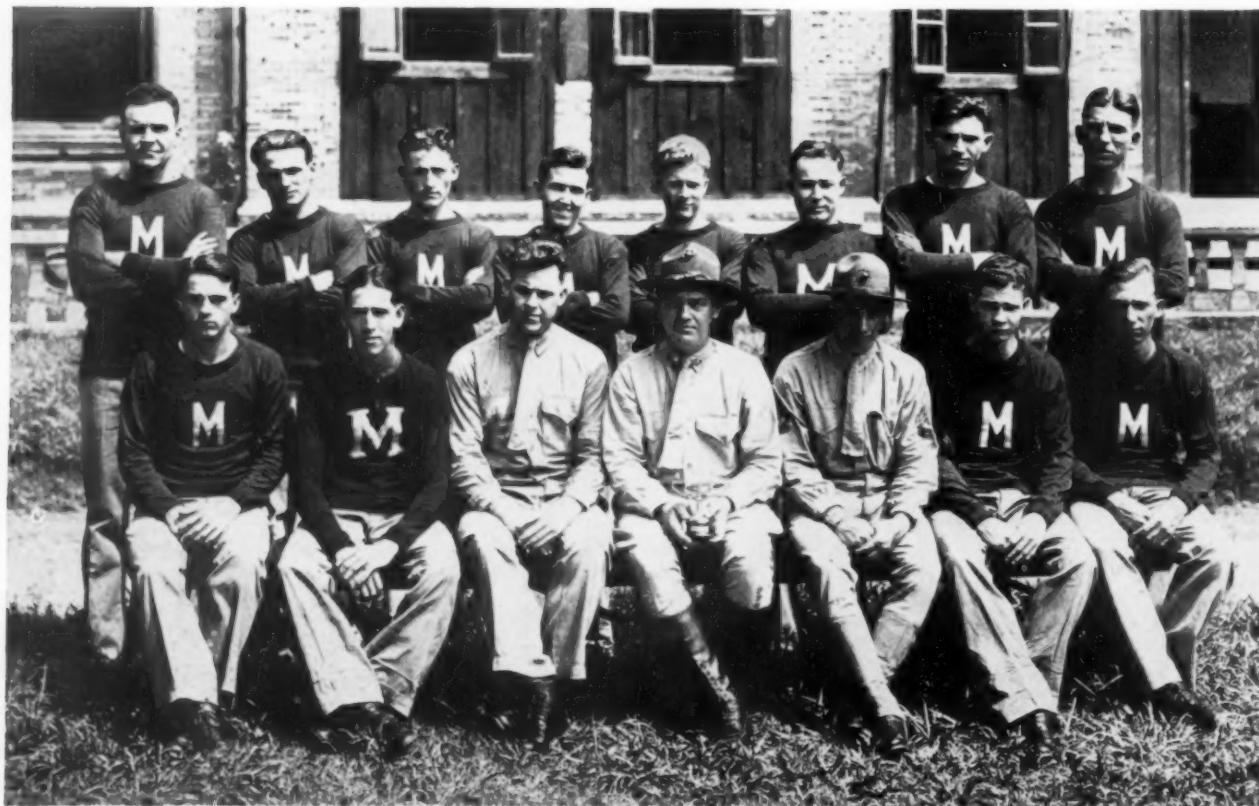
Right: Lieutenant Gordon Hall, Captain William C. Hall, Lieutenant Lincoln Humphreys (M. C.), U. S. N., Major A. A. Cunningham, Colonel Rush
1st Lieut Robert L. Skidmore, 2nd Lieutenant William F. Coleman. The Marine Corps Institute is the chief activity at these barracks.



ia on Day. This Band was composed of the Quantico Post Band, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Twentieth Marines.



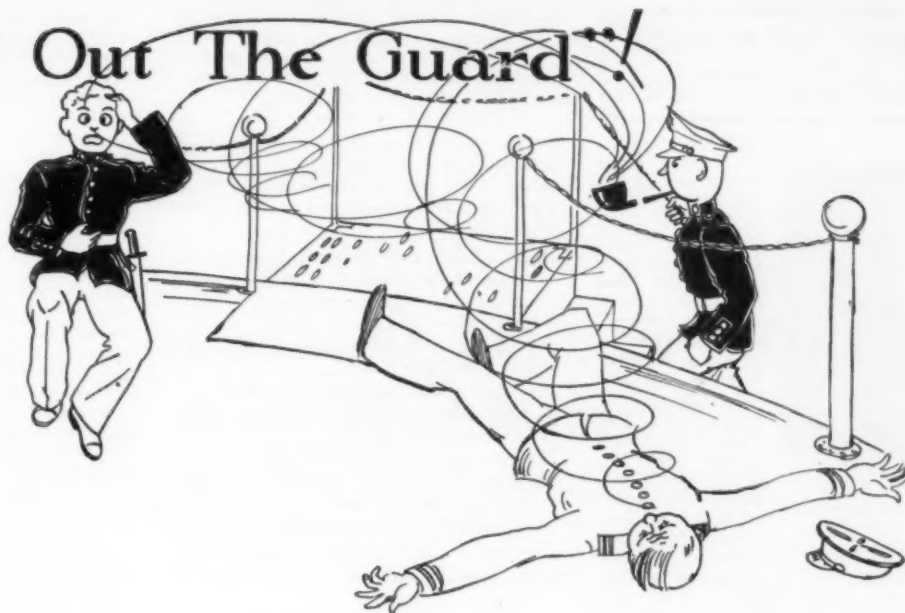
This group of Marines have just completed a "De Luxe" tour of the Nicaraguan jungles. Rates and Brochures at any recruiting office.



28TH CO., PLAYGROUND BASEBALL TEAM, CHAMPIONS OF FIRST BATTALION, 4TH REGIMENT, SHANGHAI

Back row (left to right): Pfc. F. C. Boettmer, Pfc. E. Townsley, Pvt. J. R. Karns, Pvt. N. A. Herndon, Tptr. C. S. Daugherty, Col. A. A. Bumgarner, Cpl. H. Cooper, Cpl. A. Nixon. Front row (sitting) left to right: Pvt. L. Guidetti, Pvt. G. Steiner, Pvt. R. V. Harris, Captain W. W. Ashurst, Commanding 28th Co., 1st Sgt. I. Fine, Pvt. J. J. Andis, Jr., Pvt. H. T. Welch.

"Call Out The Guard!"



THIS land-lubber has had just forty-eight hours of sea duty, or he wouldn't come over the side with a pipe that smells like Coconut Grove. The O.D. has ordered the Sergeant of the Guard to take him below and instruct him in the joys of Sir Walter Raleigh, the best pipe tobacco that ever hung around the foc's'le waitin' for Guard and Band to sound. Sir Walter is a real treat—mild, fragrant, with a full rich flavor that is A-one till the last cool drag on the old pipe stem. Double time to your P.X. or ship's store and get a 15c tin. You will be more than satisfied.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco

It's 15c and



It's Milder

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

It was a pleasure to read in today's (Nov. 7) dailies that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, American World War ace, had at last received the recognition that he had so richly merited by his splendid work of years ago. The President presented the Captain with the Congressional Medal of Honor at Bolling Field, Wash-

ington, D. C., in the presence of veterans of the Ninety-Fourth Squadron which Rickenbacker led in France, and present members of the Squadron. In this connection it is interesting to read the following note written by Lawrence Driggs in 1918: "After having visited some sixty-odd British flying squadrons at the front, many of the French escadrilles and all of the American squadrons, I was given the pleasure of entering Germany, after the Armistice was signed, as the guest of the 'Hat-in-the-Ring' Squadron, of which Captain Rickenbacker was and is the commanding officer. In no other organization in France did I find so great a loyalty to a leader, such true squadron fraternalism, such subordination of the individual to the organization. In other words, the Commander of 94th Squadron had perfected the finest flying corps I have ever seen."

It was away back in 1922 that General Butler introduced Marine Corps eleveners into collegian schedules of the football world. At that time Goettge and Liversedge were the key men to the Marine successes and when President Coolidge offered a cup as trophy for the Army, Navy and Marine Corps games in 1924 it was a team captained by Goettge that secured the "President's Cup." Head coach John T. Keady came to the team in 1924, and with a series of stiff schedules both in football and baseball the veteran has successfully coached his men to a wonderful list of victorious games in both sports ever since.

In 1927 Colonel W. E. Easterwood, Jr., of Dallas, told me of his great interest in flying and of an offer which he had just made for a flight from Dallas to Hong Kong. Later he offered \$25,000.00 for the first plane to come from Europe to Dallas via New York, and a few weeks ago he had the pleasure of handing a check for that amount to the French flyers Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Belonte. The Colonel many years ago was a corporal in the Marine Corps.

If you ever visit Jacksonville, Fla., on your way to your winter vacation, do not fail to run in and see Birl F. Adams at the Downtown Chevrolet branch at First

and Main Streets. Birl retired from active service in the Corps after twenty years successful record from December 20, 1906, to July 11, 1927, and he is always glad to meet a Marine.

The lines of a poem by Arthur Guiterman entitled "The Marines" in 1918 seem to me to be very appropriate even today and I pass them on to you as the "Poem of the Month."

They've kept the Flag as stainless as the honor of the Corps

Since first the Flag was born to make men free—

Our Nation's fighting vanguard of the ocean and the shore,

The ever ready Soldiers of the Sea.

Though Behring might be frigid, or the weather might be hot

In Haiti or the sunny Philippines,

Wherever there was trouble they were foremost on the spot—

The East by West United States Marines.

They never questioned what an order hid;

They never talked at odds of three to one;

They went where they were sent; they did as they were bid,

And when you heard about it, it was done!

They take their little journeys on a warship as a rule,

But they can make a trip, in case of need, By dromedary, omnibus, or elephant or mule,

Or anything that shows a trace of speed.

They've done some pretty fighting (with appropriate regrets);

They've done a heap for Universal Peace;

For Law and Order marches with the flashing bayonets

Of Uncle Sam's Terrestrial Police.

Their badge of "Here and There and Everywhere"

Is blazoned on their banner, floating high;

The anchor for the sea, the eagle for the air,

The globe for all the lands beneath the sky.

They've heard the word "impossible," but they don't know what it means,

They scorn the vulgar bonds of space and time;

For Uncle Sam's ubiquitous United States Marines

Are doing something, somewhere all the time.

Perhaps they're winning victories with diplomatic wiles,

Or decimating predatory ranks;

They may be running government on palmy tropic isles,

Or Sunday Schools, or hydroplanes or tanks,

Or serving out destruction, hot or cold, Or charging down the muzzle of a gun.

They go where they are sent; they do what they are told,

And when you hear about it, it is done!

I have just received a wire asking me to spend the first fifteen days of Decem-

ber with the cadets of Charleston Military College. This has been my good fortune to do for a number of years and with pleasure I replied "Yes!" The visit will also enable me to meet the Marines at Charleston's navy yard and possibly give me opportunity to run in to Parris Island and see my old friend, General Lee, and the Marines of the post. While in Charleston last year a local bakery was offering a monthly prize for the best short poems on their products. I wrote one and handed it to a friend with the remark that perchance it would receive recognition. To my astonishment during the last week of the year I received a large, special delivery, insured package containing one of the finest and most delicious fruit cakes I had ever tasted, together with a notification that my medley of rhyme had merited the special prize. It was such a lovely Christmas token of the very best as was testified to by all who tasted, and coming so unexpectedly made it the more acceptable.

The letters of commendation sent by the Major General Commandant to Gunnery Sergeant Frank J. Van and Sergeant Ellis Lee Keller for service in Costa Rica when assisting in the search for the bodies of two Mexican aviators makes everybody feel good. It reveals more than ever the fact that the Marine Corps Headquarters does not overlook the faithful and efficient service of its members, whether close to Washington or in far-away corners of the earth. It is this, too, that makes it so much easier to serve with the loyalty for which the Corps is famous whether in the large posts or in the lovely spots like Yemassee in South Carolina or that of Samoa where all alone at Pago Pago Sergeant Leslie J. Burrows and his wife hold the fort and in which South Sea Island the sergeant has command of the native constabulary.

Quite a long list of retirements have been chronicled this year amongst our officer personnel and recently the well-known names of Colonel Frank Halford, Lieutenant Colonel R. O. Underwood, Captain Charles Grimm and Captain John A. McDonald have been added to the list. The November list of promotions also have carried some well-known names amongst which Colonel Raymond B. Sullivan, Lieutenant Colonel Howard W. Stone and Lieutenant Colonel Maurice E. Shearer are now receiving the Corps' hearty and sincere congratulations.

In December, 1918, Indian Head was a quite important Marine Post at which the 10th Regiment of Artillery made its headquarters and for long had been waiting its orders for overseas. The regiment was then transferred to Quantico and organized into three infantry regiments to be known as the 14th and 15th under the command of Colonel (now Brigadier General) Dion Williams, Colonel John F. McGill and Colonel James C. Breckinridge, respectively.

I sign off this month by saying to one and all:

"THE BEST CHRISTMAS EVER SPENT BE YOURS."



ROUSE THE GIANT THAT LIES ASLEEP WITHIN YOU

AWAKE, you men who are half slumbering on small-pay jobs, and rouse the giant that lies asleep within you. Opportunity waits on every hand if you are but equipped to grasp it.

Who are these men who are going ahead of you? Are they not men like you? Have they not two arms—two legs? Do they not eat and sleep and walk as you? Can anyone convince you that they did not once work in a routine job as you are doing?

Training has put them where they are today and it will put you there, too, if you will only make use of the ability to do some one thing well that is born in every man.

Choose now the work you like best in the coupon printed below and master it at home in spare time through the courses of the International Correspondence Schools.

You *can* rise above your present circumstances—you *can* become more useful—you *can* get a better position—you *can* make more money—if you will sincerely try.

Make your start by mailing the same coupon that has meant so much to so many other men. Make it right now before the Dawn of Opportunity passes—before middle age comes on—before the weeks and months and years go by and it is too late.

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"The Universal University"

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X in the list below:

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows:
First thing off the bat, here's a very Merry Christmas to you, and all sorts of good wishes for a Happy New Year. Even to we folks who are not so religious, Christmas means an awful lot. There isn't anyone that hasn't a lot of sentiment tucked away in them somewhere,

and Christmas is one of the times that we can let it out without being laughed at. It's a time that we can openly practice generosity and unselfishness without our friends pulling down one corner of their mouth and saying "Easy, huh?" to each other when we go by. Even those of us who have had most unhappy childhoods generally have pretty fond memories of Christmas, which goes to prove that our childhood impressions do have pretty far holds on our adult life. And so we keep up the beautiful myth of Santa Claus, and so the sailors and Marines on the battleships dig down into their little bank accounts, and buy toys and more useful gifts for little children who have no one to provide for them, and they gather these poor, starved little kiddies onto their ships, and trim trees for them, and feed them, and by so doing they plant little seeds of generosity and kindness that some day may help some of these children grow into worthwhile men and women. It is with such thoughts as this in our mind that we wish you a Merry Christmas, feeling sure that even though many of us are far away from home, and will have to make our holiday cheer among strangers, that there is still much happiness in it for us if we start out with the idea in mind to make someone else happy rather than to wait for someone to do something for us. Life is just full of little contradictions, and one of them is that the thing we start out to hunt generally eludes us, but if we concern ourselves with something else we generally find it right around our door, and this rule certainly applies to happiness. There is an awful lot of difference between happiness and excitement, and it is a wise man or woman who finds this out. Drinks, dancing and the bright lights may take our mind off things that trouble us temporarily, but they are not happiness, neither are they ever a solution to a problem. Don't think we are getting preachy, fellows, because we are far from the preachy kind. The idea that we are trying to get across is that although a little of that sort of stuff is good occasionally it is apt to prove dissatisfying as a career. So when we wish you a Merry Christmas, it is with the thought that we are wishing you something more lasting than the excitement of a groaning saxophone, a whirling dance step, and a well-mixed cocktail.

We should like to feel that our greeting was the sort that you carried along the cold deck with you as you went on watch, and that you put it alongside the letter from the folks at home, and the really, truly best girl friend, and felt that it was from someone who really hoped that you were going to move up another grade this year, and that that sneeze wasn't a forerunner of a case of flu, and that January trip to Guantanamo was going to mean added target laurels for you and your crowd. Again, Merry Christmas!

This columner is very thankful to someone on the staff of the "Marine Base Bulletin" at San Diego for putting her name on the list. That is a snappy, newsy little paper, and we only found one item in it this issue that was just a bit over our head. It was the announcement of the Saturday night dance, which stated that only Marines in winter field uniforms without leggings, or blues would be admitted, and in the next breath contained the line "Help make the dance a success by inviting your friends . . . then dance away your blues . . ."

Maybe they aren't having as chilly weather down there as we have in New York for the past some weeks.

And now for the bit of verse that we try to write each month exclusively for this part of the column.

Christmas Wish

Brush with thy bright-tipped wings our hearts, Oh
Christmas Spirit!
Crown us with holly berries red,
Let us be swayed by carols softly sung
And the faint candles flickering overhead.

And we would hear again of the Great Star

That led wise men to where a sweet,
new baby lay;
And we would hear us gay-called Christmas jestings,
And children's voices, eager in their play.

There is no happiness in thoughts and shadows,

And tears can fill a very bitter cup.
This is a time for kindness and laughter

And we would bring our souls to gaily sup.

This is a time for gathering at hearth-sides,

For handclasps, and for laughter rarely still.

This is no time for bitterness or anger,
But echoes of the angel message of good will.

Ever since this columner and her brother used to fight over tin soldiers she has always had a hankering to be a C. O. The other evening over at the Second Naval Battalion Armory she almost had her wish, and nobody, not even General Pershing back in 1918, had a more mixed command. There was Colonel E. A. Greene of the U. S. Marine Corps, Brooklyn Navy Yard; Lieutenant Raymond Kaufman, U. S. M. C., of the U. S. S. "Northampton"; Colonel W. B.

Graham of the 18th Infantry, U. S. A., with Captain John Hodge and Captain Bert Lewis as his staff; Commander J. L. Kane, and Lieutenant McCann of the Second Naval Militia, N. Y. N. G.; Major Sidney Sugar of the U. S. M. C. Reserve; Lieutenant Colonel Rorke and 200 of his snappily trained O. L. P. H. cadets; and Lieutenant Mark Kessernich and his 304th U. S. Marine Reserves, and the 18th Infantry Band in its new Army dress blues. Colonel Rorke and his cadets and Lieutenant Kessernich and his 304th Company were all prepared to take part in the first military review ever tendered for children, the children in the case being five winners in a patriotic contest. The others, along with a couple of civilian dignitaries, were in the reviewing stand. Colonel Greene had offered one prize in the name of his command, and had been selected to represent Rear Admiral de Steiguer of the Third Naval District and present another prize in his name. Lieutenant Colonel Rorke, Lieutenant Kessernich, and Commander Kane were also slated to present prizes. And, believe it or not, despite the fact that just one thousand visiting children, imbued with the Hallowe'en spirit over the floors, climbed the rafters and dropped unexpectedly from the ceiling, the U. S. Marine Corps, the Naval Reserve, the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, and the 200 cadets from Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, all to the tune of the 18th Infantry Army Band, put on a show that the few adults who attended are still talking about. In the face of that, with everyone looking to her for orders, this columner just occupied her time picking up babies off of the line of march, and left every one to look out for themselves, which she was later told was what every good commanding officer did. (We are not referring to the picking up of babies from the line of march.)

Maybe you have heard this one. Anyhow, it was told over at Fort Hamilton by a certain U. S. Marine lieutenant from one of the new cruisers, who insists that his name be left out, and they are still laughing about it. It seems that while this officer was in Nicaragua he got a message telling him that his command had been designated cavalry and to proceed to mount his men. After much skirmishing he found he had enough burros, mules and spavined horses for each man, so he called out his company, lined them up in front of the livestock, and broke the news to them in this way.

"From now on this outfit is cavalry. Before you mount there are two or three things I want you to keep in mind.

"First, always board from the port gangplank. Never the starboard.

"Second: Pull the port line to move the starboard rudder. Pull the starboard line to move the port rudder. Pull both lines to stop all engines.

"MOUNT!"

To the person who for the past two Navy Days has been sending a vast armful of flowers to this columner with the label "Navy Day Greetings, U. S. M. C.," we extend thanks. We have no idea who sends the blossoms, but they have come in such vast quantities both times that we have been able to divide up with our neighbors.

PASTEURIZED MILK IS SAFE MILK!

WHY TAKE A CHANCE?

Delivery in Quantico, Va.

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FARMERS CREAMERY CO., INC.

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How About that Christmas Gift Home?

Here's an All-year-round Reminder for \$2.50

ANOTHER Christmas Day will soon be at hand, and every Marine ought to be thinking of an appropriate gift for the folks at home. What present will be more appreciated by your mother, your father, your sister, or your girl friend than a year's subscription to *The Leatherneck*?—coming to them by mail every month, it will be a constant reminder of you and will be enjoyed throughout the entire year.

YOU cannot tell the folks at home all they want to know about your service in the Marine Corps by writing them letters. Why not let them read all these things in *The Leatherneck* each month? A present of a year's subscription to your magazine will prove a most suitable and ideal gift. It helps the ones who are most interested in your welfare to keep in close touch with your activities.

HUNDREDS of Marines all over the globe are solving their Christmas problems in this way. Your magazine costs only \$2.50 per subscription, but it is much more valuable to those who receive it. Upon receipt of this blank filled out with your payment for a year's subscription, *The Leather-*

neck will be sent for twelve months, the first copy getting there about Christmas day.

Don't be afraid that your friend or relative may already be a reader—if so, the subscription will be extended one year and the recipient will be just as pleased as if he or she had never read *The Leatherneck*.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE!
SEND THIS BLANK IN NOW!

The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.

I enclose \$2.50 to pay for a year's subscription to The Leatherneck to be sent as a Christmas present from me to:

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FOLLOWING THE ALL-MARINES

By B. Price

Advancing to midway in their campaign, the All-Marine eleven left behind them a trail of four victories and two defeats and are optimistic as to the outcome of their future tilts.

Their first two contests were rather easy affairs for the Leathernecks, beating John Carroll University at Cleveland by a 14 to 0 score and then whitewashing the Washington College eleven in Philadelphia to the tune of 28 to 0.

Then came a heart-breaking defeat against Boston College in the Hub City on Monday afternoon, October 6. This game was slated as part of the American Legion celebration which was then being held in the big New England city. The final score read Boston College 13, All-Marines 7, yet the sea soldiers left the town feeling that they were the moral victors.

For sixty fighting minutes the powerful Marine line held the Bostonians to two first downs. When it is to be considered that Boston College held Fordham, an undefeated team thus far, to a 3-point fluke victory, some idea can be gotten as to the strength of the Leatherneck forward wall.

In the second quarter, a series of passes brought Boston to ten yards from the Marines' goal. Vodoklys of Boston circled the Marine left end for a touchdown. It was this run that was fiercely disputed by the Leathernecks. Two sea soldier gridmen saw Vodoklys step over the side line and did not tackle him.

The officials ruled otherwise, however, so the Marines got mad and in the last period Bauer tossed a pass to Glick for six points. Gotko made his kick good but there wasn't enough time left for any more sorties.

Then Atlantic U. in Norfolk got ambitious and invited the Marines over for a little football entertainment. Like Caesar's cohorts, they came, saw and conquered. The score was 33 to 0, Gotko making two touchdowns, Ferrell two and McCaffery one. In this fracas Coach Keady was delightfully surprised by the rambling of Ferrell, left end, who had been up to this time warming the bench.

On October 24 the All-Marines traveled to York, Pa., and under the floodlights of the York Baseball Park met a scrappy little Lebanon Valley team. This was a revenge game, for each eleven had one victory over the other. In 1928 the Leathernecks licked Lebanon at Cranton 31 to 0, but the next year the Collegians upset the Marines 19 to 7.

Lebanon Valley put up a surprisingly good battle but the Gyrenes were a bit too strong for them and at the gun the score read 7 to 0 in favor of the sea

soldiers. Again the line displayed its strength and another potential star was uncovered.

Red Robertson surprised the spectators with some long distance punts. One of them traveled over seventy yards, which is some kicking!

On Saturday night, November 1, the All-Marine team met a Western Maryland eleven which had been undefeated for 21 games. This correspondent is sorry to report that the Green Terrors stretched their string to 22 contests.

For three periods the Marines consistently outplayed the Marylanders but in the final quarter the Green and Gold tore loose and before the Gyrenes could collect themselves the scoreboard showed 20 to 0.

In analyzing the All-Marine eleven one cannot help but note the tremendous force in our forward wall. Here we have Glick at right end, 200 pounds of strength and speed and in the estimation of several sports writers, one of the best ends the Marines have ever had. Cummings, right tackle, the tallest man on the squad, is a terrific fighter and once he gets started, it is best to make way for him.

Standley is the type of guard who uses his brains as well as his brawn when he is facing the opponent. Not enough praise has been given this promising gridman for his fine work in the line.

Too much need not be said about Pressley, for his actions speak louder than any words. He is a brilliant center, who was mentioned for the All-American when he played for Clemson College in South Carolina. "Okay," as he is known to his teammates, has a fond habit of roaming around the greensward and falling on top of the ball-carrier. And when he tackles, they stay put.

Crowe holds down his position as left guard in commendable style. Alongside him is a tackler whose activities have been noticed by more than one sports writer in the country. Truckenmiller is his name and he lives up to the first part of his cognomen. The opponents have a liking for Truck's nose and hardly a game goes by without Truck leaving the field with a flaming proboscis.

Ferrell has cemented his position as left end by his excellent rambling. He is a tall rangy man, well fit for the job of getting under punts and nabbing the flying oval.

The weak spot in the All-Marine team is the backfield. Here we have some fast men, good kickers and a dandy little quarter in Billingsley, but they don't seem to show the necessary punch in close quarters.

In defense work, Long is an untiring tackle. He uses every bit of his 165 pounds in vicious tackles and as an in-

terferer employs his entire body for an effective screen. Gotko, an already famous Marine griddy, is a shifty back with a toe that sends the ball fast and true over the goalposts.

Lately, Robertson has been holding down the fullback job because of his ability to send the oval down the field in those long, breath-taking punts. When it comes to ramming the line, it is usually Red who is called upon for the dirty work.

Coach Keady is fortunate in having several good men for reserve duty. It is the opinion held by many major coaches throughout the country that a team is as strong as its reserves. If so, the All-Marines have in Allen, Beatty, Gann, Golden, Harrington, Moe, Popple, Sitton and Stuckwisch a powerful aggregation of linesmen who have already shown the athletic world their prowess on the field.

Allen, Beatty and Gann are run in quite often by Keady for it is well known that the Leathernecks play a hard and fast game which uses up lots of men. Golden is famous for his zooming forward passes. He throws as far and sometimes further than some men kick. Sitton, always an aggressive center, has been slightly shaded by the magnificent work done by Pressley, but he is always in there trying.

In the backfield, the veteran Marine Corps mentor has some very promising material. Poppleman has been rated as speedy as Albie Booth and once that flash gets started it takes a whole team to stop him. Keady feels that he is a bit young yet and is nursing him along carefully.

McCaffery has been used in most of the important games thus far, Billingsley being hampered by injuries. Mac is a pretty broken field runner and hits the line with plenty of gusto. In Butler, Farr, Strong and Pualsboe the Marines have a quartette who can be depended upon in a year or two to show plenty of football stuff.

Another angle to the present season schedule is the fact that the Marines have played five night games with one more to go when they meet Davis-Elkins at Grafton, W. Va., Nov. 26. "Owl" football has become quite popular in the East and seems to be growing by leaps and hops all over the country.

The first four "mazda" tussles the Marines indulged in were very prettily won. John Carroll, Washington College, Atlantic U., and Lebanon Valley fell victims to the Marines' attack under the floodlights. Western Maryland, also a night fracas, took the charm away.

A tough schedule of games still face the sea soldiers. The Citadel "Bulldogs" are to be battled at Roanoke, Va., on

Armistice Day. Then comes a fighting team known as the "Roughrider" (Rider College) from Trenton, N. J. The Marines will meet them Nov. 15 at Trenton.

Eleven days of rest and then the boys will tackle a difficult proposition in Davis-Elkins. D. & E. has not been going so strong this year but it defeated John Carroll by a larger score than the Marines did. Then again the Leathernecks owe Davis-Elkins something for that mortifying defeat last season. The fur is going to fly in that fray!

Three days later at Charleston, W. Va., the Marines will take on New River State College. In 1929 we barely beat those boys by a 7 to 0 score, but this season we hope for better results, although reports have been coming in that New River has been bowling over her opponents this year quite steadily.

The game of games comes on Dec. 6, when the President's Cup will again be offered up to the winner. The Coast Guard will attempt to wrest it from the Marines, but it seems that it will be seen in Marine Corps Headquarters for another twelve months.

Major Brewster, athletic officer, has offered to play the President's Cup game against the Coast Guard in New York City for the benefit of the unemployed. This is a very worthy idea and it has been heartily indorsed by our Commandant and Admiral Billard, Commandant of the Coast Guard.

All in all, the Marines have a team this year which, although not as good as some elevens in the past, still is much superior to the squad we had last year and here's hoping that they run through the rest of their games, taking them in one, two, three order.

STARR EASILY BEATS ROSS

By Ted Steinmann

Tony Starr, ex-Marine heavyweight, easily beat Benny Ross, Buffalo, N. Y., in a six-round main event on May 8th, 1930. Starr, starting with a rush, something new to him, clipped Ross with almost the first punch of the bout. Following up like a tiger, Tony beat Ross to the floor for nine counts.

Coming up dazed, Ross was an easy target for another barrage of lefts and rights and went down again for nine. This time he came up punching, but soon went down again for eight. Again he came back trying to punch his way out but met with little success, but he managed to weather the round.

Starting the second round Ross set out to do a little punching on his own accord but his swings were wild and Tony easily took command. The Buffalo heavy tried stepping around to loosen up the legs and shake out the cobwebs from the first round, but could not get far. And so it was the rest of the way. Not quite the boy he once was. Ross was still smart enough to keep out of serious danger the rest of the way, but not able to come back from the punches he got when "cold."

Starr won every round in the bout, punching away all the distance and holding the upper hand, but his veteran foe kept him from scoring further knock-downs after that opening canto which had made the fans wild. It looked as if things were all over then. Starr weighed 184 and Ross 180½.

NOTES FROM SAN DIEGO

By Bill Dubois

The old broken-down athlete who is responsible for this column and who slipped into the Marine Corps when the doctor wasn't looking isn't supposed to have anything



Private Richard E. Cornelison who intercepted an Army pass in the last five minutes of play and ran eighty-five yards for the touchdown that tied the score. "Cornie" plays center for the Marine team.

to say about football or other sports, that being a personal obligation of one "Cliff" House, clerk and aide de camp to the Athletic Detachment. But any news from the base that did not contain some mention of our fighting football aggregation in general and Private Richard E. Cornelison in particular simply would not be news.

The team got away to a slow start, losing to the Olympic Club and to St. Ignatius College in San Francisco and Oakland, respectively, the first and second games played. It was expected that the Olympic Club would beat our outfit and the fact

that the club was held to three touchdowns was something of a moral victory. However, the game with St. Ignatius was a disappointment, the Marines being on the short end of a 26 to 0 score. Probably the fact that this was a night game with rather bad lighting effects had much to do with the score. The Marines, however, gained valuable experience from playing under the lights and with the "ghost" ball—so much, in fact, that they were able to beat the U. S. S. "Tennessee" in a night game played at Navy Field, San Diego, on the night of October 4th, by the close score of 15 to 12. This was not an overwhelming victory but it was, at least, a victory and it served to hearten both players and rooters. Hope began to replace the wailing and gnashing of teeth previously heard in the base.

On Sunday, October 12th, the team journeyed to Long Beach where they defeated the strong Longshoremen eleven 15 to 0. The entire base sat up and took notice and began to realize that they were backing an outfit that could play football and win. The beauty of the victory over the Longshoremen was the fact that it was unexpected. We were all set here at the base to pat the boys on the back and wish them better luck next time and they came through with a decisive win for which even the most optimistic had hardly dared hope.

The next game scheduled was against the U. S. S. "Maryland," a team that

had not been scored on during the current season and had, the week previous, held the strong Submarine Divisions, champions of the Fleet for the past five years, to a scoreless tie. The "Maryland's" line and backfield had the Marines beat in poundage and they had several very tricky backfield plays that were slated to cause plenty of trouble. They were anything but a set-up and Johnny Blewett decided to start his heaviest line and backfield in an effort to wear them down and give the faster and lighter backs a chance to pile up a few touchdowns. How well the strategy of the Leatherneck coach worked out is evidenced by the score—19 to 6 in favor of our team. The Marines ripped the "Maryland" line to pieces. In the first period Lieutenant George W. McHenry, captain of the Marine team, got hold of a blocked kick and ran about seventy yards for the first touchdown. This game was played on Sunday, 19 October, at Navy Field, San Diego.

A week later and on the same field, the Marines met the West Coast Army team for the Presidio of San Francisco, California. The Army team is composed principally of one hundred ninety pounds of fighting Wop named Nodgie Gannuzzi, quarterback. Around Gannuzzi and his fellow ball carriers, the Army coaches had built a wonderful offensive and defensive organization, using many of Stanford's plays, especially short passes. The Army was slated to win. Everything was in their favor, including weight, speed, experience, reserve power and performance for the season. They scored in the first five minutes of play and things looked bad for the Marines. This Gannuzzi person was hard to stop and could drag two or three Marine tacklers along with him for substantial gains. To make matters worse, Lieutenant McHenry, the Marine's crack linesman, was hurt on about the fourth play; knocked completely out and had to be assisted from the field. The ball at that time was in Marine territory and the Army pushed down the field, using reverses, spinners and short passes when Gannuzzi or Learnihan was not charging through the line. Sullivan, an Army back, finally busted through the center of the line to score the first touchdown. The try for extra point was good and the Army went into the lead—7 to 0. All this happened before the game was five minutes under way. The Marines came back with a drive of their own taking the ball to the Army's 22-yard line, but lost it there on downs. On the first play after regaining the ball an Army pass hit a player who was not eligible to receive it and the ball was given back to the Marines. Donnelly passed to Stovall on the next play and Stovall was tackled by an over-ambitious Army player before the ball reached him. This is an infraction of the rules and the pass was ruled complete, the ball going to the Army's 9-yard line. Another pass, Donnelly to Parker, brought a touchdown, but the try for extra point failed. The score at the end of the second quarter was Marines 6, Army 7.

In the third quarter the Army counted again on a 15-yard pass but failed to convert. This gave the Army a 6-point lead and it certainly looked as if the game was in the bag for them. At this time the Marine rooters noticed about

two hundred sailors, probably from the "Maryland" and the "Tennessee," seated on the Army side and having plenty of fun at our expense. They were not offensive or "raw," but they were seeing a Marine team outplayed and they certainly seemed to be finding the sight enjoyable.

The fourth quarter began with the Marine rooters cheering and calling on their team to win, but things looked tough. The two teams battled in the center of the field for the first ten minutes of the period. Then the Army got started on another march to the Marine goal. They were leading by one touchdown and the game seemed to be on ice for them. They reached the Marine's 26-yard line, played a brand of football that would have done credit to a college team.

At this time, Mr. Gannuzzi, Army quarterback, decided to pass to his friend and team mate, Mr. Keegan, right end. Mr. Gannuzzi brought up the subject at the next huddle and Mr. Keegan was agreeable. Accordingly, Mr. Gannuzzi threw the ball on the next play. But Mr. Keegan didn't get it. The Marine center, one "Cornie" Cornelison, whose mother and father were in the stands and who had been bad news to the Army all afternoon, saved Mr. Keegan the trouble by grabbing the ball out of the air and running eighty-five yards, almost the entire length of the field, with the whole Army team chasing him, to score the touchdown the Marines needed so badly. Approximately four thousand people received the thrill of their lives and made as much noise as possible. The score now stood Army 13, Marines 12. In order to tie the score the Marines had to convert and Corporal Marion Trees, left half of the Marine team, kicked the ball as squarely through the center of the goal posts as Bud Fisher could have shot his trusty rifle. The Marine stands went wild. The extra point was in, the score was tied and there was only about three minutes left to play. The poor old Army saw their chance to break into the win column disappear and if gestures and attitudes mean anything some of the Army players were indulging in a little plain and fancy cussing. It couldn't be heard, however, for the Marines were letting out a roar that drowned everything. The game ended in a 13-13 tie. This is the closest that the Army has ever been to victory over a Marine team.

That is all that this lowly scribe, who admits a complete ignorance of football, has to say about the Army game, except that First Lieutenant George W. McHenry denies emphatically that he swallowed a chew of tobacco when he was hit at the line of scrimmage and hurt in the early part of the game. The Lieutenant admits, however, that he was unable to account for a wad of gum and some gauze that he had in his mouth when hit and that something made him sick at his stomach.

Le Roy Brown, champion of the Sixth Naval District, successfully defended his title during July in a fast four-round bout against Sailor Mathews of the U. S. S. "Crowninshield." Brown has not yet lost a service bout, although he has met and defeated the best in his class (welterweight) from the Coast Guard and Army.

FOOTBALL NEWS FROM SAN DIEGO

San Diego Marine Footballers Defeat Long Beach Longshoreman, U. S. S. "Maryland," and Tie West Coast Army.

By Corporal Cliff House
Longshoreman Game

On October 12th the San Diego Marines took a hard fought decision in Long Beach to hand the American Legion Longshoremen their first defeat of the



First Lieutenant George W. McHenry, the crack line-man of the San Diego Marine Base football team and "bad news" for a great number of the Army's back-field plays and line charges.

season for a 15 to 0 count. Following an exchange of punts, in first quarter, the Marines took the offensive with the ball in the Legion's territory. Three times the backfield combination, Trees, Ryckman, Miller and Poppleman carried the ball within the Longshoreman 20-yard line, to be held for downs. Until late in the second period neither team could do much ground gaining, but finally a break in the Marines' favor, when the Longshoreman fumbled Donnelly's punt on the 19-yard line and penalty of 15 yards for unnecessary roughness, gave the Marines the ball on the Legion's 4-yard line. Neil penetrated the forward wall for 2 yards and Ryckman bucked over for touchdown. Trees failed to convert the extra point.



Corpl. Marion W. Trees whose educated toe sent the ball squarely through the center of the goal posts for the extra point that tied the count in the San Diego Marines-Army game. Corporal Trees is left halfback of the San Diego Marine team.

King, Marine end, stood out on Devil Dog defense, with Neil, Ryckman and Donnelly traversing good gains in backfield. Receiving the kick-off as the second half started, the Longshoreman went from their own 35-yard line to the Marines' 20, only to be held for downs. Donnelly punted to the Legion's 40-yard line; with Tex Mills doing most of the offensive work, the Legions came right back to the Marines' 15-yard line, where Marines held again. In the fourth period, the Devil Dogs, with ball on their 30-yard line, paraded down to the Legion's 30-yard line, Neil, Poppleman, Ryckman and Donnelly

alternating at packing the ball. The Legions bolstered, however, and after failing to penetrate the forward wall, Johnny Blewett sent in Trees to try for field goal. Trees' educated toe placed the ball through uprights for 3 points and gave the Marines a 9 count lead. After an exchange of punts, the Marines took the offensive again, with a successful passing attack. After reaching the Legion's 40-yard line, Donnelly made a sensational catch of Neil's pass to complete a forward-lateral pass to Sonnenberg, end, and the wingman romped across the goal. But officials ruled the Marines were offside and the ball was called back. With only ten seconds to play, the Marines scored on a pass from Donnelly to Poppleman for 25 yards, making the score 15 to 0.

A special bus of rooters made the trip to Long Beach and about 75 men went in private cars. The game was broadcast play by play through KFOX of Long Beach.

U. S. S. "Maryland" Game

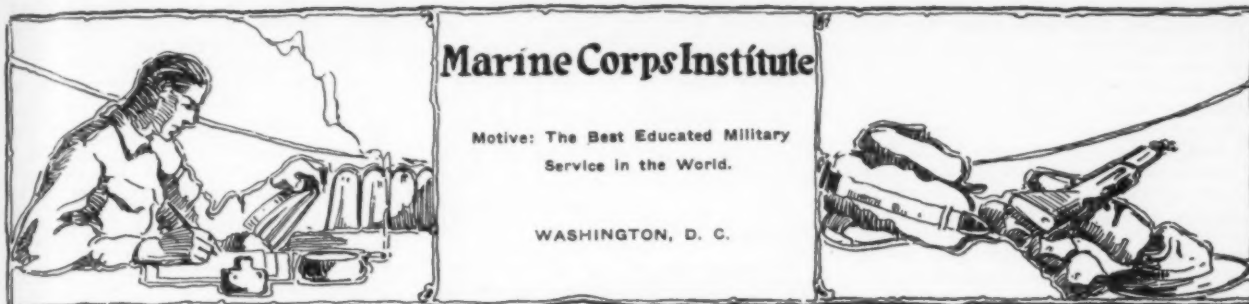
Playing driving football that not even the vaunted line of the U. S. S. "Maryland" was able to check, the Marines chalked up a 19-to-6 victory to be the first team to have crossed the "Maryland's" goal this season, and, also, to win their third consecutive game.

In first quarter, with the ball in mid-field, McHenry, Marine guard, bucked through "Maryland's" forward line to block Kebler's punt and romped 50 yards for touchdown. Trees converted extra point. In next period Poppleman, Marine half, displayed a sensational brand of ball on defense and offense, sliding through tackle, guard and center for repeated long gains, with Neil, Marine full-back, bucking "Maryland's" line for good gains. On three or four different occasions Marines threaten to score but "Maryland" held, with half ending Marines 7, "Maryland" 0.

At start second half, Donnelly, Neil, Poppleman and Ryckman carried the ball from their own 30-yard line to "Maryland's" 15-yard line, from where Neil cut loose through tackle, eluding the secondary defense and romped across the goal. Trees failed to convert the extra point. Before quarter ended, "Maryland" completed two long passes to put ball on Marines 10-yard line, from where Diagle and Swan bucked the line for touchdown. Kebler failed to convert extra point. With 5 minutes left to play the Marines took the ball on their 35-yard line, a pass from Donnelly to Neil netted 17 yards, Poppleman slid through right tackle for 25 yards, putting ball on "Maryland's" 20-yard line. Three tries at line failed to gain, however, a pass from Donnelly to Parker, Marine wingman, made score Marines 19, "Maryland" 6. McWeeney, Kafka, McHenry, and Stovall were outstanding on the Marine line, while Donnelly, Neil, Ryckman and Poppleman did most of the ground gaining. Chiaromonte, Morgan and Swan played bang-up game for the losers.

West Coast Army Classic

With the score 13 to 6 in favor of the Army, the time left to play 4 minutes, a courageous Marine eleven was slowly being forced nearer the giant shadows of their goal posts by a strong Army at-



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tack, led by that driving, running and passing fool, Gannuzzi, Army quarterback, seemed almost inevitable for the Marines. Gannuzzi attempted a pass over the Marine line to Keegan. Corneilson, Marine center, intercepted the ball, eluded several tacklers, steamed up for a sweeping run to very edge of the field shaking off several more tacklers, and receiving sweet interference from Poppelman, who spilled two Army men, and Stovall, who cleared the way for the husky little Marine center who ran 82 yards to score the touchdown that gave the Marines a chance to tie the West Coast Army of San Francisco, 13 to 13. His run made the score 13 to 12, and it was up to Corporal Trees to put the ball between the uprights for the extra point that meant a tie, and he did.

Receiving the kick-off at the start of game, the Army started a powerful drive, taking the ball on its 29-yard line on a march down the field to score. "Pop" Warner's favorite plays, the reverses, double reverses, and short passes on runs around end, figured in the advance. Sullivan finally went off through center of the line and place-kicked the extra point. The Marines came right back with a drive to the Jarhead 22-yard mark, but there lost the ball on downs. A break, when the Army punt struck a Jarhead, gave the Marines the ball again on the 31-yard line. But the Army defense stiffened and as a last try on fourth down, Donnelly's long pass to Stovall in the corner of the field, was good when Sullivan tackled Marine wingman as he was about to take the oval, putting the ball on Army's 9-yard line, at end of the quarter. Again unable to gain, Donnelly passed on fourth down, this time to Parker, who caught the ball for a touchdown. The try for point failed when a low pass from center could not be handled fast enough.

At start of second half, with the score Army 7, Marines 6, the Army took the ball on a punt after the kick-off and on first play Gannuzzi, on the 35-yard line, shot a pass to Keegan, Army end, who eluded entire Marines' secondary defense and romped 50 yards for touchdown. Sullivan failed to convert extra point. The remainder of the period saw neither team able to gain consistently, the ball changing hands several times on intercepted passes and punts. The Marines gained in the punting game with "Red" Callahan getting off 60 to 65 yard kicks.

As the game went the Marines gained a tie, but had it not been for the center, Corneilson, would have been on the short end. The Army eleven was a little the better all the way through, showing a little more polished offense, and a powerful defense. The chief difference lay in the backs, with the Jarheads holding the edge there. The lines were about equal.

The dash Corneilson made after intercepting one of Nodgie Gannuzzi's forward passes on the Marine 18-yard line, was the outstanding highlight of as good a service game as has been played in San Diego. That run electrified the crowd and then, as the crowd waited breath-

lessly, Trees place-kicked for the point that made a tie.

Score by quarters:

Longshoreman	0	0	0	0	0
Marines	0	6	0	9	15
U. S. S. "Maryland"	0	0	6	0	6
Marines	7	0	6	6	19
West Coast Army	7	0	6	0	13
Marines	0	6	0	7	13

Won Lost Tie

Marines	3	2	1
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The really big game of the year, which probably will attract close to record crowd, is to be played in the Stadium, San Diego, November 16th, between the Marines and one of the outstanding teams on the Pacific Coast, Santa Clara University. Advance indications are that the game will go over big in San Diego.

The most important tilt will be played November 30th against strong Subma-



Rear Admiral L. A. Bostwick, commandant of the Fourth Naval District, presents the baseball trophy to Morrison, captain and third baseman of the Philadelphia Navy Yard Marines, champions of the 1930 league.

rine Division aggregation and will be, in every sense of the word, a "grudge fight." The outcome of Army-Submarine game and Submarine and Marines' tilt may decide the West Coast Service championship or leave two of the teams tied.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Corporal Jimmy Brandt of the 41st Company (Artillery) knocked out Corporal Sealey of the 40th Company, Sumay Barracks. The artilleryman pounded too hard and fast for the infantryman. Sealey fought a good fight for a couple of rounds but the wonderful ring ability and clever boxing of Brandt began to show and continued to the finish when he drove a stiff right to the infantryman's solar plexus. Six rounds. Welterweights.

Defeating the Naval Air Station team in both matches, Marine Corps Base tennis players recently won the doubles

championship of the Naval Operating Base League, San Diego, Calif. The Devil Dogs collected a total of 14 points in competition with the Naval Air Station, Naval Hospital and Destroyer Base.

Naval Air, with 12 points, finished second, with the Destroyer Base and Hospital following.

With the victory, the Marine team won the first leg on the perpetual trophy offered by the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. through Fred Engelhardt, physical director. The trophy must be won three times by any one team to become its permanent possession.

Each player on the winning team receives a tennis racquet, press and cover donated by Commander R. B. Coffman, district athletic officer.

Beeson, Dean, Brownell and Shaft scored the deciding victories for the Marines. The first named doubles team won from Simard and Warburton, Naval Air, 6-1, 6-3, 6-4. In the other match Brownell and Shaft defeated Skyrn and Farrell, Naval Air, 6-3, 7-5.

* * * *

D. P. Orcutt, Marine Corps Base swimmer, paddled 177½ laps to win the service marathon swim which was concluded at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in San Diego recently.

R. E. Corneilson, another Devil Dog swimmer, reeled off 158 laps for second place and W. R. Sonnenburg made a clean sweep for the Marines by capturing third with 157 laps.

* * * *

Marine "Kid" Buckner of the 40th Company, Sumay Barracks, Guam, won a very close decision from Corporal Mickey Walker of the Marine Aviation, Sumay, after four hard rounds of boxing. Weight 124 pounds.

Private Cricklow, 40th Company, won by a technical knockout over Private Williams, Headquarters, in the second round of a four-round bout. Weight 147 pounds.

Freddie Chaves of Marine Corps Aviation won via the K. O. route in the first round of a six-round bout from Marine Maringer of the 40th Company. Weight 168 pounds.

Corporal (Big Jim) Pearson of Marine Aviation lost the decision at the end of a six-round bout to "Knockout" Tuba, native battler and the pride of Agaña, the capital of Guam. Weight 175 pounds.

* * * *

Ex-Marine Joe Edwards, former member of the Fourth Regiment Band, Shanghai, China, has been honorably discharged by E. of E. and is now following the fight game in Florida. Joe will long be remembered by his buddies and all the foreign nation services in China for his great ring bouts a few years ago in the rings of Shanghai.

* * * *

Manchester, N. H.—Marine Russell, former State heavyweight boxing champion, is in training here for a comeback this summer.

* * * *

Oakland Boxing Auditorium, Oakland, Calif.—Jimmy Lombardi of San Rafael, Calif., won from August Vergas of San Francisco, four rounds. Lombardi, an ex-Marine, won two titles in 1928 in the Army and Navy featherweight championships of the Orient and Far East.

ALL-MARINE TEAMS ABANDONED

Commanders of Posts Balk at Expense of Maintenance

The All-Marine teams in football and baseball are to be abolished and the players will be apportioned to the ranks of Quantico, Parris Island, and San Diego, according to an order issued by Major General Ben H. Fuller, Commandant of the Marine Corps, who several weeks ago had gleaned objections to continuing the present policy in a meeting of post commanders.

The order will take effect on the football team at the end of this current season and on the baseball team next July. At this time the services of John Thomas Keady, head coach of both teams, also will be dispensed with. His contract expires July 1, 1931.

Objections to maintaining the teams with funds donated from the various post exchanges—the only way possible that the teams could be maintained since there is no general athletic fund provided by the Government—influenced General Fuller in his decision, it is believed.

Funds Donated by 43 Posts

The maintenance fund since 1924 has been donated from the exchanges of 43 Marine posts throughout the world. From 1921 to 1924 the Marine Corps teams were sponsored largely by Major General Smedley D. Butler, commandant at Quantico.

According to Major David L. Brewster, Marine Corps athletic officer, the scrapping of the All-Marine football team does not necessarily mean that there will be no more President's Cup games after that scheduled for December 6 of this year.

A plan has been proposed, Major Brewster says, whereby the Marine Corps, through an elimination series among Quantico, Parris Island, and San Diego, will determine a representative to meet the Coast Guard for the cup and the service football championship of which the trophy is emblematic.

It will be remembered that the President's Cup, donated in the interest of service athletics by President Coolidge, has been held by the Marine Corps every year, except two, since the inception of the championship games. The Army won the cup one year, and the Navy captured it in 1928. Last year the Marines defeated the Coast Guard for the cup.

HEADQUARTERS, 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis

September 1: Private First Class Herbert Perstein, of the Service Company, renowned lightweight boxer of the Fourth Marines, was elected president of the Privates' Club.

Private Joseph J. Taschler, 24th Company, Third Battalion, was commended by the commanding officer of the Fourth Marines, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C., for the assistance he rendered the police of the French Concession in giving first aid to the victims of an automobile accident; also for the first-hand information he gave to the police, which resulted in the apprehension of persons responsible for the accident. The Director of the French Police forwarded a letter of appreciation, thanks, and commendation.

Lieutenant Colonel F. A. Barker, U. S. M. C., Executive Officer of the Fourth Marines, left for Peiping and Northern Ports, on leave.

September 7: The Fourth Marines Church celebrated its third birthday. Chaplain R. W. Truitt delivered an interesting sermon, his subject being "Quitters." The Fourth Marines Band under the able leadership of First Sergeant R. G. Jones, bandmaster, gave a delightful concert after the services. The church is enjoying a wonderful patronage, not only of the personnel of the regiment, but of the many civilian friends of the regiment in Shanghai. Services continue to be held in the beautiful Italian Gardens of the Majestic Hotel.

September 10: Corporal H. E. Rasmussen and Private First Class Perkins, both of the Third Battalion, won the tennis doubles championship of the Fourth Marines when they defeated Corporal Barney Cogsdell and "Red" Lee (regimental singles champion), in sets of 7-5, 6-4, 4-6 and 7-5.

September 12: The Fourth Marines baseball team held a "Baseball Field Day," at the Race Course, competition restricted to members of the regimental baseball team. The results of the various events follow:

Circling the bases.—1st, Cogsdell (14 3-5 secs.); 2nd, Slusser (15 secs.); 3rd, Saunders (15 1-5 secs.).

Running to first base.—1st, Cogsdell (3 2-5 secs.); 2nd, Saunders (3 3-5 secs.); 3rd, Slusser (3 4-5 secs.).

Throwing the baseball.—1st, Chapin (318 feet 6 ins.); 2nd, Lund (306 feet); 3rd, Moore (304 feet).

Batting the baseball, "Fungo."—1st, Lund (341 feet); 2nd, Chapin (327 feet); 3rd, Fogleman (312 feet).

September 14: Corporal Jaroszewski, of the 28th Co., 1st Battalion, won the fancy diving championship of Shanghai. This is the second successive year the championship has been won by a member of the Fourth Marines. Jaroszewski, by his efforts, brought back to the regimental trophy case the handsome silver cup, winning as well a beautiful individual silver cup.

September 15: Football teams from the First and Third Battalions got under way at Pioneer Field in the initial work-out of the season. Much promising material answered the first call of the season.

Shanghai will have plenty of football this year, a football league having been formed with teams from the Foreign Y. M. C. A., the American School and the two teams from the regiment. First game will be played October 18, the season winding up on or about Thanksgiving Day. Rugby football will start on December 1, when the material for the 1930-1931 rugby football team of the Fourth Marines will report to Lieutenant Baylis, coach, at Pioneer Field.

September 16: Basketball teams from the units of the First and Third Battalions reported for the first work-out of the season on the courts at the Navy Y. M. C. A., and at Pioneer Field. After the Intra-Regimental Basketball League season will come the formation of the regimental basketball team for competition with outside teams.

Wetherbee and Rasmussen, from last year's team, along with Sergeant Hazen P. Bishop, late of Parris Island, will be

on hand to report to Lieutenant M. L. Shively, team coach. It is believed that good material is available, in addition to the above three.

The Fourth Marines turned out in a review and inspection at the Race Course on September 24, passing in review before the commanding officer of the regiment, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C.

At this formation, Captain Julian P. Brown, U. S. M. C., regimental adjutant, was presented with the Navy Cross, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, and in the name of the President of the United States, for distinguished service in Nicaragua, May, 1927.

September 26: The Fourth Marines baseball team, under the command of Captain L. Passmore, A. P. M., U. S. M. C., with 1st Lieutenant Charles D. Baylis, team coach, left Shanghai on board the S. S. "Shanghai Maru" of the N. Y. K. Line, for an extended goodwill baseball tour of Japan.

The following players made the trip: Kimball, Welch and Parsons, pitchers; Maddes and Lund, catchers; Captain Passmore, first base; Fogleman, second base; Lindstrom, shortstop; Cogsdell, third base; Haney, Chapin, Moore and Lieutenant Saunders, outfielders.

Sergeant R. J. Hale, editor of the "Walla Walla," accompanied the team as assistant business manager.

The team will play a game in Koshien, Japan, on October 1, and their schedule calls for games in Kyoto, Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki, returning to Shanghai on or about October 18.

It is believed that this is the first time that an "All-Marine" baseball team has ever invaded a foreign country on a goodwill baseball trip.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

(Continued from page 24)

FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By Pvt. Wm. McK. Fleming

Versatile ever in actions galore—

That's Leatherneck training 'n' so

The tropics were moved to the armory floor

Where we quickly disposed of our foe!

Navy Day was ceremoniously observed with a review of the 2nd Naval Battalion by Borough President H. Hesterberg of Brooklyn. The 304th Company presented a realistic sham battle depicting guerilla warfare in Nicaragua.

Palm trees and native huts were employed to lend tropical atmosphere and Lieutenant Barrett's brigade of blood-thirsty goo-gos gave the scene a chilly aspect so that the only thing missing was a squadron of fever-soaked insects.

The lights were put out after a Marine sentry was shot and the entire company came out as skirmisher, deployed and returned fire on the startled goo-gos. A huge searchlight was played upon the battle and advances were made by the Leathernecks steadily. The trouble makers sought refuge in their huts and behind their trees but it availed them naught, for Lieutenant Kessenich signaled his men to press onward unrelentingly. Then the firing slackened a bit

while the boys fixed bayonets but in that short meantime the sergeants opened fire with continued red sputters from machine guns. The goo-goos soon became befuddled and ran into a blood-curdling bayonet rush that was accompanied with yells so blatant that even Shaughnessy couldn't be heard.

So as to convince the spectators, however, that everything was under control, the commander, Lieutenant Kessenich had the victorious ones sing the Marine Hymn. The audience responded with such vociferous bursts of applauding approval that folks out in Harrisburg, Pa., wanted to know what all the darn noise was about. It was emphatically a success and thanks are respectfully offered to Lieutenant H. Houck (who kept a hut from Wall Streeting), and Lieutenant J. Barrett (whose goo-goos would have made Sandinos lads look like floorwalkers).

Colonel Green, U. S. M. C., conferred honorary discharges to Sergeants Dean, Stenhouse, Private First Class Schwedelson and Private Walsh, all good Marines. The honored detail was so natty and snappy the applause was deafening. "Salty" Dean was in charge and conducted his detail with militaristic excellence. We can readily understand this as it was probably his last command—"Salty" is soon to be "anchored"—(married, you land lubbers).

Commander Lackey of the Naval Reserve awarded medals for that shooting at Peekskill last June and, as usual, 304 was well represented.

Terpsichorean activities were executed to the tantalizing (!!) rhythm of Shannon's Military Symphonic Band of a Million Melodies.

Among the things Santa could drop in the 304th's stocking are the following: One dozen ex-regular recruits . . . An outdoor shooting range . . . and many other things too wacky to mention . . . Merry Christmas, mates!

RESERVE OFFICER MOVES TO NEW BILLET

Second Lieutenant Albert F. Sisson, F. M. C. R., formerly employed at Headquarters, Marine Corps, under the Civil Service, has been appointed an assistant attorney with the Veterans' Bureau at Charleston, W. Va. Mr. Sisson has been on duty at Headquarters since 1923 and served four years in the Marine Corps. For the past three years he has been the civilian clerk in charge of quartermaster field personnel. He is a graduate of the Southeastern University (law) and the National University, Washington, D. C., and while in the Marine Corps completed three courses with the Marine Corps Institute.

307TH COMPANY, U. S. M. C. R.

By 2nd Lieut. Owen E. Jensen,
U. S. M. C. R.

First Lieutenant James M. Burns, Jr., U. S. M. C. R., commanding officer of the 307th Company, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, has returned to his duties and is on deck at the armory in Exposition Park each Monday night.

Upon Lieutenant Burns' return from Provo, Utah, where he was confined in a local hospital following a severe operation for peritonitis, he discovered that the "powers that be" had lopped off the

mainstay of the company in the form of discontinuing payment of drill pay to the members of the company. However, the spirit of the old Corps is far from dead for a goodly number of reserve Leathernecks still show up on Monday night.

The State of California is contemplating the formation of a naval militia and Major General Logan A. Feland is strongly urging this move upon Adjutant-General Mittelstadt of California. It is the purpose of the proposed militia to have it include four battalions of Marines, two in the San Francisco area and two in the Los Angeles area.

Major A. B. Miller, U. S. M. C., recruiting officer of the Los Angeles district, U. S. Marine Corps, was the speaker of the day at a Navy Day program arranged for the Pasadena Lions Club by 2nd Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, U. S. M. C. R., on Friday, October 25, 1930.

Major Miller stressed the importance of the Navy in peace times and gave some interesting highlights of the beginnings of American naval participation in the affairs of China when the revolution broke out in that country in 1911. Major Miller at that time was in command of the Marine detachment on the river gunboat "Helena."

A detail of Marines acted as color guard in a formal color presentation ceremony at the meeting and luncheon at the Constance Hotel. Lieutenant Jack Kendall, U. S. Army Reserve, a member of the Pasadena Lions Club, was chairman of the day.

Dixie Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, met in the spacious and beautiful home of Mrs. Robert Wente, Pasadena, on Wednesday afternoon, October 15, to hear Lieutenant Owen E. Jensen, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, tell about civil war battles which were fought in Virginia, notably those of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and the Wilderness. Over a hundred members of the chapter attended.

WORCESTER RESERVE COMPANY GETS EFFICIENCY CUP

Reading, September 12.—A review was staged today at Camp Curtis in honor of Colonel David D. Porter, commandant of the Eastern Reserve Area of the United States Marine Corps, by the battalion of Marine Reserves which has been in encampment here for the past two weeks. The colonel was accompanied by the adjutant of the day, Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, of the 304th Co., U. S. M. C. R., New York City.

The battalion is commanded by Major Louis F. Timmerman of New York City. The adjutant is Lieutenant Philip G. Strong. Shortly after 3 o'clock the men formed in line and commenced the march before the guest of the day.

In line were the 301st Co. of Boston, Captain Harry C. Graffam, Jr., in command; 302nd Co. of Rochester, N. Y., Captain Edward F. Doyle; 308th Co. of Worcester, First Lieutenant Ivan E. Bigler, and the 312th of Portland, Me., Captain Charles E. Fogg. The Worcester company was awarded the general efficiency cup. This cup is given annually for the company in the best general shape, with the best attendance strength, best rifle work and the highest average in combat problems. Under Lieutenant

Bigler, in command of the company, are Second Lieutenants John Kabowich and W. Karl Latons.

Previous to the command of Major Timmerman, Battalion Quartermaster, Major Sydney D. Sugar, commander of the 7th Reserve Regiment of New York City, was in charge of the encampment. Major Sugar was cited for valor during the Boxer uprising and was with Admiral George Dewey at Manila Bay.

He was presented a meerschaum pipe by the junior officers. The presentation was made by Lieutenant Milton V. O'Connell of New York City.

—Boston Globe.

MAJOR SUGAR TAKES COMMAND OF SEVENTH REGIMENT

Major Sydney D. Sugar, U. S. M. C. R., New York Detachment, has been given command of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y., relieving Major S. P. Budd, U. S. M. C., who is now inspector-instructor of the fleet companies.

Major Sugar's service record substantiates his pride in being a member of the "old Marine Corps." His reserve activities constitute not merely a hobby but a deeply imbedded love for anything Marine. He is an active member of many military associations that are affiliated with the Corps. Among these are the Marine Corps League, Gen. George F. Elliot Camp 84, United Spanish War Veterans, the Sojourners and various fraternal organizations. For years it has been his custom to appear at the station when the N. Y. fleet companies embark for their respective camps.

In addition to his service during the trouble along the Mexican border, the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion, he was awarded the medal of Valor at Wakefield, Mass., after a review by Col. Porter, U. S. M. C.

At the time of the Boxer War, the major was a sergeant attached to the then Captain Butler's Company and was detailed as personal orderly to the late Major General Littleton Waller. On May 12, 1930, he was a guest of President Hoover at a reception tendered to the surviving Marine officers of the Boxer uprising. The President was an engineer at Tientsin at the time that city was relieved by these same officers.

The major's present command, the Seventh Regiment, comprises more than 42 officers and over 1336 enlisted men.

MARINE CORPS RESERVE ASSOCIATION OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

By 2nd Lieut. Owen E. Jensen,
U. S. M. C. R.

Los Angeles, California, October 25, 1930.—Major General Logan Feland, Commanding General of the Department of the Pacific and the Western Reserve Area, spoke to a group of Marine Corps Reserve officers on Wednesday, October 15, in the office of the Los Angeles recruiting district, Severance Building, Los Angeles. Major A. B. Miller, U. S. M. C., recruiting officer of the district, was host to the visiting officers who included Capt. Guy Lewis, U. S. M. C. R.; Capt. John J. Flynn, U. S. M. C. R.; Capt. Frederick W. Hopkins, U. S. M. C. R.; 1st Lieut. Harold A. Strong, U. S. M. C. R.; 1st Lieut. James M. Burns, Jr., U. S. M. C. R.; 1st Lieut. Allen I.

Schmullian, U. S. M. C. R.; 2nd Lieut. Peter Altpeter, U. S. M. C. R.; 2nd Lieut. Horace W. Card, U. S. M. C. R.; Marine Gunner James F. Whitney, U. S. M. C. R., and 2nd Lieut. Owen E. Jensen, U. S. M. C. R.

General Feland came to Los Angeles from San Francisco especially for the purpose of securing the first-hand opinion and suggestions of the reserve officers in the district as to their probable attitude toward active participation in the contemplated California State Naval Militia which General Feland has suggested to General Mittelstadt, adjutant-general of California. The general opinion of the assembled reserve officers was highly favorable to the idea and all expressed a willingness to assist in the organization of the Marine Corps unit to consist of two battalions in this district.

On September 11 and October 6 meetings of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association of Los Angeles were held, the first at the University Club and the latter at the Marine recruiting office.

The meeting of September 11 was presided over by Major J. P. Wilcox, U. S. M. C., who was at that time commanding officer of the Western Reserve Area, since relieved by General Feland who has himself assumed command of the area.

Active participation in Marine Corps reserve affairs on the part of all reserve officers is the immediate object of the association, to the end that all may become thoroughly familiar with the aims and objects of the reserve itself.

The constitution and by-laws of the association were adopted at the meeting held on October 6 and future meetings promise to be highly interesting and productive of results.

Officers of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association of Los Angeles who were elected include Colonel A. T. Marix, U. S. M. C., retired, as president, and Captain John J. Flynn, U. S. M. C. R., vice-president.

Other officers are 2nd Lieut. Lewis M. Andrews, U. S. M. C. R., secretary; 2nd Lieut. Owen E. Jensen, U. S. M. C. R., corresponding secretary (Box 657, Pasadena, Calif.); 2nd Lieut. Horace W. Card, U. S. M. C. R., treasurer, and Capt. W. Foote, U. S. M. C. R., 1st Lieut. James M. Burns, Jr., U. S. M. C. R., and 1st Lieut. Harold A. Strong, U. S. M. C. R., members of the executive committee.

Colonel Marix entered the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant in 1898 and served during the Spanish-American War. He has had a varied career, is a graduate of the Army Service School and Naval War College. During the World War he was naval attaché for Norway, Sweden and Denmark and later served as minister of foreign affairs for the Republic of Santo Domingo. Colonel Marix is also president of the Retired Officers' Association of the United States.

19TH MARINES INSPECTED

By Capt. Paul A. Sheely, U. S. M. C. R.

Government property belonging to the 417th, 419th, 420th and Headquarters Company was inspected October 15th and the following remarks noted.

That the 420th Company, located at Elizabeth, N. J., stores their equipment and clothing at 427 Broad Street, that city, in the office of Tool and Johnson and

that rooms are secure and only reliable agents are employed in these offices. Rifles are stored at the 114th Regiment N. J. National Guard Armory in the regular rifle cases, main drill floor, under lock and key, which is constantly guarded by the custodian of that building who is a reliable agent and trustworthy and who is entrusted with keys to unlock rifle cases for members of the company for cleaning and drill purposes and only with the express approval of the commanding officer. The accountable officer makes frequent inspections as a precaution to prevent loss or damage. All rifles found intact, cleaned and all parts well oiled, including bayonets.

That the 417th Company, located at Linden, N. J., stores their equipment and rifles at No. 1 School, Wood Ave., that city, and that the storerooms are secure and under lock and key and guarded by the janitor who is a reliable agent and trustworthy. Permission has been granted to build racks against the wall for the rifles and other alterations for the safe storage of equipment. At the time of inspection rifles were being cleaned and oiled and packed in boxes to such time as racks will be available. All property intact and well kept.

That the 419th Company and Headquarters Company combined, located at Battalion Headquarters, 171 No. 17th St., East Orange, N. J., stores their equipment and rifles on the third floor in the office of the 419th Company and Headquarters, which is the home of Captain Sheely, and that racks are being installed for rifles and equipment and suitable alterations made for the functioning of the battalion. The store room and office are secure and under lock and key, rifles cleaned and well oiled, all equipment neatly packed and intact.

The 418th Company, located at Irvington, N. J., stores rifles and equipment at one of the school houses in that city. Inspection of this company will be made at a later date as access to the building can be made only on certain dates.

Battalion Headquarters is well equipped and maintained by me, facilities for storage are unlimited, meetings of the officers of the various companies are held here; dinners, card parties, school, instructions in the manual of arms and various other gatherings are held from time to time. The battalion quartermaster has his office here and the battalion sergeant major has his desk. Six large lights illuminate the room at night, six windows in the day. The room is about 30 feet wide and 45 feet long. There is a carpet in the center 24 feet long and six feet wide, a day bed, chairs and a large davenport are provided for the comfort of visitors and members of the command, as well as a radio and victrola for entertainment. There are also an office desk, two typewriters and an extension telephone, as well as a set of "Books of Knowledge" for the use of the men in the command. Various Marine pictures decorate the walls. Bus and train service one block away.

The 419th Company has a pistol team and practices at the Orange Armory. Their bowling team will meet the 417th Company shortly, a polo team is being organized at present and will practice at the 112th Field Artillery Armory, East Orange, N. J., just around the corner from here; horses and equipment will

be furnished by that armory. The company will have a dance the 20th of December at the Elks' Club, Irvington, N. J. A thousand tickets have been printed and the program made up. The company has a football team composed of men residing in the Oranges and has won every game to date and received considerable publicity. Next year every member of the company will have a chance to get on the team. A sham battle is being planned for the near future and will take place in the hills near the city of Cedar Grove, N. J., providing ammunition can be secured from the quartermaster.

Applications for enrollment in the Marine Corps Institute are coming in almost every day. The company has an orchestra and will play at the dance. Nearly every man in the company has subscribed for "The Leatherneck" and a number of the men have joined the East Orange Rifle Club, which is a member of the N. R. A.

The 417th Company has a basketball team and a bowling team and is organizing a pistol team to compete with the 419th Company. Drill is held every week at the No. 1 School House at Linden. After drill various sports are held. Next year this company expects to have a football team.

The 418th Company will run a smoker sometime in January.

CORPORAL ELWIN G. BONNER, F. M. C. R., ATTENTION!

Mr. C. O. Strom, Adjutant of American Legion Post No. 161, has requested "The Leatherneck" to insert a notice for the above named man to communicate with his mother.

Corporal Bonner is 26 years old and about 6 feet tall; enlisted in the Marine Corps at St. Louis, Mo., December 29, 1925, and his home address is LeRoy, Minn. Any information regarding this man will be appreciated if sent to Mr. C. O. Strom of the American Legion Post No. 161, LeRoy, Minn.

FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY- SECOND STREET

By Pvt. Wm. McK. Fleming,
304th Co., F. M. C. R.

Mickey Finn has been 'most ev'ry place,
But we'll bet he hasn't seen—
A Leatherneck with the voice 'n' grace—
Of a Hollywood "Marine!"

Sergeant Wood, one of those men who proudly recall incidents "Back in the Old Marine Corps," was prevailed upon to see the motion picture called "Leathernecking." This is the type of show that would change an old axiom like "Never judge a book by its cover" to "Never see a picture because of its name." Report has it that "Papa" Wood sat through parts of it quite affably, which is in keeping with his nature. But there's one thing that Bill is rather tough on and that's his lumberjack method of giving physical drill, which leads us up to the climax. In this film, the "Gyrenes" come out for a drill under arms and smilingly keep time with a "Marine" band playing jazz. At sight of this, Bill started to squirm in his seat and then, without any warning whatsoever, the movie Leathernecks broke out in a tap dance with kicks and shuffles. At this point the old timer just passed out of the picture,

And now to get to things official, the 304th Company has been holding rifle practices on Thursday nights for candidates eager to make the team. Everyone has been and still is, given a chance so that when the boys compete in matches, we'll have the very best representation, which superlative is consistent with the status of the outfit—(at this writing there's a vacancy for trumpeter). Comprene Ud? *

Sergeant Stenhouse's idea of a bisected company has met with approval. Briefly (yes, we can be brief), the company drills in two sections, each section in charge of a sergeant. This furthers healthy competition among the men in the quest for military excellence. *

Major S. P. Budd, U. S. M. C., paid us his first visit as Inspector-Instructor on September 2nd. He was favorably impressed after inspecting the men and promised to exert every effort on his part to bring the Brooklyn Reservists up to full strength. And within two shakes of a boot's knees at an A. and I., our C. O. was duly made a recruiting officer. *

Our speed demon company clerk possesses a brand new Nash. This he keeps in a high state of "bright work" with a Marine emblem at the bow. While on vacation, he drove through the navy yard, and on his way out observed a C. P. O. with the Marine sergeant. He slowed down and both salutes came up to snappy salutes. Joe simply lit a Murad, nodded his head and drove on, quite satisfied with the "imprint" he had made. *

We've just learned that Private Lorenzen ran under the canopy showered with old shoes and Chinese food. We, therefore, take this opportunity to wish him—or rather them—our sincere wishes for a future of wedded bliss. *

Under the parental eye of Sergeant Wood, the technicality of Sergeant Stenhouse and the methodical regulations of Sergeant Dean, the men became familiar with the .45-calibre automatic pistol. Breaking it down and assembling it were the important phases of the short study. *

The 304th Company has emphatically declared itself to carry on in spite of the recent cessation of compensation. The men will continue to assemble every Monday night as in the past and in the meantime strive to recruit the company to sixty members. If this isn't an exemplification of "Espiritus-de-Corps" then "Tropics" Underhill is a flyweight. *

Among the things you might deem interesting are the following: According to civilians, when a Marine is befuddled as to the name of an object, he'll invariably call it a "gadget." First Sergeant Maus can authentically explain the origin of the famous expression, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" . . . Most folks think the word "Leatherneck" was first used because a Gyrene was tough. (Enlighten 'em, lads, enlighten 'em.) . . . According to Mr. Winchell, khaki shirts are made from old brown wrapping paper. . . . The various anti-societies have exacted a promise from Fox Films to never produce another "Cock-eyed World." . . . The cover of the "Reservist" is a replica of your

Reserve button. . . . And if you shine up your blue button you'll be stopped by regulars who'll want to know "When 'ja' finished your hitch?" . . . Some of the boots thought Mickey Finn was a prisoner on range duty because he always appeared in dungarees and campaign hat sans the emblem. . . . And inasmuch as we began this article with Finn and ended it the same way, we shall now be consistent and say "Finis."

THE GAZETTE

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Raymond B. Sullivan.
Lt. Col. Maurice E. Shearer.
Maj. Harold S. Fassett.
Capt. Moses J. Gould.
1st Lt. Robert E. Hosaboom.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Raymond B. Sullivan.
Lt. Col. Maurice E. Shearer.
Maj. Harold S. Fassett.
Capt. Geo. R. Rowan.
1st Lt. John D. Blanchard.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

OCTOBER 9, 1930.

Lt. Col. Clayton B. Vogel, on October 22nd detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Va., to Garde d'Haiti via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads on or about November 5th.

Captain Howard M. Peter, AQM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the SS "Cristobal," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about October 15th.

2nd Lt. Frank C. Croft, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEP, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Wallace O. Thompson, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

2nd Lt. Thomas C. Perrin, assigned to duty at MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Weir, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, WCEP, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Chf. Pay Clk. Charles W. Eaton, detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Chf. Pay Clk. George H. Mulligan, detached Garde d'Haiti to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Port au Prince, Haiti, on or about October 16th.

OCTOBER 10, 1930.

Major Norman C. Bates, detached Staff of Commander, Battleship Division 2, Scouting Fleet, USS "Wyoming," to Department of the Pacific.

Major Nedom A. Eastman, detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., and ordered to his home. Retired as of February 1, 1931.

Major Julian P. Wilcox, detached Headquarters Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif., to Department of the Pacific.

Captain Joseph M. Swinnerton, assigned additional duty as Officer in Charge, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain William K. Snyder, orders to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. Charles H. Hassenmiller, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and ordered to his home. Retired as of February 1, 1931.

Chf. Pay Clk. Oscar E. Gutmann, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Garde d'Haiti via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 5th.

OCTOBER 11, 1930.

No changes were announced.

OCTOBER 13, 1930.

1st Lt. Henry T. Nicholas, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. Joseph C. Bursner, on or about October 31st detached MD, USS "Utah," to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia.

2nd Lt. Gordon Cone, died on October 10th.

2nd Lt. Benjamin P. Kaiser, Jr., assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

OCTOBER 14, 1930.

Captain Francis Plak, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, California.

Captain Edward B. Moore, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash.

Captain John M. Arthur, assigned to duty with the 4th Regt.

1st Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine, assigned to duty with the 4th Regt.

1st Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, assigned to duty with the 4th Regt.

1st Lt. Joseph L. Moody, Jr., detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Harvey B. Alban, died on October 11th.

1st Lt. Leo Healey, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

2nd Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Edward F. Connor, appointed a Chief Quartermaster Clerk on October 8, 1930.

OCTOBER 15, 1930.

Major Fred S. N. Erskine, detached MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Sapele," scheduled to sail from Puget Sound on November 28, 1930.

Major James L. Underhill, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 20th.

1st Lt. William W. Davidson, on October 15th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via the USS "Vespa," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 3rd.

1st Lt. Homer L. Litzberg, Jr., on reporting of his relief detached MD, USS "Arizona," to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Virginia.

2nd Lt. Ion M. Bethel, detached MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, USS "Nevada," to report on board on November 28, 1930.

2nd Lt. Joseph C. Bursner, orders to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MD, USS "Arizona."

2nd Lt. William E. Griffith, on reporting of relief detached MD, USS "Nevada," to Department of the Pacific.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Walter E. Yaecker, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, California.

OCTOBER 16, 1930.

No changes were announced.

OCTOBER 17, 1930.

Captain Ernest L. Russell, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions, Jr., detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to M. B. NS, Guam, via the USS "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 20th.

1st Lt. Paul B. Watson, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, California.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Martin Micken, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

OCTOBER 18, 1930.

2nd Lt. John H. Griebel, on or about October 28th, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Criglersville, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 29th.

2nd Lt. Wilfred J. Huffman, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, detached NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than November 7th.

OCTOBER 20, 1930.

Captain Walter S. Gaspar, detached Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

1st Lt. Walter I. Jordan, on reporting of relief detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

1st Lt. Ralph D. Leach, detached Recruiting District of Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska, to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, on October 24th detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

OCTOBER 21, 1930.

No changes announced.

OCTOBER 22, 1930.

No changes announced.

OCTOBER 23, 1930.

No changes were announced.

OCTOBER 24, 1930.

Colonel Walter E. Noa, AQM, orders to Department of the Pacific modified to Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Col. Percy F. Archer, AQM, on reporting of relief detached Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Hayne D. Boyden, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington.

2nd Lt. Leslie F. Narum, detached MB, Puget Sound, NYD, Bremerton, Washington, to MD, NAS, Seattle, Washington.

2nd Lt. Chester B. Graham, orders from MB, Quantico, Virginia, to MD, Camp Rapidan, Crislersville, Virginia, revoked.

OCTOBER 25, 1930.

Captain George Bower, orders to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., modified to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain John Halla, detached Garde d'Haiti, Port au Prince, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

1st Lt. Gale T. Cummings, on or about November 1st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Washington.

1st Lt. William W. Orr, on reporting of his relief detached MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

OCTOBER 27, 1930.

No changes were announced.

OCTOBER 28, 1930.

No changes were announced.

OCTOBER 29, 1930.

Major Pedro A. delValle, detached 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps Schools.

2nd Lt. Andrew J. Mathiesen, detached MD, USS "Wyoming," to MD, USS "Pennsylvania."

2nd Lt. Frank J. Uhlig, detached MD, USS "Florida," to MD, USS "Wyoming."

Captain Louis W. Whaley, detached MD, USS "Wyoming," to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

OCTOBER 30, 1930.

No changes were announced.

OCTOBER 31, 1930.

No changes were announced.

NOVEMBER 1, 1930.

Captain Frank R. Armstead, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Captain Herbert Hardy, on November 1st detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about December 4th.

1st Lt. William J. Whaling, on November 1st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Garde d'Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 5th.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

1st Lt. Charles G. Meints, 1st Lt. Edward J. Trumble, 1st Lt. Francis H. Brink.

NOVEMBER 3, 1930.

Lt.-Col. Robert B. Farquharson, detached from duty as Naval Attache, American Legation, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Major Peter C. Geyer, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Naval Attache, American Legation, Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

Captain Jacob Lienhard, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Vesa," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about November 3rd.

Captain William N. Best, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Floyd A. Stephenson, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. LePace Cronmiller, Jr., detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NOB, New Orleans, La., via first available Government conveyance.

NOVEMBER 4, 1930.

No changes were announced.

NOVEMBER 5, 1930.

Major Alley D. Rorex, detached Staff of Commander, Scouting Fleet, USS "Arkansas," to duty as Squadron Marine Officer and Aide on Staff of the Squadron Commander, Training Squadron, USS "Wyoming."

Major Julian P. Willcox, assigned to duty at Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain George Bower, detail as an Assistant Paymaster revoked as of October 11th.

Captain Prentice S. Geer, on or about November 15th, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Vernon E. Meece, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to report not later than November 15th.

1st Lt. Beverly S. Roberts, on reporting of relief detached MD, USS "Asheville," to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS "Denver."

1st Lt. Howard N. Kenyon, on reporting of relief detached MD, USS "Denver," to MD, USS "Asheville."

Chf. Qm. Clerk, Harry Couvrette, on November 10th detached Garde d'Haiti to Depot of Supplies, NOB, Hampton Roads, Virginia.

The following named officers detached Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, and ordered to duty with the First Brigade, Haiti:

Major Philip H. Torrey, Captain Chaplain G. Hicks, 1st Lt. Edwin J. Farrell, 1st Lt. John D. Muncie.

NOVEMBER 6, 1930.

Colonel Charles H. Lyman, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific, via the USS "Henderson," sailing from Shanghai on or about November 25th.

Major Harry W. Witzel, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Charles C. Gill, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. Earle S. Davis, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific, via the USS "Henderson," sailing from Shanghai on or about November 25th.

2nd Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Virginia.

2nd Lt. Francis J. McQuillen, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific, via the USS "Henderson," sailing from Shanghai on or about November 25th.

Pay Clerk James U. Meyer, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., to San Francisco, Calif., on or about December 4th and thence to Guam via transportation to be designated later.

NOVEMBER 7, 1930.

No changes were announced.

NOVEMBER 8, 1930.

Major Clyde H. Metcalf, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MCB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Lucian W. Burnham, detached MD, USS "Utah," to MD, USS "Arizona."

Captain Harry Paul, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective December 1st.

1st Lt. Richard Fagan, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

1st Lt. Cleghorn Foote, dropped from the rolls of the Marine Corps.

1st Lt. Henry T. Nicholas, about December 5th detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOVEMBER 10, 1930.

No changes were announced.

NOVEMBER 11, 1930.

Captain Russell A. Presley, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and ordered to his home. Retired as of March 1, 1931.

Captain William W. Rogers, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Francis M. McAlister, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Lee N. Uts, detached MD, Camp Rapidan, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 12, 1930.

No changes were announced.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Captain John Groff—French.

Captain William Walter Rogers—Business Management.

1st Lt. Grover Cleveland Darnall—Spanish.

1st Lt. William Elmore Maxwell—Spanish.

1st Lt. Max Dix Smith—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

2nd Lt. Nels Herning Nelson—Spanish.

C. Ph. M. Leo Edgar Williams—Poultry Farming.

St. Sgt. John Frederick Cooper—Poultry Farming.

Sgt. Owen Burkett Nettle—C. S. General Clerical.

Sgt. Owen Burkett Nettle—C. S. Clerk Carrier.

Sgt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Stationary Fireman's.

Sgt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Advanced Engine Running.

Sgt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Engine Running.

Sgt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Math. and Mech. for Civil Eng.

Sgt. Thomas Oliver Smith—Elementary Steam Electric.

Sgt. Harry Justin Stephenson—Accountancy and CPA Coaching.

Sgt. Theodore Roosevelt Taylor—Math. and Mech. for Civil Eng.

Sgt. Joseph Herman Trompeter—Poultry Farming.

Sgt. Elvin Edward Winkler—C. S. General Clerical.

Cpl. Leon Kenneth Dudley—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Cpl. Norbert Herbert Flake—Machine Shop.

Cpl. Marcellus Jones Howard—High School Mathematics.

Cpl. William Carden McHenry—Bookkeeping and Business Forms.

Cpl. Karlton Leslie Moore—C. S. Clerk Carrier.

Cpl. Karlton Leslie Moore—C. S. Combination.

Cpl. Karlton Leslie Moore—C. S. General Clerical.

Cpl. Karlton Leslie Moore—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Cpl. Robert Lee Mowery—C. S. General Clerical.

Cpl. Robert Lee Mowery—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Cpl. Basil Louis James Pitzzen—Lumber Dealers.

Cpl. Lynn Arthur Rodolph—Marine Int. Combustion Eng.

Cpl. Nathan Norman Sadoff—C. S. Post Office.

Cpl. Nathan Norman Sadoff—C. S. General Clerical.

Cpl. John Wasick—Poultry Farming.

Cpl. Homer Winstead—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. 1cl. Clyde Henry Albright—Spanish.

Pvt. 1cl. Roy Clifford Brunzell—Traffic Management.

Pvt. 1cl. William Lonnie Cole—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. 1cl. Howard Louis Fullerton—Livestock.

Pvt. 1cl. Elliot Joscelyn Green—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. 1cl. Roy Felton Long—C. S. General Clerical.

Pvt. 1cl. Ira Huffman Painter—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. 1cl. Neil Shook—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. 1cl. Raymond Staton—Good English.

Tpstr. Henry Charles Morsan—Traffic Management.

Private Carl Frederick Brooks—Aviation Engines.

Private Jesse Allen Caston—Aviation Engines.

Private Frank James Clivis—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Harry Victor Hilton—Bookkeeping & Business Forms.

Private John Anthony Huber—Shop Electrician's.

Private Edward George Janky—Pharmacy.

Private Carl August Nielsen—Aviation Engines.

Private Francis Achilles Parent—Aviation Engines.

Private Vernon William Rosemeier—Aeroplane Engines.

Private Phillip LeRoy Rubottom—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Private William Thomas Taylor—C. S. Railway Postal Clerk.

Private Archie Whitaker—Good English.

Private Jerome LeRoy Winkler—Aviation Engines.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

GUNNARSON, Eric, at Philadelphia, 11-6-30, for Dofs, Philadelphia.

GARY, Earl, at Chicago, 11-5-30, for MB, Washington, D. C.

RYLAND, Arthur R., at Oakland, 11-1-30, for MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

PRYOR, Charles E., at Vallejo, 10-31-30, for NP, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

CROWNOVER, Ivy L., at Shreveport, 11-5-30, for AS, ECEP, MB, Quantico, Va.

FINDEISEN, Frank, at Florence, 11-6-30, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.

BLAGDEN, John DeS., at MB, Annapolis, 11-5-30, for MB, Annapolis.

RUCKER, Clarence E., at MB, Philadelphia, 11-6-30, for Sch. Det., MB, Philadelphia.

BURKE, William J., at Quantico, 11-5-30, for 1st Marines, Quantico.

HOLMES, Sylvester B., at Quantico, 11-5-30, for 1st Marines, Quantico.

SATANOSKI, David J., at MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., for MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

WHISNER, Leavitt C., at Cincinnati, 11-4-30, for West Coast via Hampton Roads.

HENDERSHOT, Albert Wm., at Quantico, 11-4-30, for AS, ECEP, Quantico.

PARKER, Walter G., at Annapolis, 11-4-30, for MB, Annapolis.

KUHNS, John W., at Philadelphia, 11-3-30, for Dofs, Philadelphia.

STEPHAN, Henry C., at Washington, D. C., 11-3-30, for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

NEES, Leo Edw., at San Diego, 10-29-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.

CHAMBERS, Charles S., in Haiti, 10-20-30, for Port au Prince, Haiti.

LASATER, Orval B., in Haiti, 10-23-30, for Port au Prince, Haiti.

BROOKER, Henry A., at Omaha, 10-31-30, for MCB, San Diego.

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CHRISTMAS

with its joy and good will—why not extend its spirit over the whole year? The fund from the sale of Christmas seals in December will carry help and education against tuberculosis throughout all 1931.

The National, State & Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

Buy Christmas Seals
Fight Tuberculosis

HARTLEY, Donald F., at Omaha, 10-30-30, for MCB, San Diego.
RHODES, Frank A., at Omaha, 10-30-30, for MCB, San Diego.
SCHEINOST, Edward J., at Omaha, 10-30-30, for MCB, San Diego.
VIRGE, Harvey M., at Chicago, 11-1-30, for MD, RS, NYd, New York, N. Y.
WITWER, Perry W., at Houston, 11-1-30, for MB, NOB, New Orleans, La.
LAMKIN, Charles L., at San Diego, 10-26-30, for RS, SDH, San Diego, Calif.
MOORHOUSE, Harry V., at San Francisco, 10-27-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
SCAMMELL, Gerald Wm., at San Francisco, 10-28-30, for Hrs., DofPacific, San Francisco, Calif.
DEAN, Samuel C., at Shanghai, 10-6-30, for 4th Marines, Shanghai.
FRANK, George R., at Quantico, 11-1-30, for Hrs. and Hrs. Co., 1st Marines, Quantico.
PIERCE, Dorsey D., at So. Charleston, W. Va., 11-1-30, for MB, NOP, So. Charleston, W. Va.
COOK, Arthur H., at Atlanta, 10-30-30, for MB, Parris Island.
EDWARDS, Moses A., at Greenville, 10-30-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
FRANK, Jacob, at Quantico, 10-31-30, for Rifle Range, Quantico.
HAUSCHEL, Joseph, at Quantico, 10-30-30, for AS, ECEF, Quantico.
SCHALLER, Lewis M., at Quantico, 10-30-30, for AS, ECEF, Quantico.
GREEN, Tony Dewitte, at Philadelphia, 10-30-30, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
PERSCHAD, George T., at Washington, D. C., 10-30-30, for AS, Quantico.
McELROY, James J., at Kansas City, Mo., 10-27-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
SAFFORD, Leroy, at Houston, 10-29-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
BARNES, Wilbur R., at MB, New York, 10-29-30, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
LUDTKE, Leonard, at MB, Puget Sound, 10-24-30, for MB, Puget Sound, Washington.
STIENE, Joseph J., at MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H., 10-28-30, for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.
HOUSTON, James D., at Buffalo, 10-28-30, for MB, Charleston, W. Va.
MERKEL, Arnold F., at Omaha, 10-27-30, for MCB, San Diego.
REESE, William H., at Quantico, 10-29-30, for Hrs. and Hrs. Co., 1st Marines, Quantico.
KUJAWA, Peter, at Detroit, 10-27-30, for MB, Parris Island.
SANDMAN, Daniel P., at Chicago, 10-27-30, for MCB, San Diego.
NORRIS, Luther G., at Quantico, 10-28-30, for AS, Quantico.
WATSON, Thomas S., at Quantico, 10-28-30, for Hrs. and Hrs. Co., 1st Marines, Quantico.
STRAND, Herbert, at Oakland, 10-23-30, for MCB, San Diego.
MONTEITH, George W., at MB, Philadelphia, 10-27-30, for Bks. Det., MB, Philadelphia.
PETERS, Emil S., at Quantico, 10-27-30, for AS, Quantico.
WHITTEN, Willie H., at Quantico, for Main. Co., 1st Marines, Quantico.
KUBICK, Frank C., at Flint, 10-23-30, for MB, Parris Island.
BERNSTEIN, Harry V., at San Diego, 10-20-30, for MCB, San Diego.
HOLBROOK, Howard H., at Sacramento, 10-21-30, for MCB, San Diego.
BALBAUGH, Walter E., at Quantico, 10-25-30, for Bks., Det., Quantico.
LACEY, Charles G., at Lakehurst, 10-25-30, for MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.
McCALL, Kenneth O., at MB, Puget Sound, 10-21-30, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.
WILDER, Charlie, at US RS, San Francisco, 10-20-30, for MD, Rec. Ship, San Francisco, Calif.
DAY, Lee David, at Buffalo, 10-24-30, for MB, Parris Island.
BLASINGAME, Hersel D. C., at Shreveport, 10-23-30, for MB, New Orleans.
HOLMDALE, Theodore, at San Francisco, 10-20-30, for MCB, San Diego.
HALE, John S., at Managua, 9-30-30, for 49th Co., Nicaragua.
LEE, William A., in Nicaragua, 9-17-30, for Jinotega, Nicaragua.
NASI, Wayne, at NAS, San Diego, 10-20-30, for NAS, San Diego.
COVINGTON, Robert J., at Mobile, 10-21-30, for MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.
FAGLEY, John, at Quantico, 10-22-30, for Service Bty., 10th Marines, Quantico.
SORENSEN, Mainerd A., on USS "Maryland," 10-11-30, for USS "Maryland."
DUNCAN, Richard, at Chicago, 10-19-30, for Cent. Recs. Div.
FOSTER, Abner E., at MB, Washington, D. C., 10-21-30, for MB, Washington, D. C.
SAFLEY, William E., at Annapolis, 10-21-30, for MB, USNA, Annapolis, Md.
WILSON, Ray, at Houston, 10-18-30, for MCB, San Diego.

NIXON, Edward, at San Diego, 10-13-30, for MCB, San Diego.
THOMAS, Glenn C., at Los Angeles, 10-3-30, for MCB, San Diego.
ADAMS, Leo W., at NAS, San Diego, 10-15-30, for NAS, San Diego.
ALLEN, Delbert M., at MB, NYd, Puget Sound, 10-11-30, for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
MARTZ, Frank, at Port au Prince, 10-3-30, for 2nd Regiment, Haiti.
MITCHELL, William E., at DofS, Hampton Roads, 10-17-30, for DofS, Hampton Roads.
CARLETON, William, at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 10-16-30, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
DONNELLY, Walter M., at MB, Philadelphia, 10-16-30, for MB, Philadelphia.
KURTOWICZ, Theodore J., at MB, Charleston, S. C., 10-15-30, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.
ROWLAND, William K., at MB, Quantico, 10-16-30, for AS, Quantico.
STRONG, Alvin J., at MB, Puget Sound, 10-10-30, for MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash.
DUERRHAMMER, Emil F., at Philadelphia, 10-15-30, for DofS, Philadelphia.
MONTGOMERY, Berthold L., at Houston, 10-14-30, for MB, NOB, New Orleans.
GLEIM, Gordon E., at Philadelphia, 10-14-30, for DofS, Philadelphia.
JACKSON, Elmer L., at Portland, Ore., 10-9-30, for MB, NYd., Mare Island.
JENNINGS, William, at Portsmouth, Va., 10-14-30, for MB, Parris Island.
IKERD, Houston L., at Philadelphia, 10-11-30, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
McKAY, Glenn O., at Washington, D. C., 10-12-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
RUSSELL, Warren S., at San Diego, 10-8-30, for MCB, San Diego.
POORE, Abe, at Roanoke, 10-11-30, for MB, Quantico.
BOONE, Charles F., at Vallejo, 10-7-30, for MB, Mare Island.
CORNYN, George M., at San Francisco, 10-7-30, for MCB, San Diego.
PATCHISON, Joseph E., at San Francisco, 10-7-30, for MCB, San Diego.
PATE, Orba, at San Diego, 10-7-30, for MCB, San Diego.
VINSON, Burney L., at Vallejo, 10-7-30, for MB, Mare Island.
EWING, Ezra L., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 10-11-30, for Bks. Det., MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
GOVREAU, James A., at New York, 10-10-30, for China via Hampton Roads.
TOCHTERMAN, Alvin S., at New York, 10-10-30, for China via Hampton Roads.
CASH, Holland, at Birmingham, 10-9-30, for MB, NOB, Key West, Fla.
ELLZY, Roy E., at Mobile, 10-9-30, for MB, NOB, New Orleans.
JENKINS, Weldon E., at San Francisco, 10-6-30, for Office AA&L, San Francisco.
MATLASZ, Louis, at Vallejo, 10-4-30, for MB, NYd, Mare Island.
McPHERSON, Carl "M.", at Managua, 9-12-30, for Managua, Nicaragua.
PRICE, Clifford D., at Philadelphia, 10-9-30, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.
RUEBEL, Charles H., at St. Louis, 10-9-30, for West Coast via Hampton Roads.
SPIVEY, Harry C., at Memphis, 10-7-30, for MB, Parris Island.
VASKO, Joseph, at Sacramento, 10-3-30, for MCB, San Diego.
McWILLIAMS, Earl M., at Quantico, 10-8-30, for 10th Marines, Quantico.
MAZZEO, Frank P., at MB, Portsmouth, Va., 10-8-30, for MB, NYd., Portsmouth, Va.
RILEY, Frank J., at Quantico, 10-8-30, for 1st Marines, Quantico.
BARTON, Emanuel A., at Newark, 10-8-30, for MB, Quantico.
WHITTON, Charles E., at New York, 10-7-30, for MB, NYd, New York.
McBRIDE, Fred, at Omaha, 10-6-30, for MCB, San Diego.
CALLON, Richard W., at Chicago, 10-7-30, for 4th Regt., China, via Hampton Roads.
BECKER, Antone J., at MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., 10-9-30, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.
O'NEIL, John E., at Annapolis, 10-8-30, for MB, Annapolis.
TOMLINSON, Roy M., at Philadelphia, 10-6-30, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
MORRIS, Wilbert F., at San Francisco, 10-2-30, for MCB, San Diego.
SCOTT, James R., at MB, Guam, 9-26-30, for MB, NS, Guam.
SKAFIDAS, Constantine, at San Diego, 10-1-30, for MCB, San Diego.
THOMAS, Glenn C., at Los Angeles, 10-3-30, for MCB, San Diego.
JORDAN, William A., at Pearl Harbor, 9-22-30, for MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor.
KOSTER, Howard G., at Quantico, 10-6-30, for Bks. Det., Quantico.
KRAUSE, Otto, at MB, Philadelphia, 10-6-30, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Sailed Cristobal 29 October for Port au Prince. Due Port au Prince 1 Nov., leave 2 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 6 Nov. Will leave Hampton Roads 20 November for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Port au Prince 24 Nov., leave 24 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 27 Nov., leave 30 Nov.; arrive Corinto 2 Dec., leave 2 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 9 Dec., leave 11 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 12 Dec., leave 12 Dec.; arrive San Francisco 13 Dec., leave 26 Dec.; arrive Honolulu 13 Jan., leave 3 Jan.; arrive Guam 14 Jan., leave 15 Jan.; arrive Manila 20 Jan., leave 19 Feb.; arrive Guam 24 Feb., leave 25 Feb.; arrive Honolulu 6 March, leave 7 March; arrive San Francisco 14 March.

HENDERSON—Arrived Manila 28 October. Will leave Manila 2 Dec.; arrive Guam 8 Dec., leave 8 Dec.; arrive Honolulu 19 Dec., leave 20 Dec.; arrive San Francisco 28 December.

KITTERY—At Hampton Roads. Will leave Hampton Roads 5 November for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 10 Nov., leave 11 Nov.; arrive Port au Prince 12 Nov., leave 13 Nov.; arrive Cape Haitien 14 Nov., leave 15 Nov.; arrive San Juan 17 Nov., leave 17 Nov.; arrive St. Thomas 18 Nov., leave 19 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 24 November. Will leave Hampton Roads 6 December for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 11 Dec., leave 11 Dec.; arrive Port au Prince 12 Dec., leave 13 Dec.; arrive Cape Haitien 14 Dec., leave 15 Dec.; arrive San Juan 17 Dec., leave 17 Dec.; arrive St. Thomas 17 Dec., leave 18 Dec.; arrive Hampton Roads 23 December.

NITRO—Arrived Philadelphia Yd. 29 Oct. Leave Phila. 4 Nov.; arrive Iona Is. 5 Nov., leave 10 Nov.; arrive Newport 11 Nov., leave 12 Nov.; arrive Boston 13 Nov., leave 19 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 21 Nov., leave 4 Dec.; arrive Guantanamo 8 Dec., leave 9 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 11 Dec., leave 12 Dec.; arrive Corinto 14 Dec., leave 14 Dec.; arrive San Diego 22 Dec., leave 29 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 29 Dec., leave 30 Dec.; arrive Mare Island 31 Dec., leave 6 Jan.; arrive Puget Sound 9 January, leave 16 Jan.; arrive Mare Is. 19 Jan., leave 22 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 23 Jan., leave 29 Jan.; arrive San Diego 30 January.

PATOKA—Sailed Hampton Roads 27 October for Harbor Island. Due Harbor Island 4 Nov., leave 5 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 13 Nov., leave 16 Nov.; arrive Beaumont 24 Nov., leave 26 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 4 December.

RAMAPO—Sailed San Pedro 31 October for Manila. Due Manila 30 Nov., leave Manila 12 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 9 January.

SALINAS—Arrived Boston 28 October. Will leave Boston 1 November for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 11 Nov., leave 24 Nov.; arrive Corinto 26 Nov., leave 26 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 7 Dec., leave 10 Dec.; arrive Corinto 21 Dec., leave 21 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 24 Dec., leave 26 Dec.; arrive Guantanamo 29 Dec., leave 2 January; arrive Canal Zone 5 January.

SAPELO—Arrived Balboa 19 Oct. Will leave Canal Zone 1 Nov.; arrive Corinto 4 Nov., leave 4 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 14 Nov., leave 17 Nov.; arrive Puget Sound 23 Nov., leave 28 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 4 Dec., leave 16 Dec.; arrive Corinto 27 Dec., leave 27 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 30 Dec., leave 2 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 10 January.

SIRIUS—Arrived Hampton Roads 27 October. Will leave Hampton Roads 5 Nov.; arrive Boston 7 Nov., leave 12 Nov.; arrive New York 13 Nov., leave 19 Nov.; arrive Philadelphia 20 Nov., leave 24 Nov.; arrive Hampton Roads 25 Nov., leave 3 Dec.; arrive Guantanamo 7 Dec., leave 7 Dec.; arrive Canal Zone 10 Dec., leave 11 Dec.; arrive Corinto 14 Dec., leave 14 Dec.; arrive San Diego 23 Dec., leave 2 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 3 Jan., leave 5 Jan.; arrive Mare Island 6 Jan., leave 14 Jan.; arrive Puget Sound 17 Jan., leave 24 Jan.; arrive Mare Island 27 January.

*SIRIUS authorized to delay 2 days in sailing from Boston.

VEGA—Arrived Hampton Roads 20 October. Will leave Hampton Rds. 3 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 10 Nov., leave 13 Nov.; arrive Corinto 14 Nov., leave 14 Nov.; arrive San Diego 24 Nov., leave 26 Nov.; arrive San Pedro 27 Nov., leave 28 Nov.; arrive Mare Is. 29 Nov., leave 8 Dec.; arrive Puget Sd. 11 Dec., leave 19 Dec.; arrive Mare Is. 22 Dec., leave 2 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 3 Jan., leave 4 Jan.; arrive San Diego 5 Jan., leave 8 Jan.; arrive Corinto 18 Jan., leave 18 Jan.; arrive Canal Zone 20 Jan., leave 22 Jan.; arrive Hampton Rds. 30 Jan., leave 2 Feb.; arrive Philadelphia 3 Feb., leave 6 Feb.; arrive New York 9 Feb., leave 14 Feb.; arrive Boston 16 Feb.

BRZOS—Sailed Hampton Roads 31 October for Beaumont. Due 6 November.

BRIDGE—Arrived Navy Yard New York 30 September.

ARCTIC—Arrived Navy Yard Mare Island 22 Sept.

BUYAMA—Sailed San Diego 29 Oct. for San Pedro.

NECHES—Arrived Bremerton 27 October.

FECOS—Arrived Manila 30 September.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 27)

Lewis B. Andrews, U. S. M. C., commanding the Boston detachment; Arthur L. Anderson of Boston, chief of staff of the Massachusetts Marine Corps league; Rudolph A. Trow of Worcester, commandant New England division, M. C. L.; Daniel L. Clifford, disabled veteran and member of the Worcester unit, and Commanders Harding, Allen and McAuliffe.

An impressive tribute was paid the departed comrades of the Marine Corps. Lights in the dining hall were darkened while a single spotlight shone on a silk American flag which waved near the speakers' table. A bugler sounded taps, followed by echo taps, after which the gathering stood in silence for one minute.

OUTSTANDING FACTS IN HISTORY OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS

Marines were landed in an expedition against the savages of Formosa in 1867 and led the advance against the barrier forts in Korea in 1871.

During the disturbances in Egypt in 1882 a detachment of Marines was landed with the British forces at Alexandria for the purpose of preserving order and preventing pillage.

Two battalions of Marines went to Panama in 1885 to preserve order and to keep transportation open across the Isthmus. Since then a number of battalions have landed at Panama and Marines were the only American troops on the Isthmus when Panama seceded from Colombia in 1903, and the United States took over control of the Isthmus and pushed the Canal through to completion.

During the revolution in Hawaii in 1903, Marines were landed in Honolulu to protect American interests and to guard the lives and property of American citizens, and saw spirited action.

First to land in Cuba in 1898, one battalion of Marines holding the naval base at Guantanamo Bay against 6,000 Spaniards, distinguished themselves at the battle of Santiago and with Dewey at Manila.

"WE'VE FOUGHT IN EVERY CLIME AND PLACE"

(Continued from page 7)

sixth and were challenged. Francois nudged Hanneken and pointed toward a clearing where a fire flickered.

By it was the silhouette of a woman kneeling to feed fagots to the flame. The captain advanced. On the other side of the fire he could see a man standing, poised as some animal to whom had come the scent of danger. The woman added more fuel and the fire flared up, disclosing to Hanneken a squat negro in a shimmering silk skirt. At his belt swung a familiar pearl handled revolver. The captain wrenched out his pistol and fired across the flames into the glittering shirt.

There was a hideous outcry. The woman scattered the burning brands, and



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the darkness probably saved Hanneken's life. Button's automatic rifle rippled. The gendarmes came to life, shooting at the stabbing rapiers of flame in the bushes. The Cacos irresolutely returned the fire and then fled. A dozen men had routed more than a hundred. The victors dug in and waited for daylight.

It was nine o'clock the following morning before the exhausted men dragged themselves into Grande Riviere. They bore with them all that was mortal of the great Caco general, and the story of the savage fighting that contested their return.

It was more than an achievement. It was an epic comparable with heroic legends that have come down through the years. But to Captain Hanneken, now a first lieutenant in the Marine Corps, it was but a chapter of his duty with an organization whose records prove they have "fought in every clime and place."

A WATCH FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 3)

eternity before falling. Like suspended action on the silver screen when a section of the film becomes arrested in the frame, Kensey stood statuesquely motionless, his lips still pursed though sound had ceased to issue from them. When, finally, his being responded to a physiological call-to-arms, the messenger had gone. The summons, however, could mean but one thing.

From his locker he withdrew leggings, shoe polish and brush. Then, studying them for a moment, he uttered a short mirthless laugh of scorn at the spark of hope which hopelessly strove to ignite within him.

"Well, might as well go down first and see what he wants me for, but it's no use—I know what he wants!" In truth, what else?

Far from blithely he left the room, turned to the right into the officers' wing of the building, passed the sick bay, and approached the stairs which offered a convenient short-cut to the flagged court which led to the sergeant of the guard's shack. He had descended a few steps when the sick-bay door opened and closed behind "Jinx" Myers. The latter stopped short as he noticed the face peering at him through the bannister.

Kensey retraced his steps until the two were face to face and perilously close to each other, "So, you did it after all," Kensey said softly, too softly, "What's supposed to be wrong with you this time?"

"N-N-nothing, I—"

"That's enough! Scared the truth out of you, huh? Why you lily-livered rat, I ought to—to—"

Myers had turned pale, but now righteous indignation superceded fear, and Kensey misconstrued the visible metamorphosis as a prelude to an exhibition of mocking defiance. Suddenly heat and anger surged through him; he saw red, was blinded by it. Knotting his fist he launched it at the other's chin where it landed with a sharp crack. "Jinx" Myers "hit the deck."

"I should have busted your neck," was Kensey's parting shot, "then you'd have a real excuse for getting off guard."

Small measure of satisfaction, that, yet Kensey guiltily felt better as he re-entered his room. He took his time in donning the rather cumbersome guard uniform. At five minutes before ten o'clock he announced himself to the sergeant of the guard.

"Well, here I am," he said.

The sergeant glanced commiseratingly at the other. "It's a tough break, kid, but it's all your own fault."

"My—my fault? What do you mean, my fault?"

"For not high-tailing it down here when I sent up for you. Dame by the name of Shannon was here to take you out in 'er car. She shoved off when you didn't show up, and said she'd be back again at ten o'clock, but you'll have to tell her you're sorry."

"Why? man, WHY?"

The sergeant held in his hand a copy of the guard roster. Before him lay the day's guard list. With a pencil he drew a line through the name "Myers, C. A.," and above it wrote, "Kensey, R. S."

"Because the corpsman sent word down that somebody's just knocked a couple of teeth out of 'Jinx' Myers' mouth. He'll be laid up for a couple days and according to this you'll have to take his place. And say—I sent him up to the sick-bay for a piece of adhesive tape to fix this busted window pane with. How's to go up and get it for me before you go on post?"

**THE MAN IN THE WHITE
SLICKER**

(Continued from page 5)

There was a moment's pause, while all digested that remark.

"If you bump me off," went on the German softly, "you'll get no credit for capturing me!"

The colonel leaped as though he had been stung, and Gordon and Droghan were forced to turn away to hide their laughter. This brought them facing the cantonment, and what they saw removed all thoughts of merriment at once. A line of skirmishers was advancing up the hill, black dots above the high grass, with tiny lines across that were bayoneted rifles held breast high. These dots moved sideways, halted, went on. They reached from the edge of the slope clear down to the bottom.

"Let's go!" said the colonel briefly. "Up the hill behind us! I think those men are trying to get out, and they'll go down the valley. See the road down there? Now, Captain Bessingen, credit or no credit, if we run into a scrap you'll be the first one to die! Come on, boys!"

They turned and fought their way out of the birches, tripped by vines, held back by brush, lashed across the face with branches. Beyond the birches was open ground, old pasture, rough and bumpy. They hurried on, heading for cover along the ridge. There had been an enemy position there, and quite recently. There were numbers of filled-in holes, the grass was stamped down as though by many walking about.

They paid little attention to these details, for all realized that they were in the open range of hostile eyes, to say nothing of machine guns. They gained the woods they were after and lay down to catch their breath.

Behind them they could still see the contonment, but the troops were hurriedly evacuating it, and a company in march formation was retiring along the road that led directly down the valley at the head of which were the cliff and the contonment.

"That's just the way I thought they'd go!" panted the colonel. "Those fellows we saw are only flank guards!"

The three Americans, intent on watching the Germans below them, heard the German officer suddenly curse. The two machine gunners understood no German, but swearing is easily identified in any language. They swung about and looked at him, but he began to cough as if to cover up what some sudden surprise had made him say.

Aha! They looked southwest, toward where they had first come out of the woods along the line of the narrow-gauge railway. More Germans! No, Americans! Americans! Running sideways through the grass, disappearing behind the birches.

Rrrrrr! crashed a volley. There were shouts, the boiling sound of machine guns, intermittent at first, as the gunners rolled their bursts into the targets, then a long steady roar of fire. Below, in the gorge, the company on the march took up the double time. The fire was all going into the contonment.

"O'Nail brought them back with him!" cried Gordon.

"Sure, the lad has brains after all!" agreed Droghan. "'Tis the owld Irish blood comin' out in him after many years. Wait till I tell him so!"

"Yeh, wait till he hears about the Jerry taking your rifle away from you!" laughed Gordon happily.

"We're safe now!" shouted the colonel. "We've got our own troops on the flank! Cut lose on those Boche down there with those rifles!"

Nothing more pleasant. Droghan and Gordon, leaving to the colonel the custody of the prisoner, threw themselves down and opened fire upon the crowded roadway in the gorge. That company faded like snow on a hot stove. At that range even a novice could not miss, and with the first casualties, the rest of the Germans disappeared in all directions.

"Hey!" shouted the colonel. "Boche!" The two machine gunners turned and looked at him stupidly, but he had already leaped to his feet and run deeper into the woods, dragging the prisoner after him.

"There they are!" shrieked Droghan. He fired his rifle at a German not ten feet away. Gordon jumped up, confused. The field seemed alive with the enemy.

The Germans were as astonished to see the Americans as the Americans to see them, and halted.

Gordon fired his rifle blindly, then, wondering how many shells he still had left in the chamber, fired again, more carefully. A German went down, crashing against another. The rest still looked, like cows at an intruder in a pasture.

Then someone shouted, a rifle cracked, and Gordon, in one brief second feeling

himself already dead and wondering when his parents would be notified, if at all, fired at a German so close that the muzzle almost touched him.

A hail of bullets tore into those Germans with the sound of gravel against a window pane. They surged on, Gordon, his rifle empty, hacking at them with his bayonet as they went by. They took the blows, one man especially who got a slash across the hand from which the blood spurted, as though they had not felt them. They hurried on, panting, wide-eyed, so near to Gordon that he could strike at them with his rifle butt. They paid no heed to him, bumped him, finally knocked him down and trampled him underfoot, and all the time the air hummed, cracked, and whined like a taut wire.

Men fell, not limply, nor slumping down as Gordon had always thought, but jerkily, seeming to dive to the ground. They spun this way and that, like weathercocks; some somersaulted, throwing their feet in the air and coming down in a heap on their heads. One had his feet jerked from under him as by a lasso. He sat up stupidly, reaching for his helmet that had fallen off. Some invisible hand struck him a terrific blow in the back, so that Gordon could see the mud jump from his tunic. He fell back after that and lay still.

"'Tis you, praise God, an' still alive! Come wid me! They're runnin' off down the hill there!"

It was Droghan, white faced and horror stricken, but still in his senses, dragging on Gordon's arm.

"Into the woods," he went on, "they'll not see us behind the trees!"

The two ran into the woods, leaping the brush, hurling themselves against tangling vines. It was true. The Germans had run off down the western slope of the hill. There were none in the woods.

"Where's the colonel and the prisoner?" panted Gordon.

"Who knows? 'Tis my own skin I have trouble enough mindin' now!"

They came to a place where the ground fell abruptly. A road went through the woods there, going out to follow a narrow-gauge track, the same track they had followed earlier in the morning. Even as the two Americans arrived above this road, a mass of Germans came toward them from the opposite direction.

Gordon, remembering his empty rifle, turned to flee again, tripped in a rabbit hole, and fell. He lay still, closing his eyes, feigning death, hoping to escape in that way. Feet pounded the road below him, sounding like eggs being beaten, the battle roared all about, men shouted, he could hear Cat-Pie Droghan raving.

"Gimme some bullets, for the love of God gimme some bullets!"

At that he sat up, for he had on a full ammunition belt, and Droghan had none. The Germans had not advanced, but had turned to the right following the road and were running by below them, a river of men.

It is not easy to load a rifle in a hurry, but the two Americans got theirs loaded. They fired into that mass below them until they could fire no more. Germans ran past them in the woods, jumping down into the road. Gordon became mad. The chamber of his rifle grew so hot it burned his hand. The belt was empty of ammunition in what seemed no time.



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He was filled with a wild impulse to leap down into that road and massacre the enemy with a bayonet. Beside him Droghan howled like one of his native banshees. Meanwhile, the enemy continued to appear, to run out toward the narrow-gauge track, to turn and run back again, to climb up one side or the other of the road, to fall. Some threw away their packs and seemed to try to prepare themselves for action of some sort, others held potato-masher grenades aloft but did not throw them.

Those that started up the slope toward Droghan and Gordon, on seeing the two Americans, shouted hoarsely and went back again, and all was wildest confusion and uproar. It was like penning cattle.

But suddenly the German numbers thinned; then in a half minute there were no more. As though a signal had been given, the road below was deserted save for the tumbled heaps that were the dead, a man who sat in the ditch putting a hasty bandage on his own knee, and two witless men that wandered about, hands in air, looking for someone to surrender to. Even as the two Americans watched, one of these men dropped, all spraddle-wise, and the other, moaning in terror, ran off down the road in the direction the Germans had first come.

Ah, that was how those Germans had got there! The road that led northward down the gulch from the cantonment turned upon itself and came up the hill toward the Americans. The gulch of the cantonment was really a sausage-shaped hollow, with the cantonment at one end, and no opening at the other. The Germans that had been marching down the road from the cantonment, that had rushed and surged about and been butchered in front of Gordon and Cat-Pie Droghan, had been the company they had fired on in the gulch, which, following the road in its haste and panic, had come back up the hill and been brought face to face with the Americans again. But two men could not put a whole company of Germans into such a state of panic! There must have been other reasons!

"For machine gunners, we're pretty good shots!" whispered Droghan with satisfaction. "Now, would ye suppose some o' thim would have a drop of poteen in the canteen? I'll go down and have a look!"

"No!" husked Gordon, "don't go down there! That road is under fire! Didn't you see that Boche that had his hands in the air get his? No, don't go down there!"

"Well, let's go back," suggested Droghan. "There should be some of them right handy where we first seen them."

"No. Stay where you are. These woods are as full of Boche as a dog of fleas!"

"Shshsh!" Droghan held up one hand. "Shshsh!" replied Gordon, the blood thrilling to his heart.

More men were coming through the woods. The two at once knelt and crawled to the shelter of a clump of bushes. They could hear feet coming, branches cracking under foot—silence.

There was a sudden terrific explosion close at hand, a cloud of white smoke boiled up out of the bushes, spread along the ground. The sharp tang of burned powder came to the two men crouched under the bush. A grenade had burst but happily had not hit either one of

them. Who had thrown the grenade? Gordon could hear more thumping of feet now, a muttered command. It was in English. He looked. Two American doughboys were not six feet away, peering into the woods ahead of them.

"Hey!" cried Gordon, "friends!"

"Don't shoot!" shouted Cat-Pie beside him. "Here's two of the finest Americans as ever stole a pig!"

The two doughboys jumped, instinctively swinging their rifles toward the sound of voices, then, recognizing the uniform, their expressions changed to that of astonishment.

"What the hell you guys doin' here?" inquired one.

"Fightin' the Boche!" exclaimed Gordon. "Where's your outfit?"

"Right here. We're a-clearin' out patrol. Any Boche in these woods?"

"Not now," answered Gordon. "Only good ones. Lookit!" He pointed down into the road with some pride. The two doughboys walked on and looked over the edge of the steep bank.

There was disorder there—burst packs, overcoats, rifles, and untidy dead—some fifteen. The man who sat in the ditch had finished his bandage, and was sitting rocking back and forth, clutching his leg.

"Did you kill all of them?" asked one of the newcomers.

Four more infantrymen appeared from somewhere, and all looked soberly at the wreckage in the road below.

"Let's souvenir some o' them packs," suggested someone.

"No, that place is under fire!" objected Gordon hastily.

"What outfit you out of?" inquired one of the newcomers.

"We're machine gunners. We were with that old colonel. Are you one of the platoon with that hard-boiled sergeant? We were with you this morning. One of our guys took you the message that the Boche were in that hole!"

"Was that what he said? Gee, I saw him come in. The old man was right there, an' then we got the order to go runnin' off to the flank. Yeh, we got two auto rifles off the third platoon to help us. Well, now, I never happened to wonder how they knew that Boche Waldorf-Astoria was down that hole. Yeh, we cut loose on it with four auto rifles and the platoon doin' rapid fire and kinda broke up the party!"

"We better be movin' on," suggested someone.

"No!" said another, apparently a non-commissioned officer. "I was told to halt when I come to this crossways road and to send out a message. That place is under flank fire, like this feller says. They'll fire a rocket to cease fire on it, an' then we'll go on."

"Who's firing?" asked Gordon. "I thought that hill out there was held by the Boche."

"It was, but the Thirteenth come in on the west side of it, an' we pinched it out. The old man sent us over here to shoot up that hillside, and then he went ahead with the other platoon to tell the gang on the hill to back us up if we got into trouble. They got a machine-gun company with them."

"Gee, you don't know what outfit it is, do you?" asked Gordon with sinking heart.

"Nope, I didn't ask 'em. I just seen 'em come in."

"What kind of guns have they got?"

"I don't know. Them guns like the Frogs got. Just ordinary guns."

"Ah, Hotchkiss!" said Gordon, relieved. "Gee, I'm glad it's not my outfit. I'm going to have some explaining where I've been."

Meanwhile, the other members of the patrol, kneeling on the wet ground, had become restless, and one or two of them had slid down the bank to the road, where they were cautiously reaching out from the ditch and dragging in abandoned packs.

"Hey, you guys!" cried the patrol leader suddenly, "come up outta that! That place is under fire!"

"No, it ain't!" replied those in the road. "If it was the mud would fly or you'd hear ricoshays."

They went on, a little more boldly, opening packs, pulling out extra pairs of trousers, underwear, socks, packets of letters, turning them over curiously, then throwing them down again, to go on to another pack. One man went about among the bodies, unbuckling their belts, dragging them off, and then trying the belt on himself until he found one to fit. Another had a pocket full of round gray fatigue caps.

"Whaddyuh gonna do with all the caps?" a man called from the bank.

"Swap 'em for chewin' when I get back to the outfit."

"Aw, yuh better save 'em till we get to rest billets an' sell 'em to the ammunition train officers! You'll make a wad o' jack that way!"

"Yeh, meanwhile you guys get a good chance to steal 'em off me!"

"Yeh, echoed the patrol leader, "an' when one o' you wise guys gets a slug through his skull he won't worry about caps nor anything else!"

The messenger meanwhile returned.

"S all O. K.," he panted. "The gang on the hill caught all these Boche in flank with machine guns. They strewed hell out of 'em. Gee, they said you could see officers tearing rifles away from the bucks so's they could knock over a few krauts themselves. It was like killin' rabbits! They run up the hill and down the valley along the railroad track, an' the outfit on the left didn't have to do anything but load and fire. Jesus! I never see so many stiffs in my life!"

"Well, what do we do, go on?" demanded the leader.

"Yeh, the major's there now. He says to go on till you come to the upper end of the woods. They want to stop there an' decide where they're gonna go. He wants to find a 'plane to show a panel to. They're kinda scared they got ahead of our own lines by jumpin' the Boche this way!"

"Pry yourselves off them packs!" announced the leader crisply. "We're on our way again. Same orders."

"Well, I guess we don't need to throw all our grenades away," observed a man, "them Boche are runnin' yet!"

"Well, don't bet no money on it!" said the leader. "I've seen these Boche run before. Sometimes they don't run half as far as you think they're goin' to. They know where the good places are better'n we do."

"Tis the hell of war," observed Droghan, "that we can't have a peek into all them dugouts under the hill there. There's souvenirs there a man would give his soul for, an' all of them waitin' for them dam' salvage troops!"

"Yeh," objected several of the dough-boys, "but what good would they do yuh? Yuh gotta carry 'em on your back! We got enough to carry with our rations an' stuff."

"There ain't no souvenirs worth a dam' but them Gott Mit Uns belts," observed another man. "You can wear them."

"Oh, lookit, I forgot!" said the messenger suddenly. "Are you two guys machine gunners? Well, there's an old bird down there that calls himself a colonel. He's with some high-hat officer in a white trench coat—if he don't get a fistful o' lead hove through it before night I'm a liar—an' he says you fellers are to join up with him at the upper end o' the woods, where we halt."

"Arrah!" moaned Droghan, "it's the old colonel again! I thought he was dead and gone and that shpalpeen in the white slicker with him!"

"Why does he want us now?" asked Gordon, crestfallen. He, too, had hoped that in the hurry and excitement of the fight they had got rid of the colonel, even if the spy had killed him and got away.

"Because the major's goin' to give him a platoon, and he's off to find the big road an' meet up with some troops we got comin' in that way."

"He say anything about some crazy idea he's got of finding a general's aide that got taken prisoner four days or a week ago by the Boche an' that's probably in Berlin by now?"

"No, he didn't. I just heard a couple o' words of the conversation while I was hangin' around waitin' to get my orders."

"Come on," said the leader, "cut out this talkin', now, an' get to work. Watch out for new-cut brush, because it'll mean a fire lane for a machine gun. An' don't forget to lob a grenade for luck every so often!"

"What are we goin' to do with this feller in the ditch here?" asked one of the patrol, indicating the wounded German.

"Send him back with a guard!" suggested another one quickly.

"Now, who the hell's runnin' this patrol?" demanded the leader. "How's he gonna walk, for John's sake? Ain't he wounded? Wanta carry him yourself?"

He crossed over to the German. "Hey, Jack, you able to walk? Allay? No? Aw, there's no use talkin' to him, he's simple. T'hell with him. The support'll take care of him! Come on!"

The patrol and the two machine gunners crossed the road and went up the bank on the other side. There was a large board there, painted white, with German words on it in black. It had been almost shot from the tree to which it was nailed, where it had been placed at just the right angle to catch a truck driver's eye as he made the turn. "Fesselbalon Abt" said the sign, "Vorsicht-Langsam Fahren!" which means, in effect, "Dangerous—Go Slowly!" But the Germans hurrying up from the gulch would not see this sign, and German eyes would never read it again.

Beyond the road was another succession of woods, and empty. Brush clumps, old briar-filled holes, piles of grass-grown rubbish that seemed to suggest picket lines or camps in those woods far back in the early days of the war, but now overgrown and forgotten.

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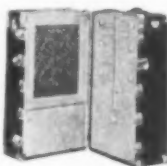
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farther. There was nothing to do but to detach a man and send him back to the road with them, with instructions to see if they could not carry the man in the ditch on their shoulders and so arrive all four at the main body. These three had no belts, nor any equipment beyond a gas mask. They must have thrown everything away to run faster.

Farther on, the patrol came upon a dead man, full pack, lying across a thick bush that held him almost upright, his rifle still clutched in his hand. There was no sign of wound on him, and the leader, prodding him with his bayonet, announced that the German was not dead, but was playing 'possum. Successive jabs, however, brought no response, and finally an extra hard one tumbled the German off his bush onto the ground. Then the horrified members of the patrol could see that he had been dead for several days. But who had killed this German and how? And what had he been doing out there alone?

They went on, considerably disturbed, tramping through the wet woods, slipping in the dead leaves underfoot, peering through the branches from which the autumn cold was fast stripping the leaves, listening, wondering, looking here and there, never knowing what second they would hear the cold rattle of a machine gun, or see a swift flitting shadow far among the trees that would mean they were again in the presence of the enemy.

The patrol came at last to the farther edge of the woods. The road that followed the narrow-gauge track up the valley on their left was clearly visible here, just below them, down a gradual slope. A few tin hats, barely visible, and a great number of bayonets waving above the grass showed the infantry were there ahead of them and waiting. The patrol went down and reported.

"Ah, there's O'Neil, and the owl colonel, God rest him, and the white slicker!" said Droghan. "We might as well go over to them. Sure, he'll be mad at us now for runnin' away again! He'll bite iron!"

"No, he won't bite iron!" replied Gordon, laughing in spite of himself at the picture of the old colonel champing upon a rifle barrel, or a Boche wirepost. "We can claim he ran away from us just as well!"

The colonel was standing with a group that included the German captain, several other officers, and two soldiers, evidently guarding the prisoner. O'Neil sat at some distance, smoking a cigarette. Thither went the patrol, to report to a tall, tired-looking, prematurely old young man with major's leaves on his shoulder straps. "Woods cleared?" asked the major. "Good. I think they've all gone."

He looked toward the north, where, about a kilometre away, rose a long range of hills, crowned with a rampart of thick woods. "They'll be waiting for us there, I guess," he remarked. "If we can get any artillery support we'll probably tackle it before sunset."

"I think they're still running," said the colonel. "They won't forget that lesson in a hurry."

"What troops are those that ran out of that hole?" the major asked Captain Bessington. Evidently the German captain's identity had been explained.

"I don't know," replied the German.

"I'm only a poor staff officer. I can't give you the numbers of every regiment in the Argonne."

"No, but you must have seen them as they went by."

"I couldn't very well, with the colonel here sitting on my head to keep me from calling for help. That's not a very fine way to treat a captured officer, especially after I saved his life last night."

"Well, I don't lose any sleep over that," snapped the colonel. "You're a young man, and while there's life there's hope, and even a German couldn't sit tight and know that the fuse that was going to lift him right up to the pearly gates was burning shorter and shorter every minute!"

"You still want to go ahead with your plan?" asked the major, turning to the colonel.

"Absolutely!" replied the other vigorously. "More so now than ever. I know where I am now! Look! Now, here on your map! We're right at the edge of that patch of woods, aren't we? Right on contour 255. Right under the figures. And only two squares away, two kilometres, a mile or so, is the road I'm after! Our troops, working west to Romagne, will have blocked off the exit to that road, and on it I'll find my man!"

"How do you know we've taken Romagne?" asked someone.

"Why, of course!" exclaimed the colonel. "Isn't it north of us, and don't the lines run north and south? Why, it was on the corps' objective to be taken yesterday afternoon!"

The expressions of the other officers did not indicate that they took such an optimistic view of the American advance as did the colonel.

"Well," said the major, "I'll give you a couple of squads. Captain Dalrymple, give the colonel a couple of squads and let him proceed. The two squads will act as reconnoitring patrol. Let's step over and arrange where they're to send back messages from."

The two officers withdrew, then the rest could see them, heads together over the map, while just beyond two squads got up from the ground, carefully rubbed out the fire from their cigarette ends, and put the butts in the lining of their helmets to smoke at the next opportunity. Then, patting their ammunition belts to see just how much they had left, they fell in, shamblingly, and waited to see what would happen next.

"You'd think I might be invited to this conference over the map!" grumbled the colonel, "especially as I haven't got one! Never mind! I have a good picture of it in my mind's eye! Come, Captain, they're ready. Come, machine gunners! You're my guard of honour, now. O'Neil covered himself with glory bringing those troops over!"

"Hah, the Boche didn't get you, did they, you wild bog trotter!" exclaimed O'Neil, approaching.

"No, they didn't get me!" replied Droghan.

"I hear you ran like the devil's cow!" went on O'Neil.

"Niver mind," replied Droghan, "niver mind. I was there fightin' the Boche that was thicker than fleas on a goat, the while you was off pickin' daisies an' huntin' poteen on thim poor dead Germans."

"And found some, too!"

"No! Did ye? O'Neil, darlin', ye're the apple o' my eye! Give us a shot to

wash the taste o' powder smoke outta me mot'. Sure the doughboys threw a grenade at us the way you could catch pieces of it with your teeth, it was that close. O'Nail, where d'yuh have it?"

"I drunk it all up!" grinned O'Nail, "There wasn't much of it!"

"Ah, ye black, backslidin' expatriate A. P. A.!" cried Droghan. "Ye'd sell your own mother's pig to get drink money with and never offer a drop to your friends if they was in the middle o' the Sahara Desert!"

"Don't you two ever get tired?" asked the colonel. "By God, we get tired hearing you. Shut up, now! Here comes the major and a sergeant. Away we go!"

The main body stayed in the hollow where they were, lined up against the bank beside the little road that followed the narrow-gauge railway.

The patrol, two squads, a sergeant—not the rough one, but another—the colonel, the prisoner, and the three machine gunners went off to the right a little way toward a depression they could see there and up which they hoped to make their way with less chance of discovery than by following the railway.

Once well away from the main body they adopted the same spread-out formation and went forward cautiously, grenades ready, making frequent halts, and whenever a particularly thick bunch of brush appeared, or they saw what looked like a dugout entrance, a grenade would be thrown, and when the smoke has dissipated, they would go on again. Airplanes boomed overhead, and the necessity of lying motionless whenever one went by took a great deal of time. At the end of an hour they could still see the main body sitting against the bank.

"This is terrible!" announced the colonel. "We've got to get on faster than this."

"Go in the woods!" suggested Gordon, nodding his head toward some that appeared a few hundred yards away, and seemed to offer shelter from the air without too much inconvenience in marching. He was rather incoherent, for he had his mouth full of some of the German bread that O'Nail had caught up on leaving the dugout that morning. The excitement and the strain of seeing what he had seen during the fight in the woods had made him sick, and he was seeing if a little food would not make him feel better.

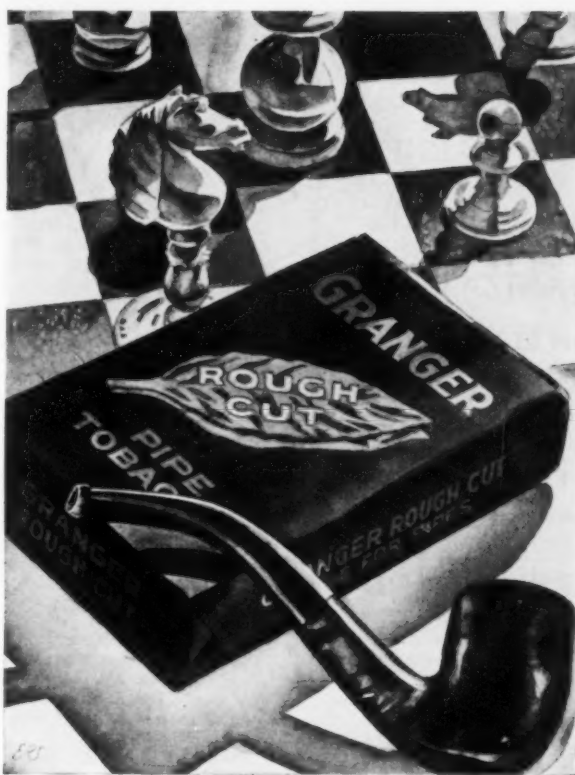
"How about those woods, Captain?" the colonel asked the prisoner. "Can you get through them?"

"Oh, yes," said the other. "There are plenty of little roads in there. In 1915 we didn't have much to do here, so we put the men to cutting roads. Everywhere we went we cut roads."

The sergeant in charge of the patrol said nothing, but looked solemnly at the woods. The colonel did the same, then, suddenly making up his mind, announced that they would try it.

"And cut out this grenade throwing!" he ordered. "We've gone six hundred yards and thrown about fifty! Lay off it! We aren't here to bomb out the Argonne Forest!"

They found indeed a road, a small one, no more than a track, that followed the edge of the woods. They went along it, their feet making no sound in the soft earth. There were no signs here of any Germans. No tracks, no torn clothing, sodden blankets, or cast-aside equipment. The patrol quickened its pace.



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Thus urged by the colonel the men redoubled their speed and their vigilance. And they had now less than a mile to go. Unfortunately the road forked.

"Now which one?" demanded the colonel. "Sergeant, did they show you this one on the map?"

"Yup! Yessir, this is the first road fork! I wasn't intended to come in on the road in the woods so early, but this is the fork. Now a message goes back. Jake, you go back to the major. Tell him we're at road fork number one, that we ain't seen hide nor hair of any Dutch, an' that we're goin' on. Can you remember that?"

"Hold on there!" cried the colonel. "How do you know where you're going on? Which fork do you take?"

"The right-hand one!" said the sergeant. "Keep to the right," they said.

"That right, Captain?" asked the colonel. "What's those signs say?"

"Fesselbalon Abt. is an observation balloon company. These woods used to be full of them. The other signs point to a water trough, a command post of some anti-aircraft outfit, and some infantry outfit's horse echelon."

"I can see that myself," said the colonel. "I can read German as well as you can! But I thought from the regimental numbers you might have some idea of the location."

"Well, I haven't," said the German, "but if you don't mind my giving you a tip, as one who has lived in these woods off and on for four years, the road to take is the one with the most signs pointing down it. It indicates that there's a main highway in that direction, because all these horse lines and command posts have to be near a main road."

"Sensible enough," decided the colonel, "we'll take the right-hand one. We can't be far away."

"The one with the most signs pointin' down it is liable to have the most Boche on it, too," said one of the patrol dorkly.

Nevertheless, they went away down the right-hand road. This led them, after half an hour of cautious walking, to a sort of crossroads in the woods, and here, after a five-minute debate, they decided to keep straight on. Their judgment had been correct, for the road began to be rutted. They surrounded and searched certain empty huts they found; they went through an engineer dump filled with piles of shovels wired together with barbed wire, and with packing cases labelled "Leeds, Eng." These, the German officer explained, had probably been captured from the British in the spring drive. Forward again, then, at a turn in the road, they saw the end of the woods before them.

"Halt!" All stopped in their tracks at that stern challenge. It was in English, no doubting that.

"Friends!" answered the colonel joyfully, without waiting for any more questions. "We're a reconnoitring patrol."

"Come out and let's have a look at yuh. Run back, one o' you guys, an' get the lieutenant!"

The patrol advanced. There were troops in the bushes—Americans, muddy but shaven, and with that well-fed look that indicates fresh troops.

The lieutenant appeared, and to him the colonel addressed himself, producing a huge pink sheet with his photograph on it, that was some special kind of identification. This satisfied the lieutenant, and he and the colonel started toward the road at once.

"Follow me, men!" said the colonel happily. "These are some machine gunners and an infantry patrol, Lieutenant. I knew our troops would have this road blocked off. They told me I was crazy, but I knew what I was doing. Do you know we've come through about five miles of those woods alone? Never saw a Boche. But we saw plenty this morning. We kicked the everlasting guts out of a whole regiment of 'em! Caught 'em in a hole! But not one in these woods!"

"No, I guess there aren't any here," agreed the lieutenant. "We've had a little fighting ourselves. Our prisoners tell us they all had orders to pull out at daybreak. Maybe that bunch you caught in the hole didn't get the order."

"Maybe not," agreed the colonel. "Well, here's the road. Man, I've had this road burned into my brain for the last twenty-four hours, and now I'm here! That's Sommerance up that way, and that's Romagne that way. How far's Romagne?"

"Well, it's about two or three kilometres, I guess," said the lieutenant. "It's the other way, though. Up that way. Up the hill. This is our outfit here in the ditch. Shall I tell the skipper you're here?"

"What do you mean Romagne is up that way?" demanded the colonel. "Why, that's north!"

"Yessir," agreed the lieutenant, "I know it is."

"Well, how can Romagne be north when it's west?"

"Yessir!" replied the lieutenant.

After all, he was no man to argue with a colonel, especially one who bore the pass that this one did.

"Don't say 'yessir'!" roared the colonel. "That doesn't mean anything. Why is Romagne north?"

"Well, sir, God put it there, I didn't!"

"This isn't the Romagne-Sommerance road," smiled the German, "it's the Romagne-Exermont, and runs, like your lines, north and south. It's the same road you crossed yesterday morning, only farther down, before it swings north."

"The Romagne-Exermont—the same road we crossed yesterday—is that so?" barked the colonel, turning to the lieutenant again.

"Yessir, this is the Exermont road. Romagne is at the upper end of it, over there behind the hill."

"Have you taken Romagne?"

"Taken Romagne? Hell, no!" gasped the lieutenant. "Why, the Boche secondary defence system runs right in front of it. They've got a big trench system with double belts of wire and all kinds of stuff that runs straight across country clear to hell and gone from Landres St. George to the Meuse River. We'll be lucky if we get through it before winter!"

"Did you know all this?" snapped the colonel, swinging on the German officer.

"Oh, yes," grinned the other.

"Well, why didn't you say something about that defence system?"

"I was rather hoping you'd run into it. It would have helped my case a lot."

"Well, we'll settle your case right now!" said the colonel through his teeth. "You're going out! I should have sent you before!"

"Lieutenant, those are military police I see there in the ditch. May I just have about four of them?"

"Eh? Four? Oh, no, sir. They're to escort our prisoners to the rear. We're going off at four."

"Never mind. Give me one to show the way back. Sergeant, take two men. You see this bird in this white bathrobe effect? He's a spy. I caught him. He's a German. He's an officer in one of the high-hat German outfits like the Prussian Guards. Watch out for him. Take him back and turn him into the pens. I'll be back and tell about it later. On your way!"

Gordon, O'Neil, and Droghan sat down on the edge of the ditch. Whatever befall, this was a good place to take a load off one's feet. The colonel, however, stamped up and down in the road.

"Romagne-Exermont!" he foamed. "Why, I know where Exermont is! I could throw a stone and hit it! A day lost! Dam' fool—that Boche—these gunners—that sergeant—Exermont-Romagne—maybe he made a mistake, meant Sommerance after all—no, the sun is back of us—can't fool me—I'm going on, defence system or none—find that feller!"

There were a rattle of wheels, a shout or two, and a column of tiny olive-drab carts, drawn by mules, appeared over the farther side of the road and went bumping and clattering south.

"Machine-gun outfit in there!" cried the three machine gunners.

"Yup, and those are Browning carts!"

"Let's have a look at it!"

They got up and, crossing the road, observed that there was a low hill and shallow ravine there, on the reverse slope of which was a long wiggly line of men, among whom were certain things that looked like overgrown waterbugs.

"Gunnery, an' diggin' in!" cried Gordon.

Then there rose up from under their feet a man who shouted at them at the top of his lungs.

"Corporal!" he cried. "O'Neil, Droghan!"

They looked, astonished, and as the shouter drew nearer they saw beyond a doubt that it was a familiar face, and then they recognized Mackintosh.

"Mackintosh!"

"Yeh, it's me! I thought you guys were all dead!"

"Why, we thought the Boche had got you! Didn't they capture you?"

"No, I run like hell!"

"Gwan!" cried Droghan. "I seen them leadin' you away like a lad bein' tuk to his home of a Saturday night!"

"Not me!" protested Mackintosh. "It musta been somebody else."

"Well, faith," agreed Droghan, "I wasn't wastin' any second looks at the time. Maybe it was somebody else after all."

"What outfit's that in there?" demanded Gordon, indicating the machine-gun organization in the hollow.

"It's ours! That's what I was tryin' to tell you. Listen. I met up with them on the road. You know this is the same road we were on when we were in the ditch that time an' you said I lost the

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ammo? It's the same road, only it curves north. An' who do you suppose is here? Why, the general's aide. He's been with us like a sort of adjutant. Yuh know I was tellin' him—" but the others interrupted.

"General's aide? The one we crowned? But the colonel—we been lookin' for him—what's he doin' here? You been tellin' him what?—Did he recognize you?—Why, we heard he had all his clothes took off—"

"Shut up!" yelled Gordon. "Shut up, shut up, shut up! You, Mackintosh, you been tellin' him! Runnin' off at the head again! Told him all our names and just how it happened and that we beat it off into the fog! You spit out the whole story, huh, not forgettin' that you didn't have nothin' to do with it but only watched! Man, when will you ever get any sense? And I suppose he stuck around hoping we'd come in so's he could string us up by the thumbs!"

"No, no," protested Mackintosh, "you guys are all wrong! It ain't him!—No, well, wait, I'll go get him. He wants to see you birds!" He turned and ran off up the hollow.

"If he wants to see me he'll have to have a telescope," said Gordon, and turned to flee. But the colonel barred his way.

"What are you men yelling about?" he asked. "Seems to be some excitement here. You've got all the infantry looking at you!"

"Excitement, is it? And why not?" grinned Droghan. "And us just uncoverin' the track of a week's leave apiece. Sure it's the lad in the white slicker that's in it an' little Mackintosh an' all!"

"What do you mean? Didn't they take that spy out? Why, I saw them start down the road myself."

"If brains was a brass band," said O'Neil, looking sourly at Droghan, "you wouldn't have enough noise to drown out a canary bird!"

"What did I say, ye black bog of ill nature?" demanded Droghan.

"Pipe down!" said Gordon hurriedly. "Here he comes!"

He watched, his heart pounding, while Mackintosh approached with another man. They saw, as he drew nearer, that it was an officer, wearing what had been a fine uniform, and still was, save it was daubed with clay here and there, and one skirt was torn away, so that the white of the pocket could be seen gleaming through. The man was young, with black eyes and a cheery, sunburned face. He wore first lieutenant's bars, and a shield behind the U. S. on his collar.

"These are the guys that crowned him!" said Mackintosh by way of introduction. The new officer grinned.

"Good God!" gasped the colonel, suddenly shoving forward, "are you Lieutenant Tappen?"

"Surest thing!" smiled the lieutenant. "General Lehman's aide?"

"Well, I was, but I don't know whether I am now or not. Just at present I've got a machine-gun platoon. Having a lot of fun with it!"

"But didn't the Germans capture you? Weren't you assaulted? Why, I've—"

"No, not me!" grinned Lieutenant Tappen again. "This soldier here came wandering into the outfit, and I questioned him pretty severely because I thought he was a skulker. He told me about my double. It seems these boys

here crowned him Looney and Blooney. Ha-ha! Served him right!"

"Then it wasn't you they crowned?"

"No, it was the first battalion gas officer."

"But how did this happen? What was he doin' running around like that? Didn't you have a coat like that? I'm Colonel Phillips of the Intelligence. I had the special mission of finding you, and I was to know you by that white coat!"

"Ha-ha! It was my coat!"

"But what was he doing with it on?"

"I guess he was drunk!" replied Lieutenant Tappen.

"Drunk?"

"Umm. Yes. We captured a Boche corps headquarters, and they had it full of all sorts of things to drink. So we drank 'em. Too much for us. I hear great hell was raised. Well, that bird stole my coat and ran off with it. Good enough for him to get soaked! I hope it sobered him up!"

"Then you don't know the whole story?" demanded the colonel excitedly.

"No, the place was pinched finally. I guess we must have kicked up an awful racket. I was in the gents' rest room when the M. P.'s appeared, so I just decided I'd beat it and bury myself in the heart of the A. E. F. until the smoke cleared away. Hot dog, though, I would like that trench coat back! That coat cost me a month's pay in London! I'll never get another like it."

"You shall have it back!" announced the colonel. "You shall have it back! And you shall hear such a story—Eh? How's this? Back so soon?"

O'Neil, Droghan, and Gordon executed about face. There in the road, facing the colonel, were the sergeant, the two men, and the M. P. that had escorted the German spy to the prisoner-of-war assembly. They had certainly made a quick trip, and now regarded the colonel daskly.

"Got a receipt for that spy?" demanded the colonel.

The men looked at each other as though seeing which one would speak. Then the sergeant stepped forward.

"That wasn't no spy, sir," said he, "that was General Lehman's aide!"

"Wah!" shrieked the colonel, and every doughboy within a hundred yards leaped to his feet and took a position in readiness at the sound. "You don't mean to say you let him go? Did he tell you that and you stood for it? I told you he was a spy! By God . . ." He became incoherent.

"We never done nothin'!" said the M. P. "He never said 'aye,' 'yes,' or 'no' to us. But along come a big car with two stars on it, an' he holds up his hand. The car stops, an' a colonel sticks out his head and says, 'What do you want?' 'I'm Lieutenant Tappen,' says the man in the white slicker. 'Will you please tell these men they've got the wrong person? They think I'm a spy.'"

"You let him get away with that?" shrieked the colonel. "Ah, why didn't I go myself! But, by God, you'll regret this! If there's a pot of honey you don't visit in the next ten years throughout the length and breadth—"

"I told him—the colonel in the car," began the sergeant, "all about what you said, sir. That this officer was a spy. Well, the colonel in the car said you was crazy, and he knew this officer well, especially with that white coat, and all the

A. E. F. was tryin' to find him, and the corps commander had got the tip that he was up on the Exermont road and had told him to come right up and get him, and wasn't it lucky the car come along just then."

"Yeh, an' he got in the car, and they drove off. Gee, we ain't gonna buck no colonels. I know what two stars on the windshield of a car mean!" The M. P. nodded his head sagely.

"Buck no colonels! I'm a colonel! You know it, too! Where's a telephone? Get me a telephone! You men are under arrest! Take off your belts!"

"The colonel in the car," continued the M. P., "said he would have you tried, and the lieutenant says no, but they might write you a letter an' say you was to calm your zeal. He says you got in-growin' excess of zeal!"

"Wait till I get into communication with your commanding officer!" barked the colonel. "Your major will have something to say to you!"

"Yessir," said the sergeant, "and the major told us to take you and this man in the white slicker out to the Exermont road. 'This old colonel is off his conk!' he says. Those are his words, ain't I right, men? 'He's off his conk. Take him an' the rest out to the Exermont road, and don't let 'em get away on yuh. Crack 'em over the skull if you have to, but don't let that old nit-wit get loose in the woods again.' There. That's what he said. Ain't I right, men?"

"He's not escaped yet," suggested Lieutenant Tappen. "You can telephone the traffic control officer and have the car stopped."

"Aw, to hell with it!" groaned the colonel. "No, he's safe away by now. I'll settle this sergeant and his major, too. They'll sweat by this time tomorrow night! But that dam' Jerry! Safe away, by God! The lines run north and south here, and he'll drive west and be behind them if he has to take the colonel, the car, and the chauffeur with him. The son! Or he'll get out and take to the woods on some pretext or other! Gone! Zipp! Like that!"

He sat down on the bank and stared moodily at the ground. The sergeant, the M. P., and the two men moved diffidently away, whispering.

"Now you men better come with me," said Lieutenant Tappen to the three. "I was just working on getting crews for my platoon. Here are four trained gunners. Come on, now. I'm glad to get hold of you."

Ten minutes later Gordon sat on a sandbag behind a Browning, O'Neil's knee supporting his back, and Droghan and Mackintosh behind him with ammunition.

"Here we go again," observed Gordon, tightening the traversing clamp to just the right point of stickiness, "and if any boys in white slickers or black ones either come out of the bushes and tell me to shoot at the moon or anything else, I'm going to do what they say!"

"Our doughboys even?" grinned O'Neil.

"Yeh, our doughboys even."

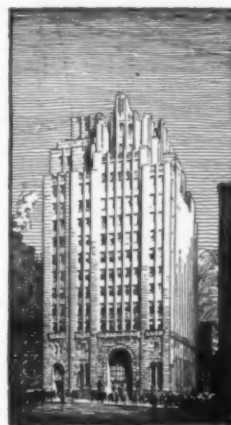
"Go to it, by cripes!" crowed Droghan, "an' pray that the owl mahoon of a colonel is where the bullets fall the thickest!"

THE END.

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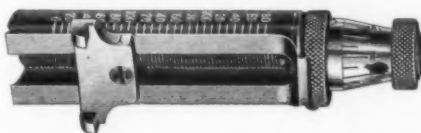
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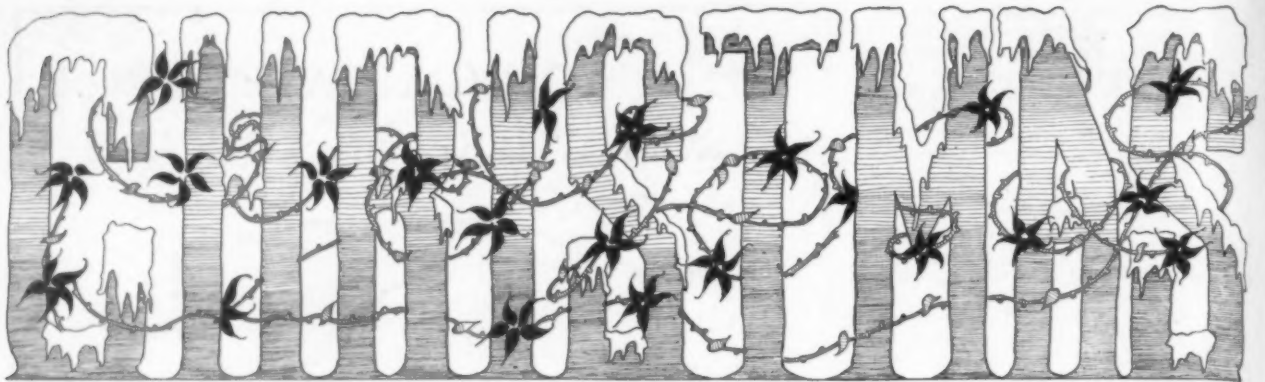
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I'LL BE HIS SANTA CLAUS ALRIGHT! BOY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WITH ALL THESE SPARE PARTS I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SHOCK THE OLD BADE CLEAR LOOSE FROM THAT SOLAR SYSTEM HE WEARS ON HIS SHOULDERS!

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